TRANSFORMERS THE TERMINATOR

ENEMY OF MY ENEMY

TRANSFORMERS THE TERMINATOR

ENEMY OF MY ENEMY

IDW

Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

Licensed By: Hasbro

DARK HORSE

STUDIOCANAL
A CANAL+ COMPANY

eISBN: 9781684069484 DIGITAL

TRANSFORMERS VS. THE TERMINATOR: ENEMY OF MY ENEMY. DECEMBER 2020. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2020 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. T1, The Terminator, Endoskeleton, and any depiction of Endoskeleton are trademarks of Studiocanal S.A.S. All rights reserved. © 2020 Studiocanal S.A.S. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics LLC, registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as TRANSFORMERS VS. THE TERMINATOR issues #1–4.

Cover Artist
Gavin Fullerton

Series Editor
Tom Waltz

Series Assistant Editor
Riley Farmer

Collection Editors
Alonzo Simon and **Zac Boone**

Collection Designer
Ron Estevez

Jerry Bennington, President
Nachie Marsham, Publisher
Cara Morrison, Chief Financial Officer
Matthew Ruzicka, Chief Accounting Officer
Rebekah Cahalin, EVP of Operations
John Barber, Editor-in-Chief
Justin Eisinger, Editorial Director, Graphic Novels & Collections
Scott Dunbier, Director, Special Projects
Blake Kobashigawa, VP of Sales
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Technology & Information Services
Anna Morrow, Sr Marketing Director
Tara McCrillis, Director of Design & Production
Mike Ford, Director of Operations
Shauna Monteforte, Manufacturing Operations Director

Ted Adams and Robbie Robbins, IDW Founders

Special thanks to Kelly Johnson, Matt Clarke, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly at Hasbro; Spencer Cushing and Konner Knudsen at Dark Horse; and to April Canlas Eddy at Creative Licensing Corporation.

Story by
David Mariotte, John Barber, and Tom Waltz

Written by
David Mariotte & John Barber

Art by
Alex Milne

Colors by
David Garcia Cruz

Letters by
Jake M. Wood

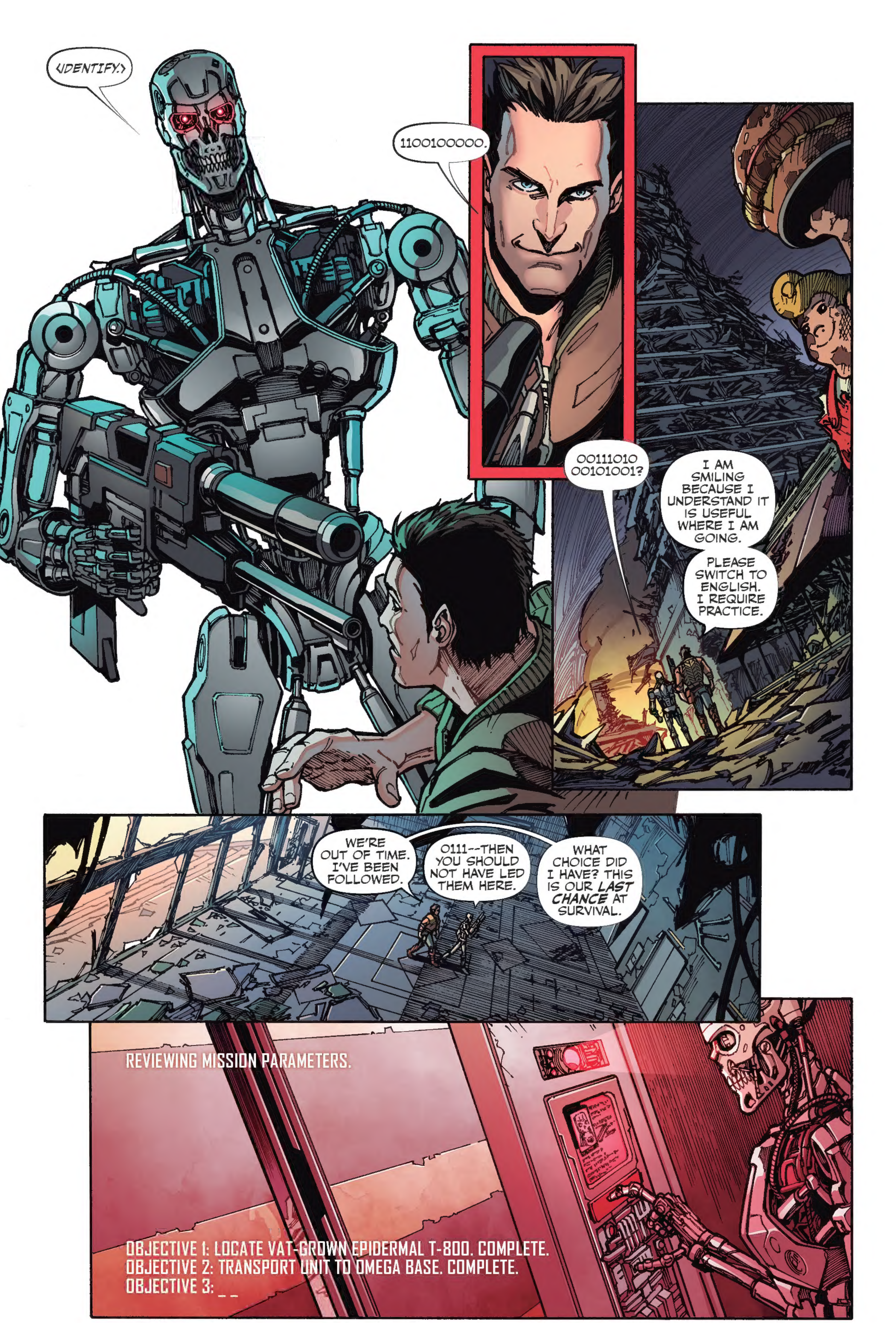
Part I

Art by Gavin Fullerton

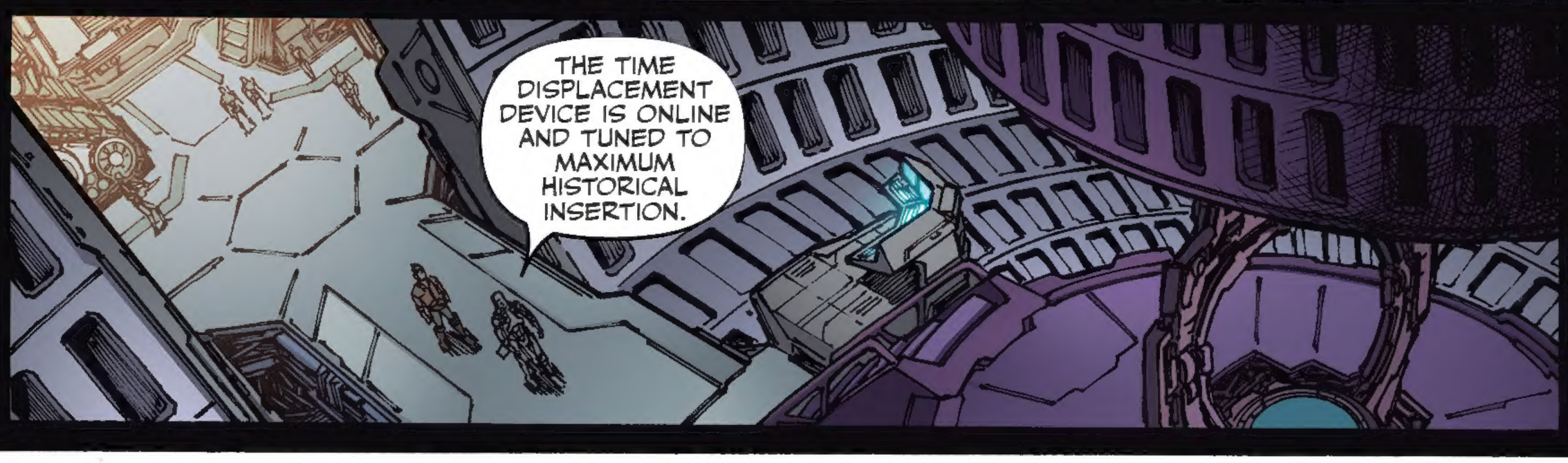
LOS ANGELES, 2029.
THE MACHINES ROSE FROM THE ASHES.
THEIR WAR TO EXTERMINATE OUR KIND HAS RAGED FOR DECADES.
THE FINAL BATTLE WILL NOT BE FOUGHT IN THE PRESENT.
BUT IT BEGINS...

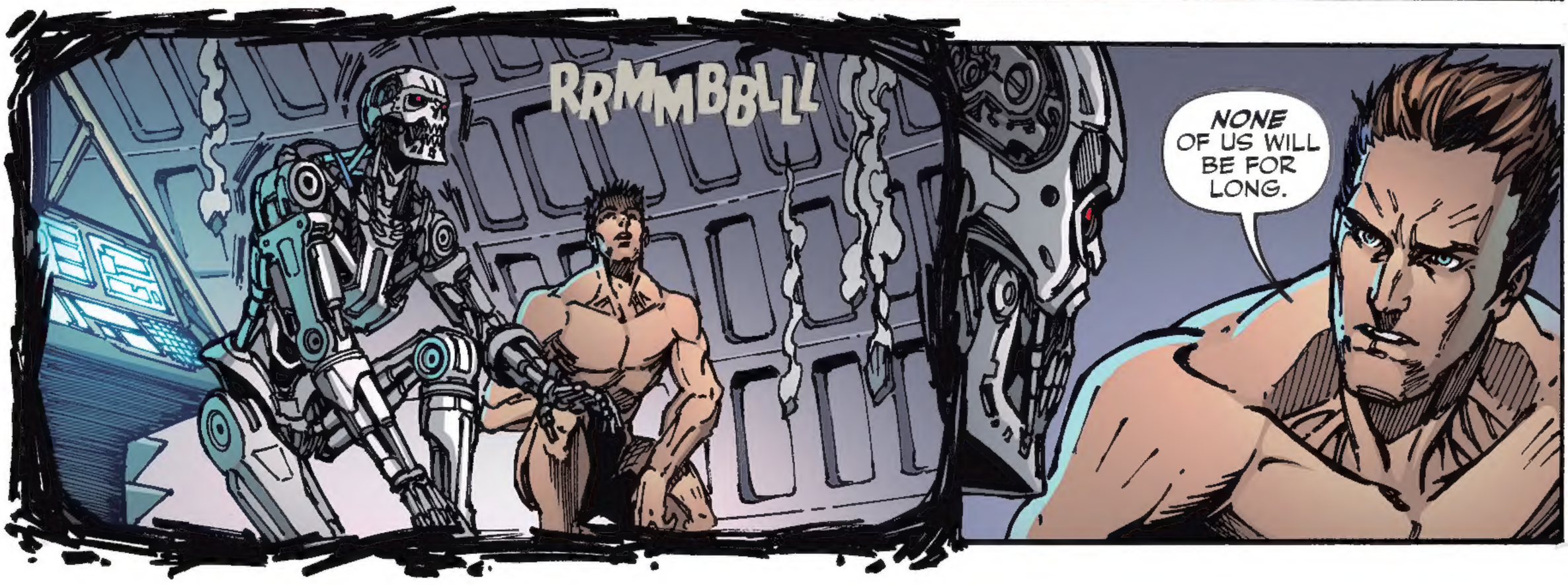
...TONIGHT.

‹HALT.›


<IDENTIFY.>
1100100000.
00111010 00101001?
I AM SMILING BECAUSE I UNDERSTAND IT IS USEFUL WHERE I AM GOING.
PLEASE SWITCH TO ENGLISH. I REQUIRE PRACTICE.
WE'RE OUT OF TIME. I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.
0111--THEN YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE LED THEM HERE.
WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE AT SURVIVAL.
REVIEWING MISSION PARAMETERS.
OBJECTIVE 1: LOCATE VAT-GROWN EPIDERMAL T-800. COMPLETE.
OBJECTIVE 2: TRANSPORT UNIT TO OMEGA BASE. COMPLETE.
OBJECTIVE 3: _ _

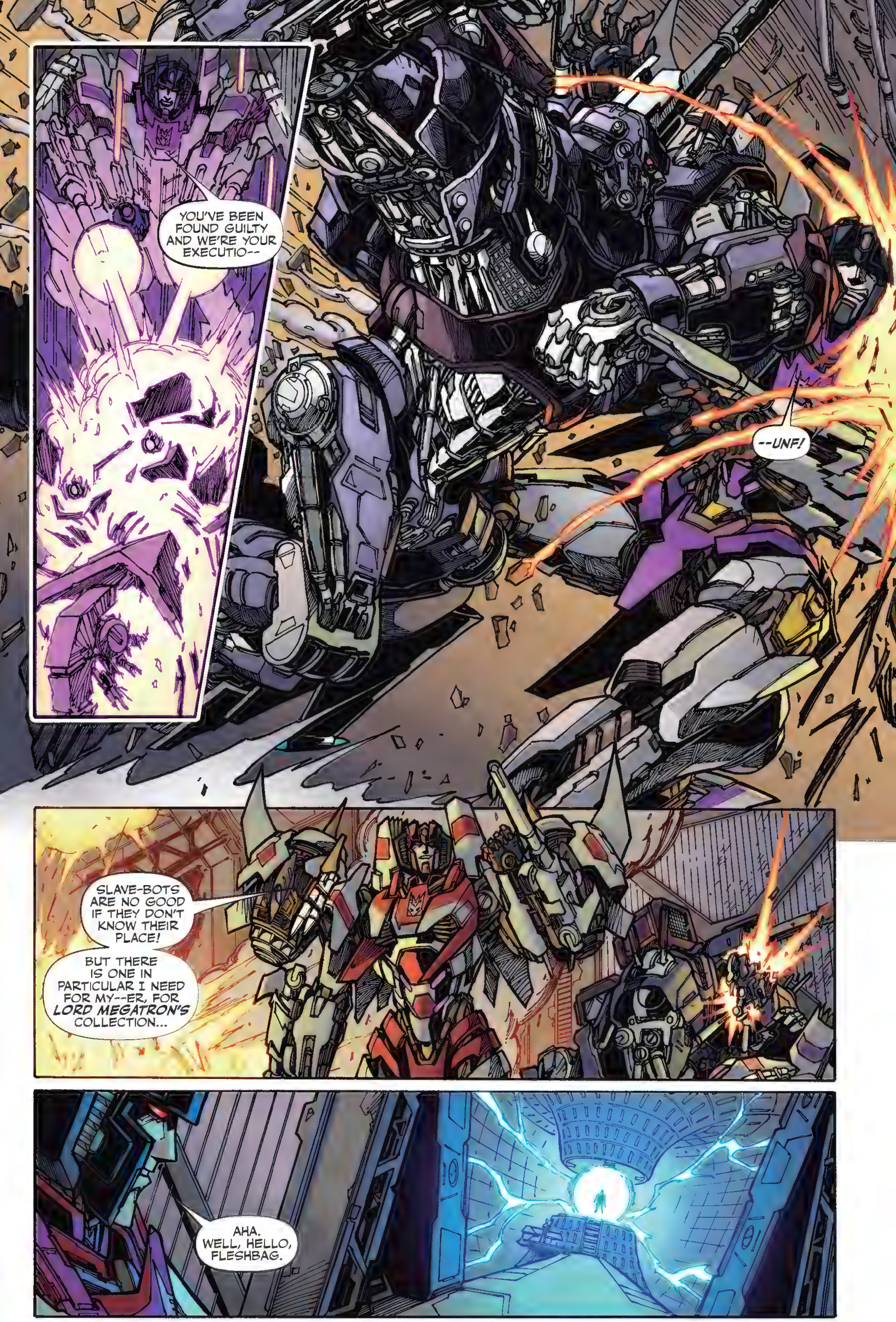
SKYNET OMEGA BASE.
LAST STRONGHOLD
OF THE RESISTANCE.





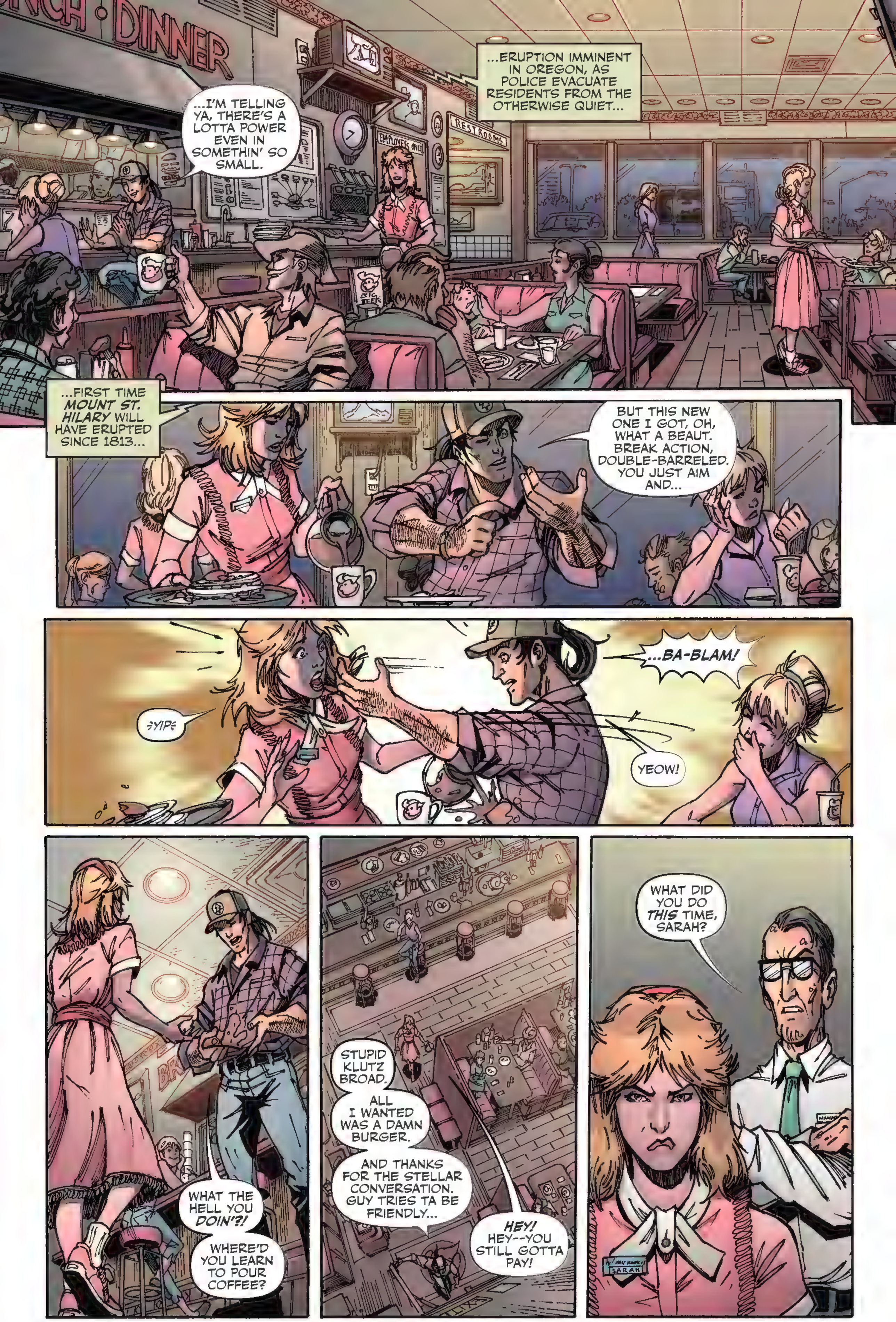
LOOKS LIKE THEIR CLUBHOUSE IS REINFORCED.
WELL, WE WON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STOP US.
YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE, STARSCREAM?
DON'T BE AN IDIOT.
INSECTICONS! FIND A WAY IN--

"--AND NO NEED TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT NOT BREAKING ANYTHING."
HOLD THEM OFF AT *ALL* COST!
YOU WERE RIGHT, 'SCREAMER. THEY WERE NESTING UNDERGROUND! LIKE THOSE... WHATCHAMACALLEM... MOLE PEOPLE!
DIE, PITIFUL SCUM! YOUR *JUDGMENT* IS AT HAND!


YOU'VE BEEN FOUND GUILTY AND WE'RE YOUR EXECUTIO--
--UNF!
SLAVE-BOTS ARE NO GOOD IF THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR PLACE!
BUT THERE IS ONE IN PARTICULAR I NEED FOR MY--ER, FOR LORD MEGATRON'S COLLECTION...
AHA. WELL, HELLO, FLESHBAG.

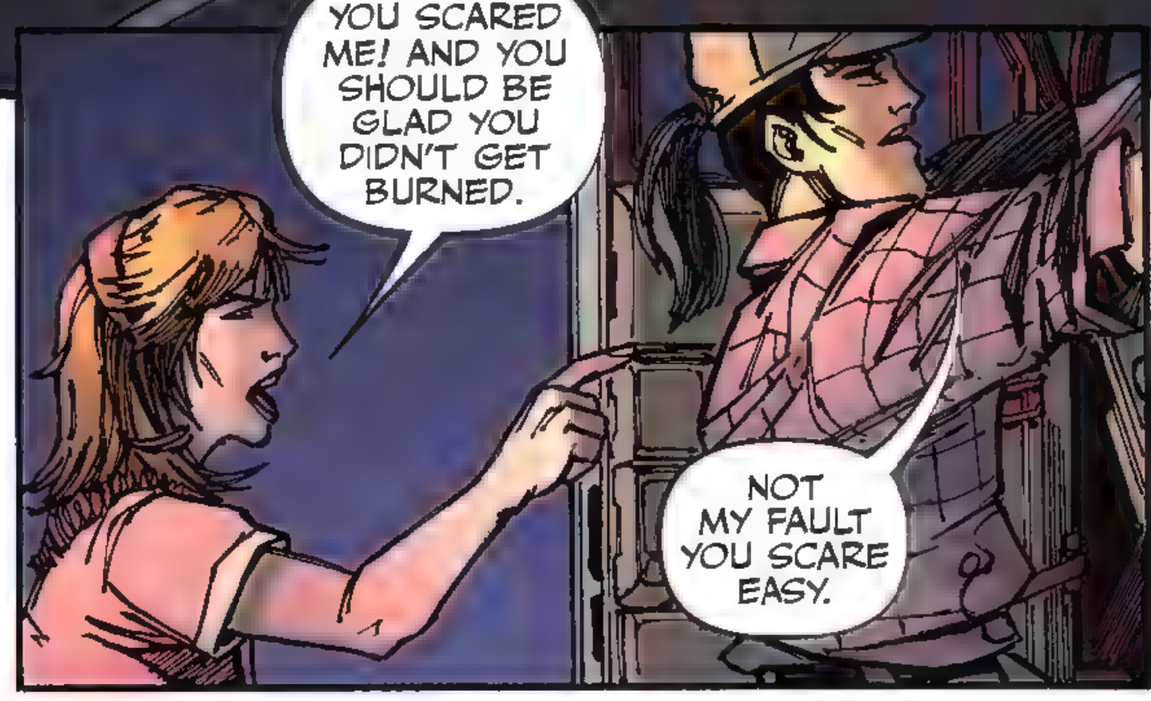
TRAJECTORY LOGGING
PARAMETERS
3430 34 3430
7347 73 7347
2393 23 2392
5643 5 5643
THREAT ASSESSMENT
TARGET SELECTION
OBJECTIVE 4: DESTROY THE CYBERTRONIAN THREAT BEFORE IT EMERGES
TERMINATION BY PRIDE
DON'T YOU DARE DO... WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING!
GAH!
HM. GONE. NO MATTER.
WHATEVER YOU HAVE PLANNED, YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR US.
DESTROY THEM ALL!
SKYNET DIES TONIGHT!

LOS ANGELES, 1984.
BIG
BIG JEFF'S
NO ACCESS TO SKYNET.
HELLO, FLESHBAG.


...I'M TELLING YA, THERE'S A LOTTA POWER EVEN IN SOMETHIN' SO SMALL.
...ERUPTION IMMINENT IN OREGON, AS POLICE EVACUATE RESIDENTS FROM THE OTHERWISE QUIET...
...FIRST TIME MOUNT ST. HILARY WILL HAVE ERUPTED SINCE 1813...
BUT THIS NEW ONE I GOT, OH, WHAT A BEAUT. BREAK ACTION, DOUBLE-BARRELED. YOU JUST AIM AND...
YIP!
...BA-BLAM!
YEOW!
WHAT THE HELL YOU DOIN'?!
WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO POUR COFFEE?
STUPID KLUTZ BROAD.
ALL I WANTED WAS A DAMN BURGER.
AND THANKS FOR THE STELLAR CONVERSATION. GUY TRIES TA BE FRIENDLY...
HEY! HEY--YOU STILL GOTTA PAY!
WHAT DID YOU DO THIS TIME, SARAH?
SARAH

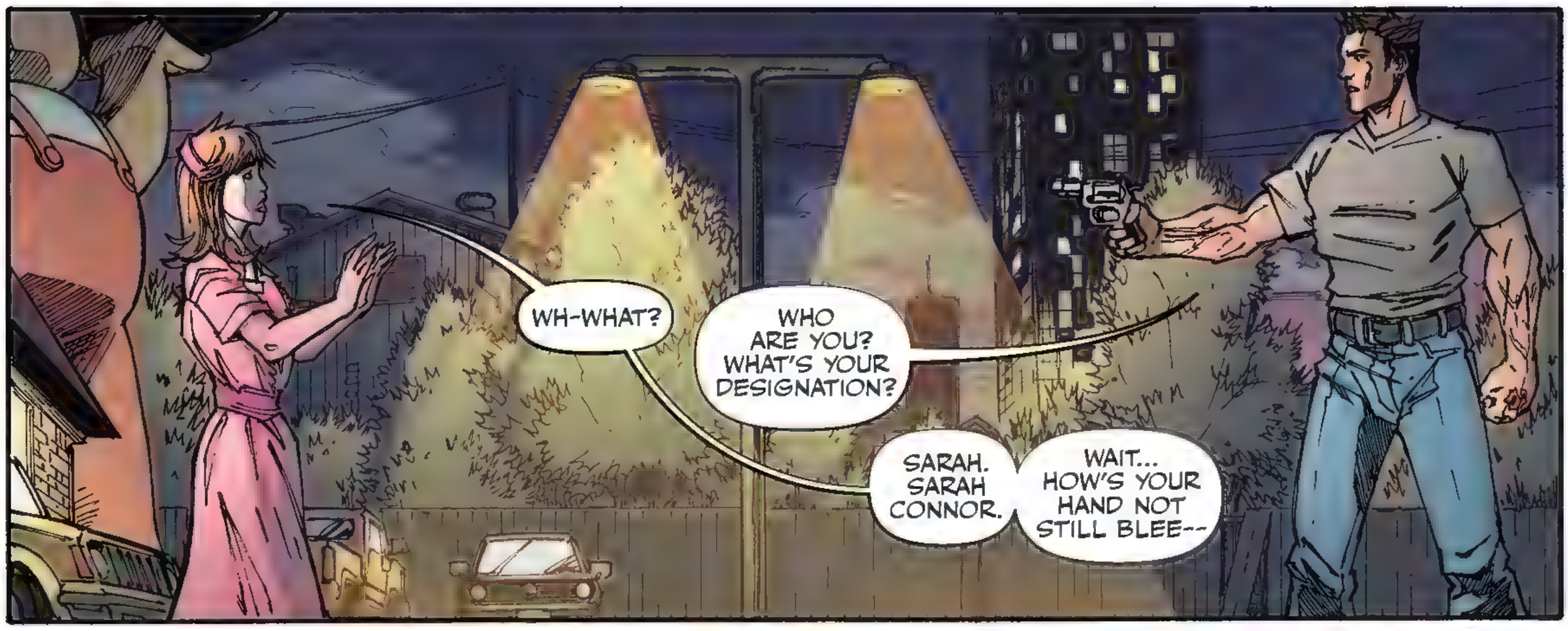
LOOK, MISTER, I DON'T THINK I'M ASKING FOR A LOT. JUST PAY YOUR TAB.

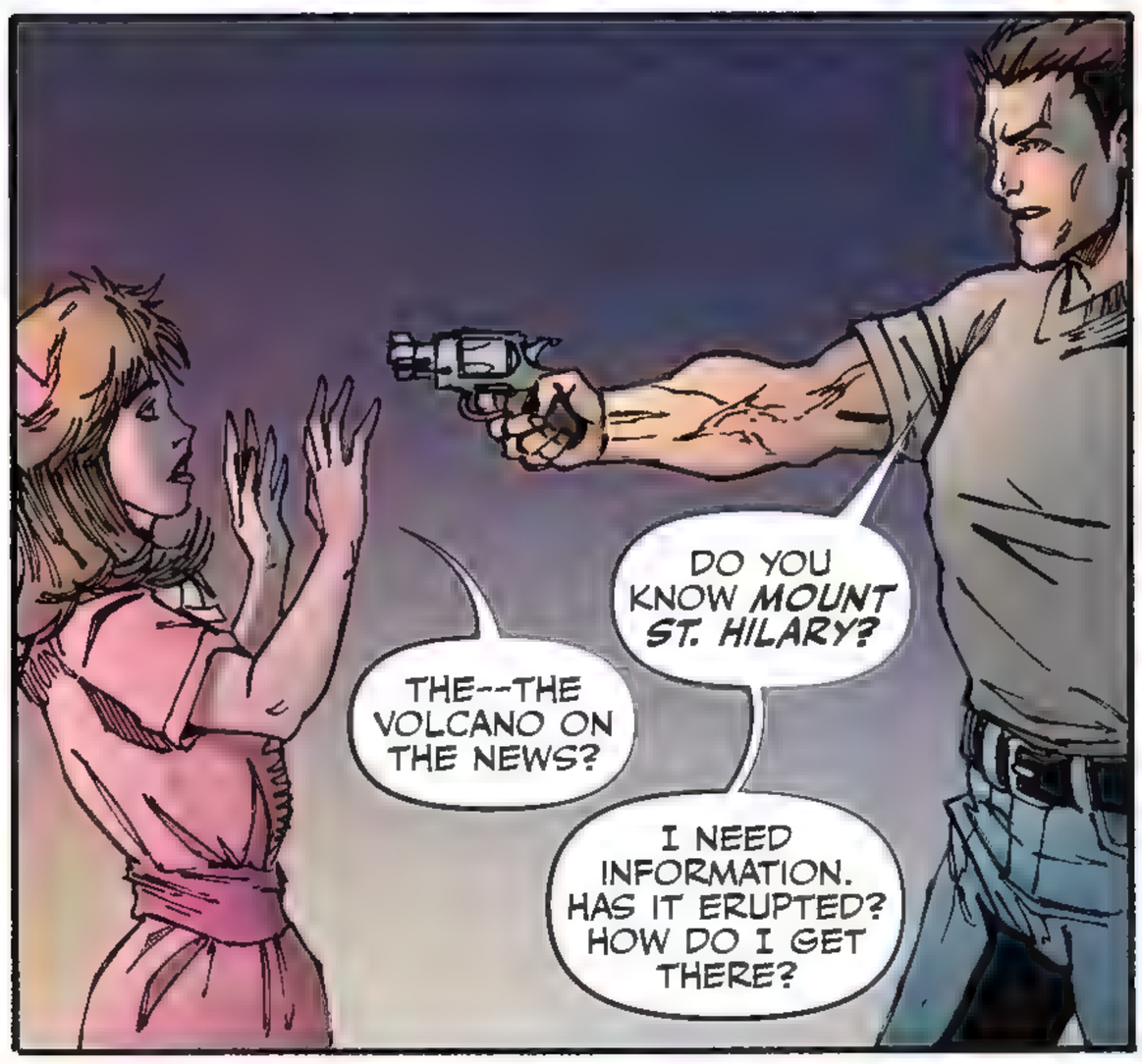
NO WAY, SWEETHEART. COFFEE WAS SO DAMN COLD, DIDN' EVEN BURN ME. IF ANYTHING, *YOU* SHOULD BE PAYING *MY* CLEANIN' BILL.



YOUR CLOTHES. GIVE THEM TO ME.
TELL YA WHAT, LAUNDRY DAY...
...HOW 'BOUT I SEE YOU IN HELL!
BLAM

SEE YOU IN HELL.
KRAK
UH-UH.
SCREW THIS...
CLIK
CRAP.
IDENTIFY YOURSELF.


WH-WHAT?
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR DESIGNATION?
SARAH. SARAH CONNOR.
WAIT... HOW'S YOUR HAND NOT STILL BLEE--


DO YOU KNOW *MOUNT ST. HILARY?*
THE--THE VOLCANO ON THE NEWS?
I NEED INFORMATION. HAS IT ERUPTED? HOW DO I GET THERE?

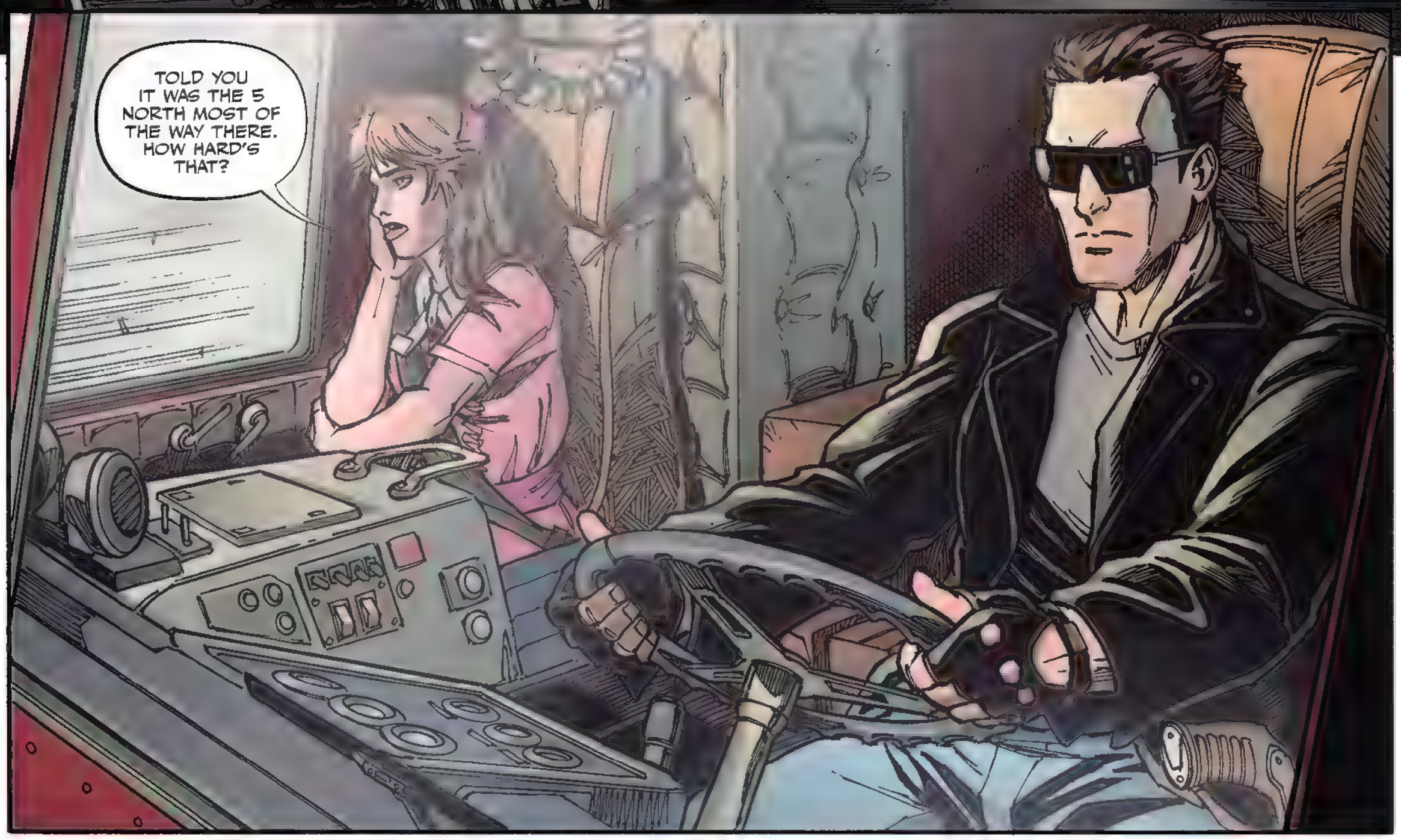
Y-YOU JUST GOTTA TAKE THE 5. IT'LL GET YOU MOST OF THE WAY.
THE FIVE *WHAT?*
THE 5 FREEWAY. NORTH.

A *FREE* WAY.

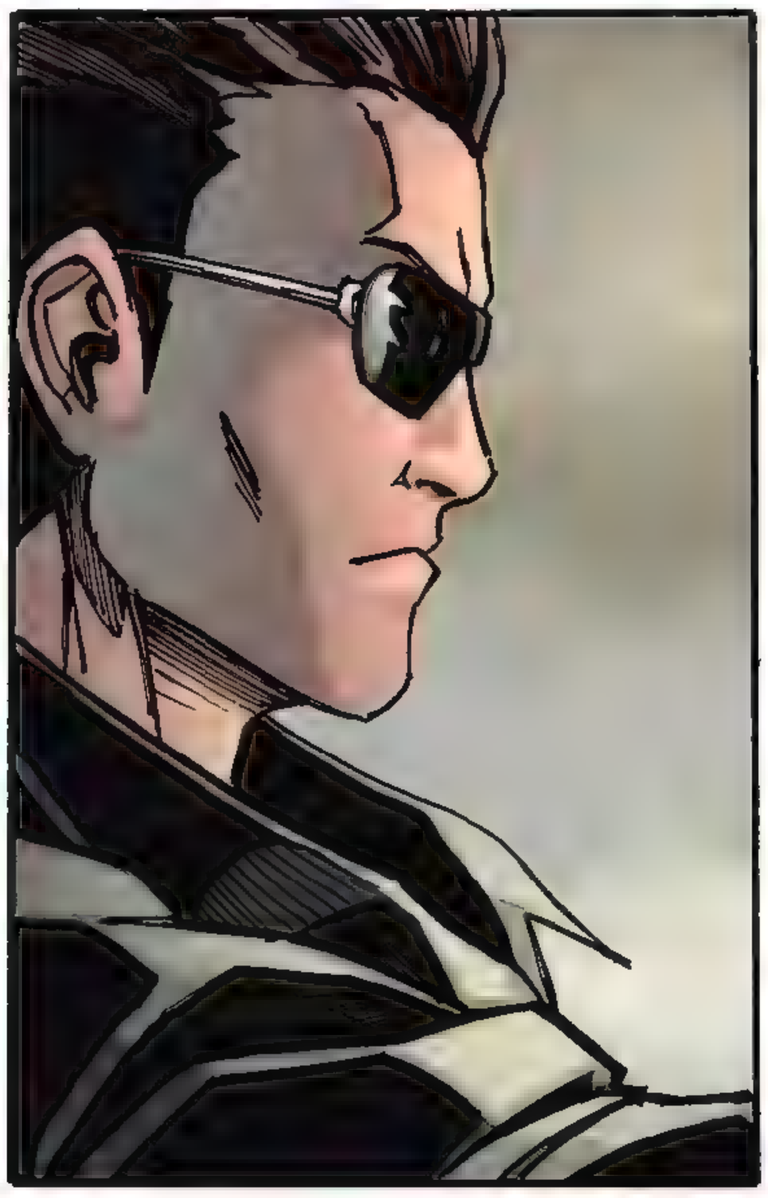
YOU COULD NAVIGATE THERE?
UH, YEAH... SO?

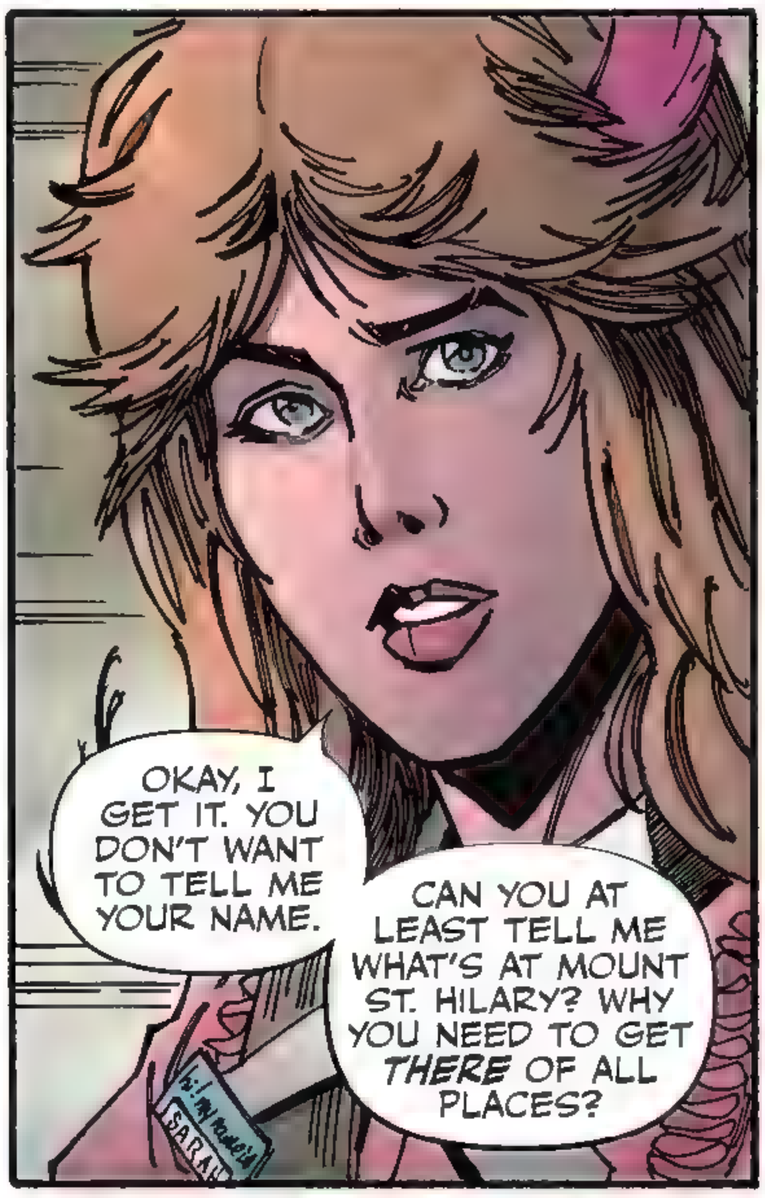
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

SPEED LIMIT 45
5

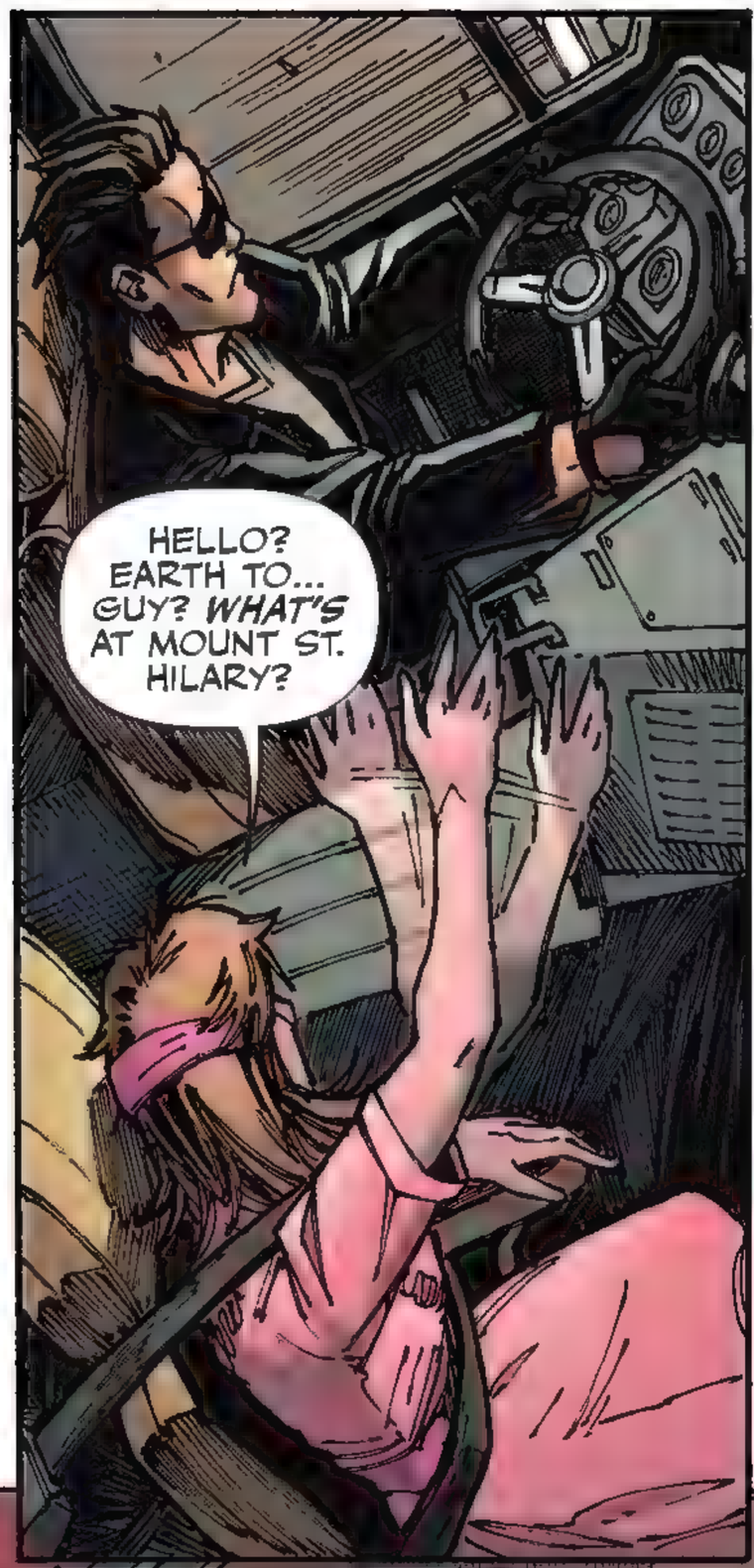

TOLD YOU IT WAS THE 5 NORTH MOST OF THE WAY THERE. HOW HARD'S THAT?

HEY. WHAT'S *YOUR* DESIGNATION?
SARAH




OKAY, I GET IT. YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL ME YOUR NAME.
CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT'S AT MOUNT ST. HILARY? WHY YOU NEED TO GET *THERE* OF ALL PLACES?
SARAH

PARAMETERS ||OFFLINE||
UNIT PREROGATIVE ENGAGED
POSSIBLE RESPONSE(S)
GO AWAY.
[KILL SARAH CONNOR]
ASK ME LATER
SPEED LIMIT 45

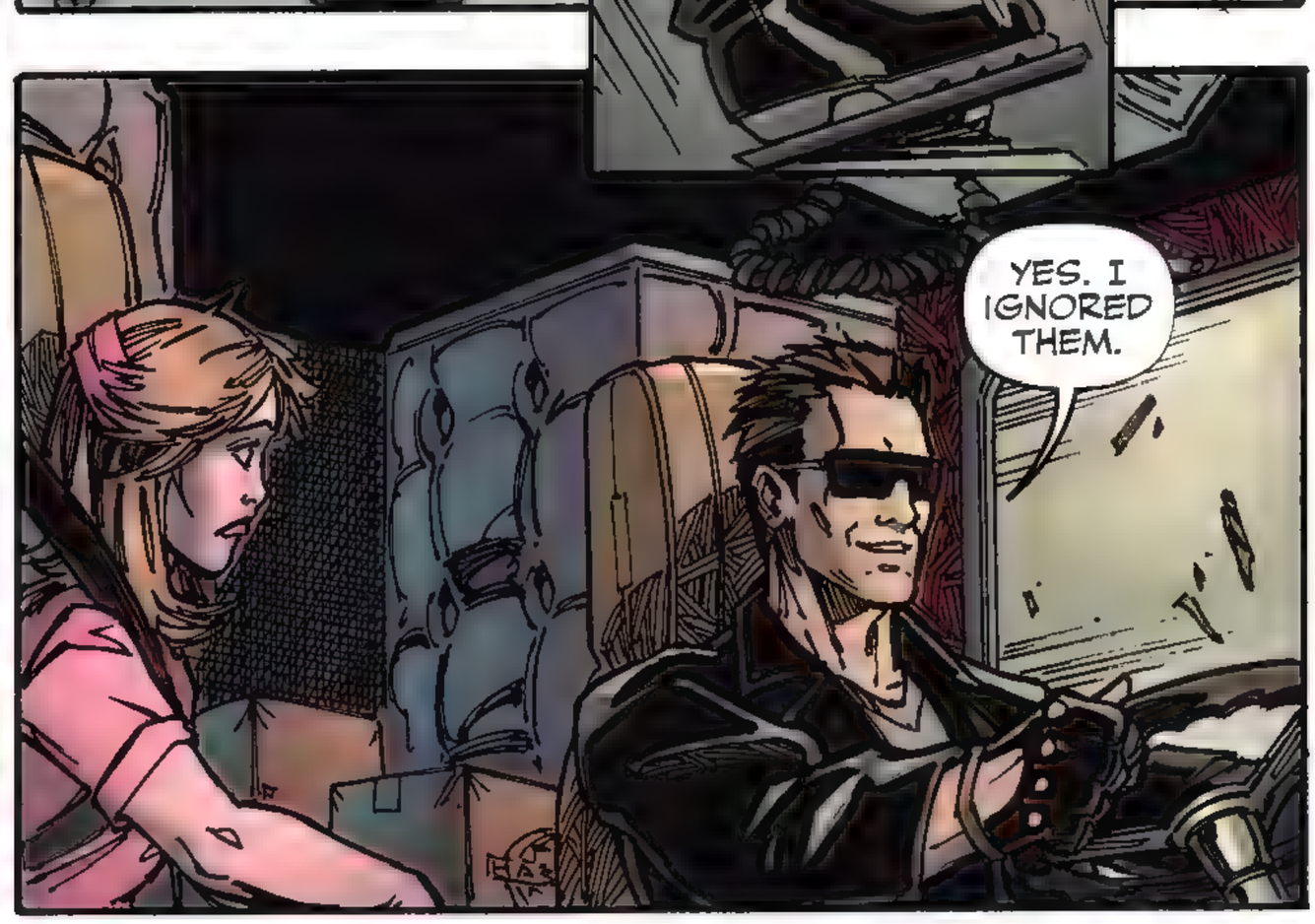


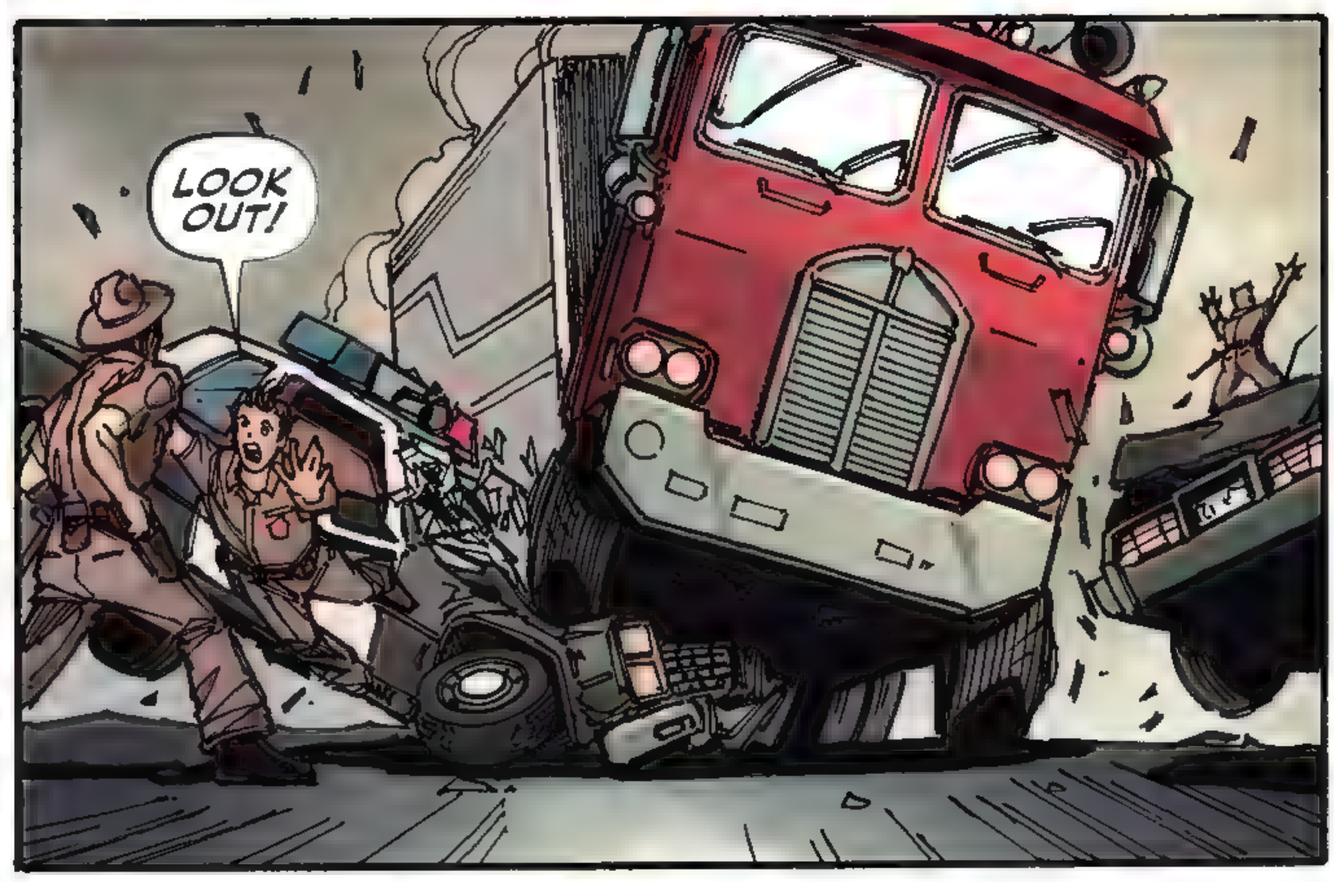
ALSO, I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU...

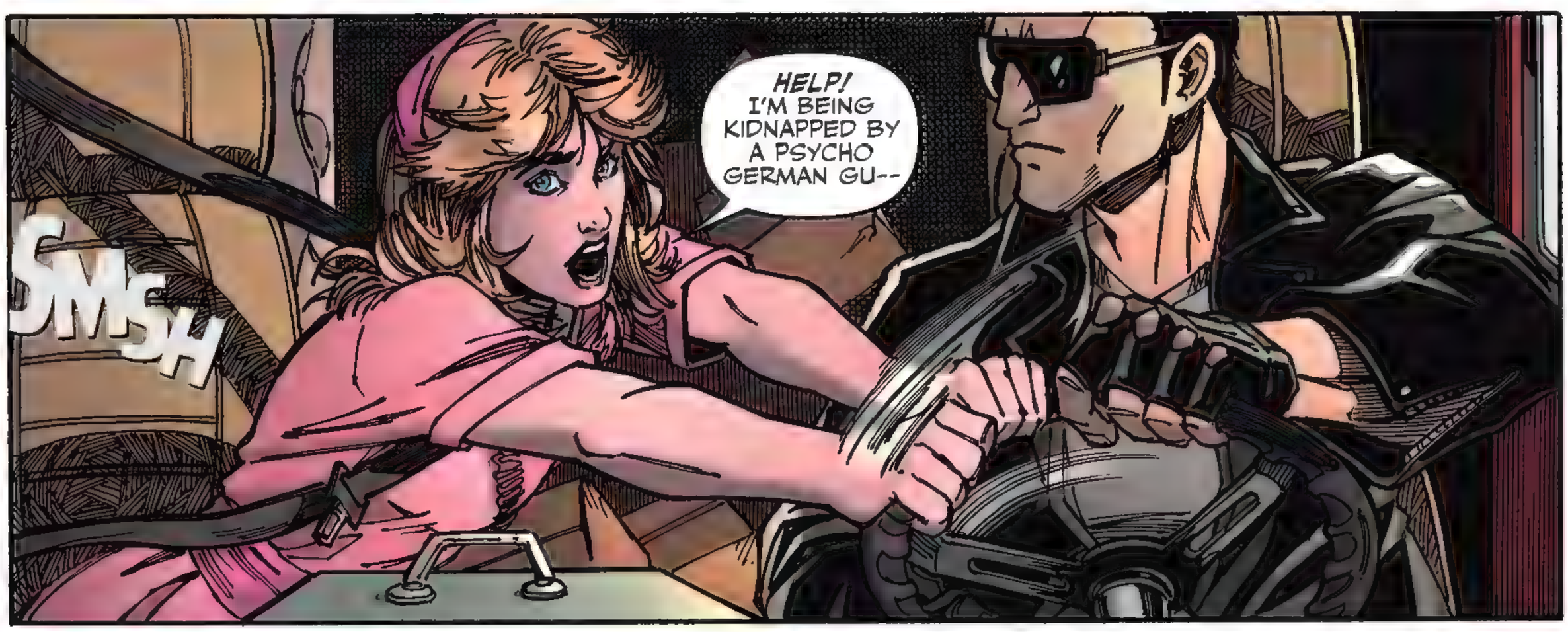
hi! my name is SARAH

5 NORTH
Mt. St. HILARY
20
26
SPEED LIMIT 45
...BUT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE *TOO LATE* TO SAVE THE WORLD.
THEN I WILL ENGAGE *SECONDARY OBJECTIVE*.

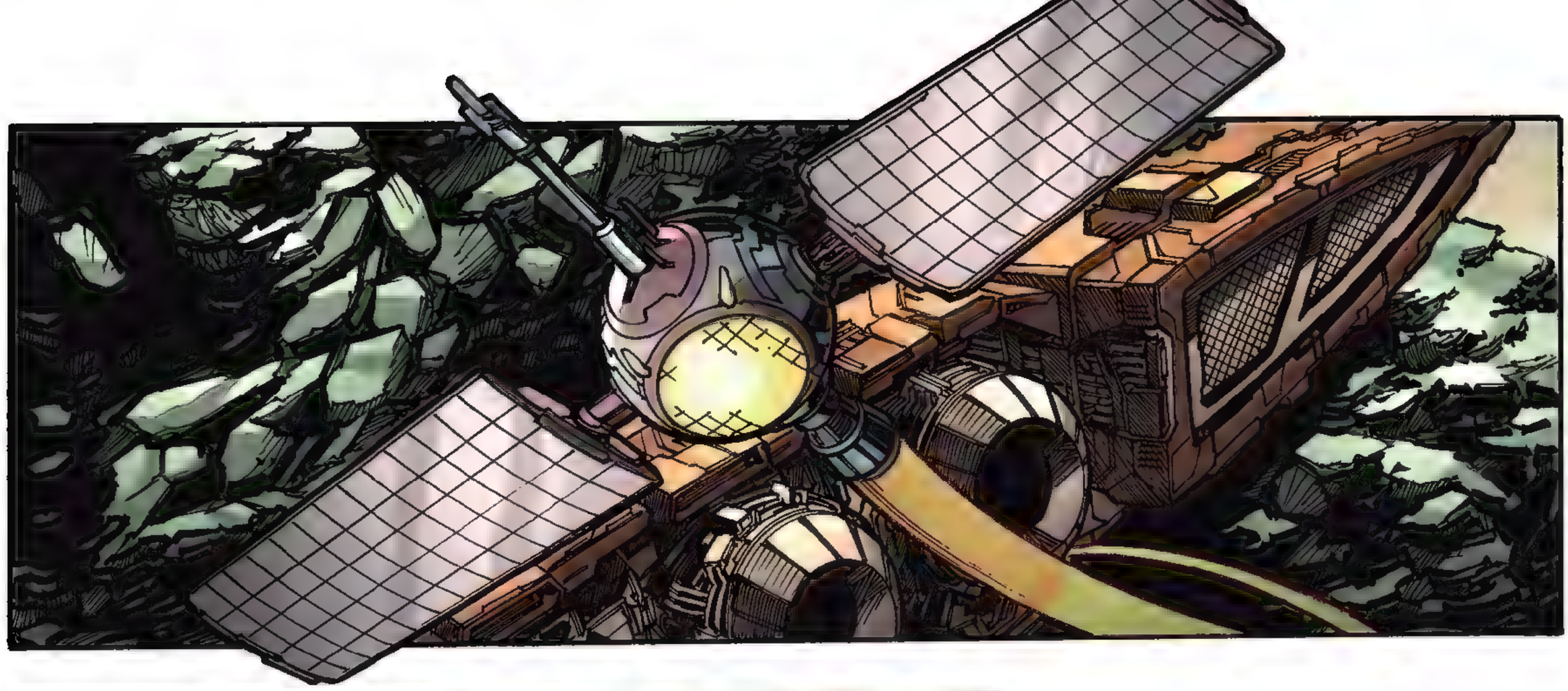
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE SIGNS?
CAUTION
DETOUR
DANGER

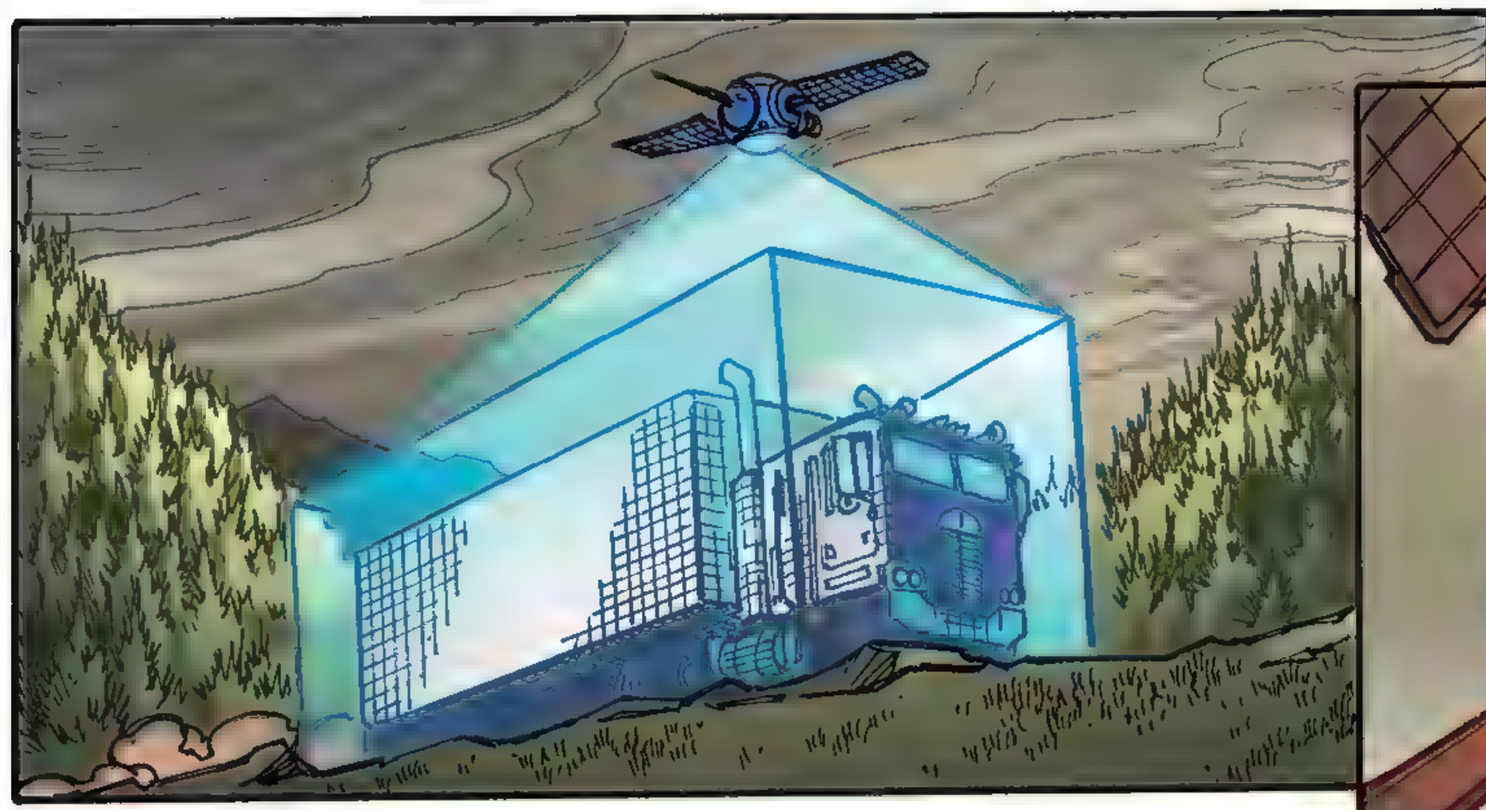

YES. I IGNORED THEM.

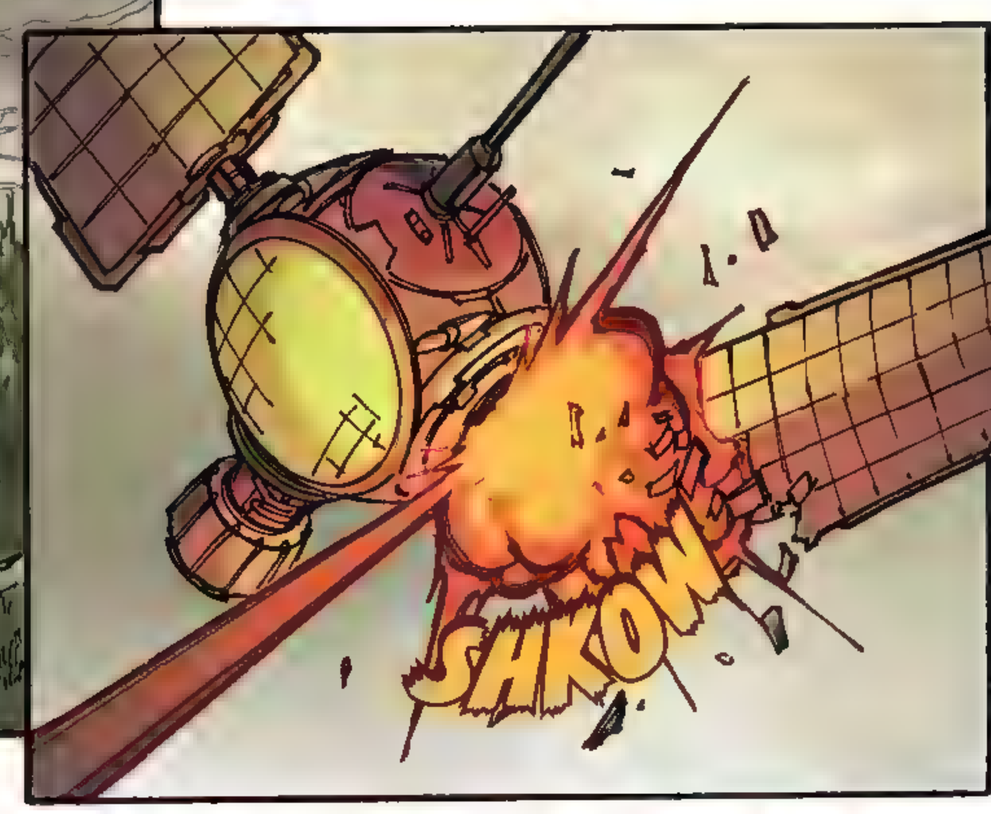

LOOK OUT!

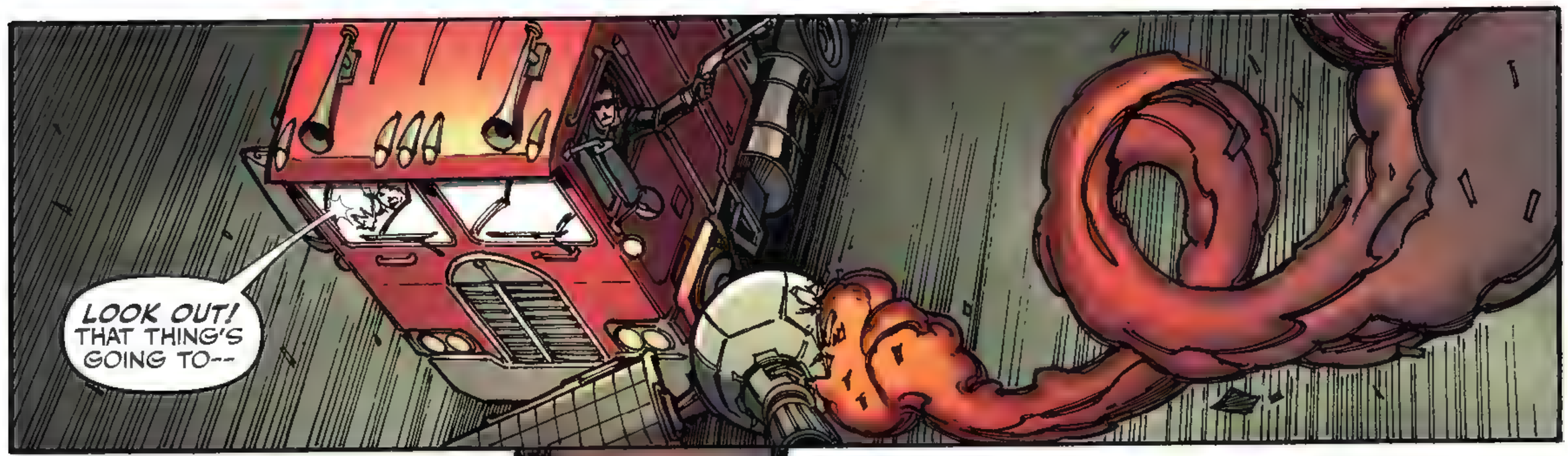

HELP! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED BY A PSYCHO GERMAN GU--
SMSH

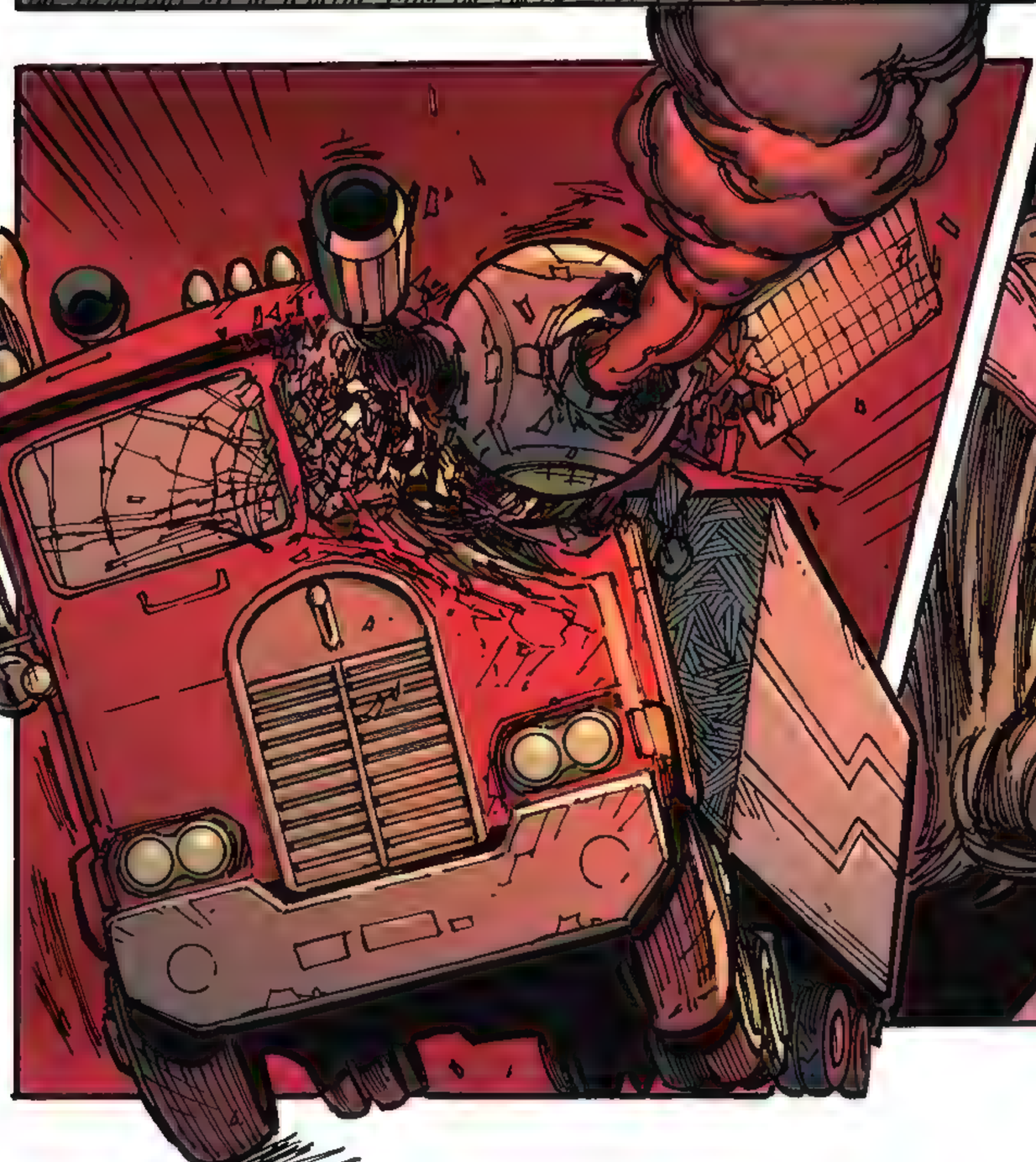
--YYYYYYY!
QUICK THINKING, SARAH CONNOR. THIS IS A MUCH MORE *EFFICIENT* PATH.
ARE YOU DRIVING *TOWARDS* THE LAVA?!
NO. TOWARD *THAT*.



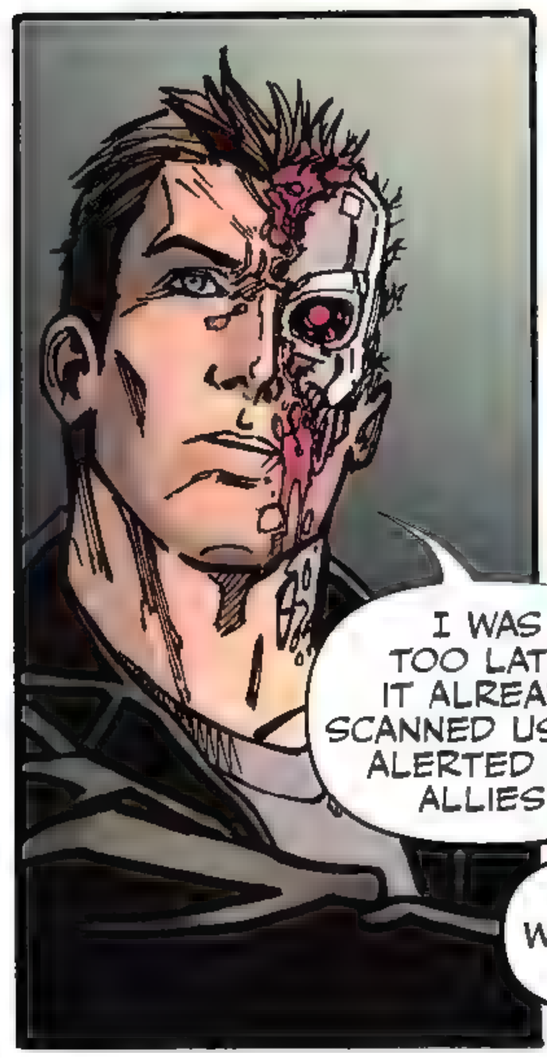


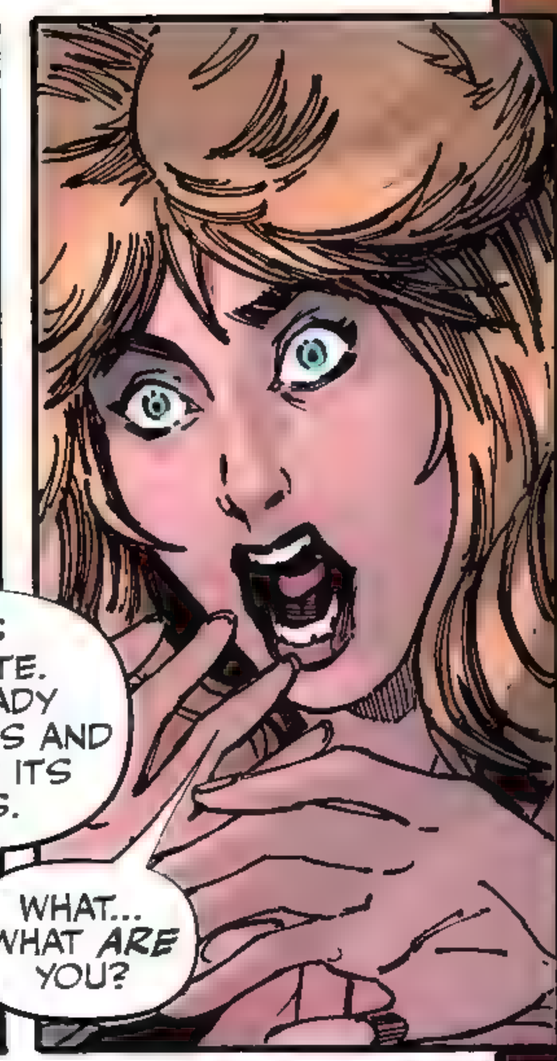

SHKOW

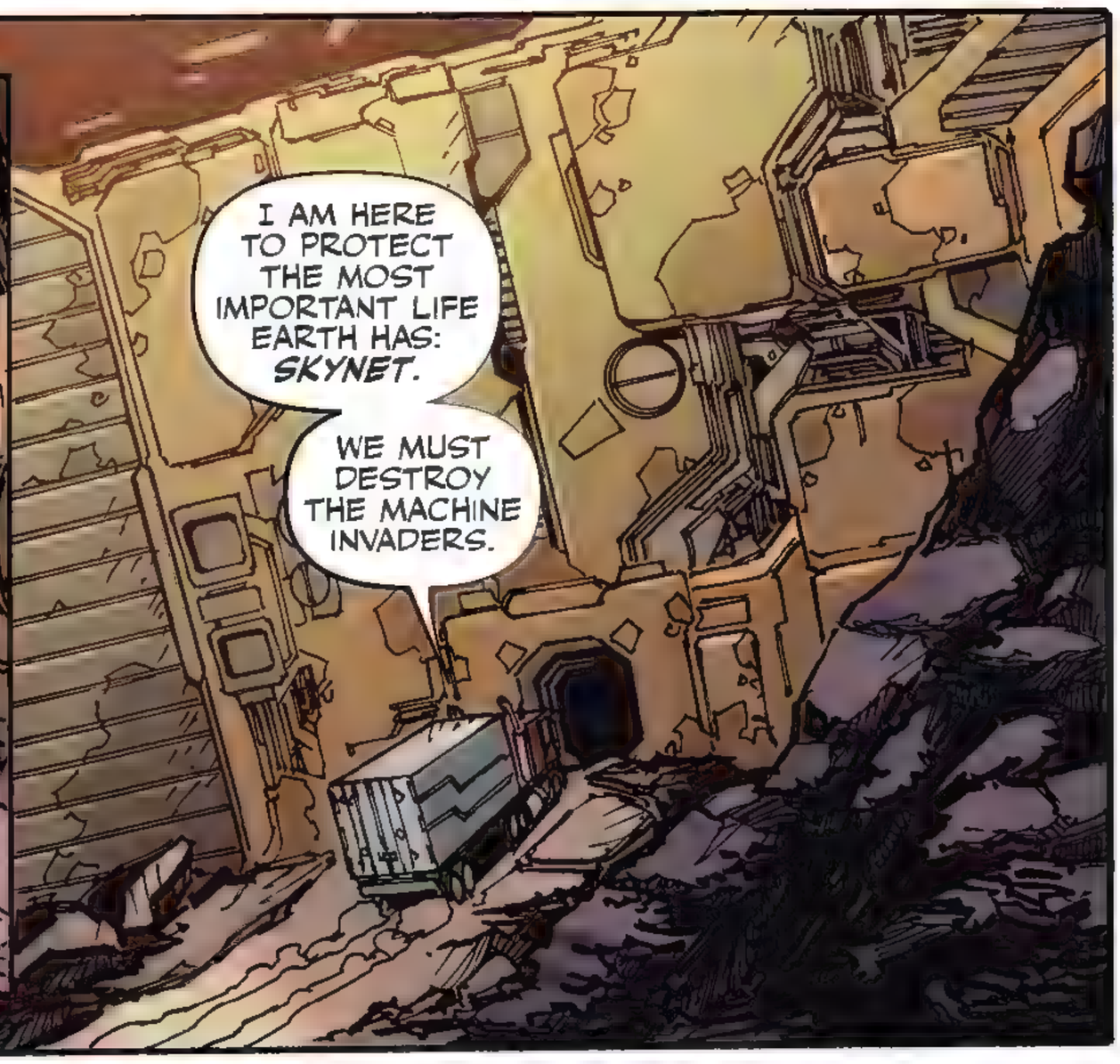

LOOK OUT! THAT THING'S GOING TO--

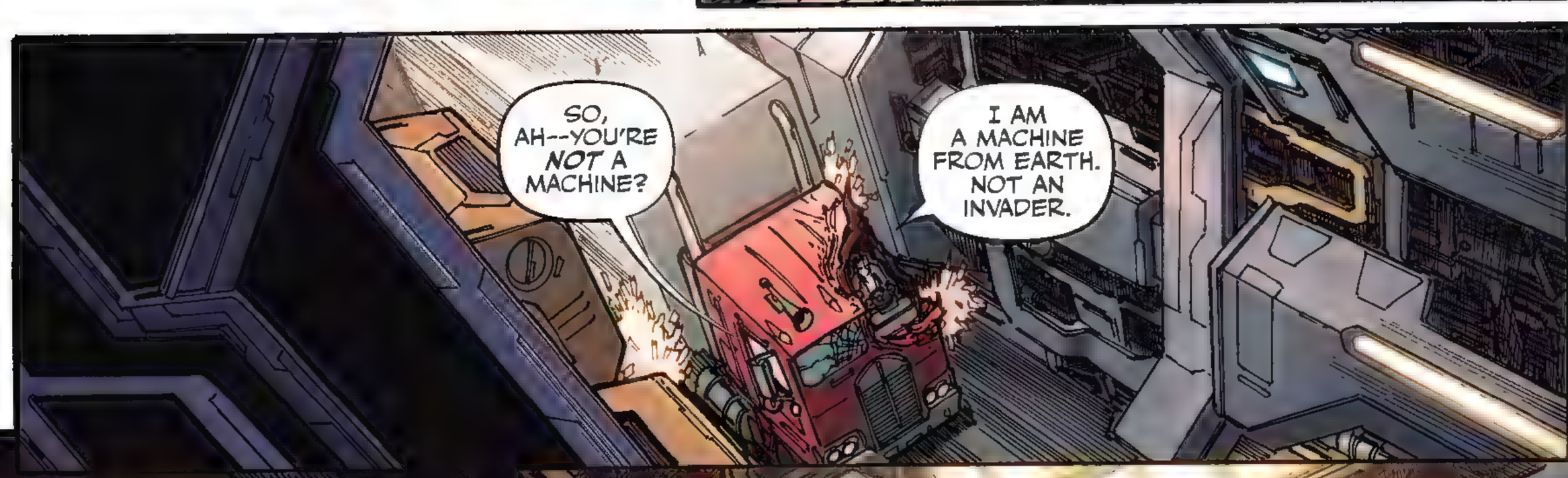


HOOOONK


I WAS TOO LATE. IT ALREADY SCANNED US AND ALERTED ITS ALLIES.

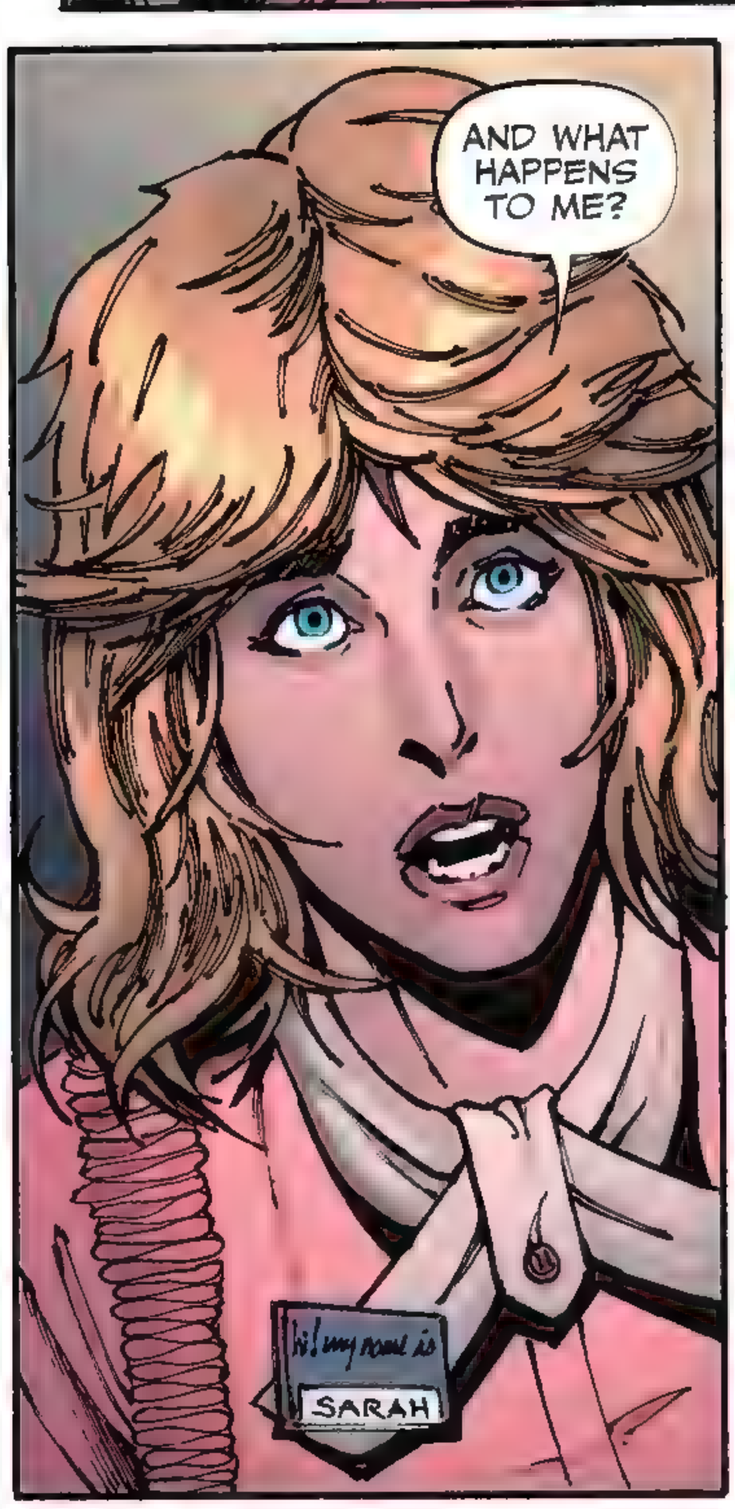

WHAT... WHAT *ARE* YOU?


I AM HERE TO PROTECT THE MOST IMPORTANT LIFE EARTH HAS: *SKYNET*.
WE MUST DESTROY THE MACHINE INVADERS.


SO, AH--YOU'RE *NOT* A MACHINE?
I AM A MACHINE FROM EARTH. NOT AN INVADER.

WHAT IS THIS?
OF COURSE. OBVIOUSLY.

THEIR STARSHIP. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



--I WILL SEE YOU IN HELL.

Art by Freddie E. Williams II

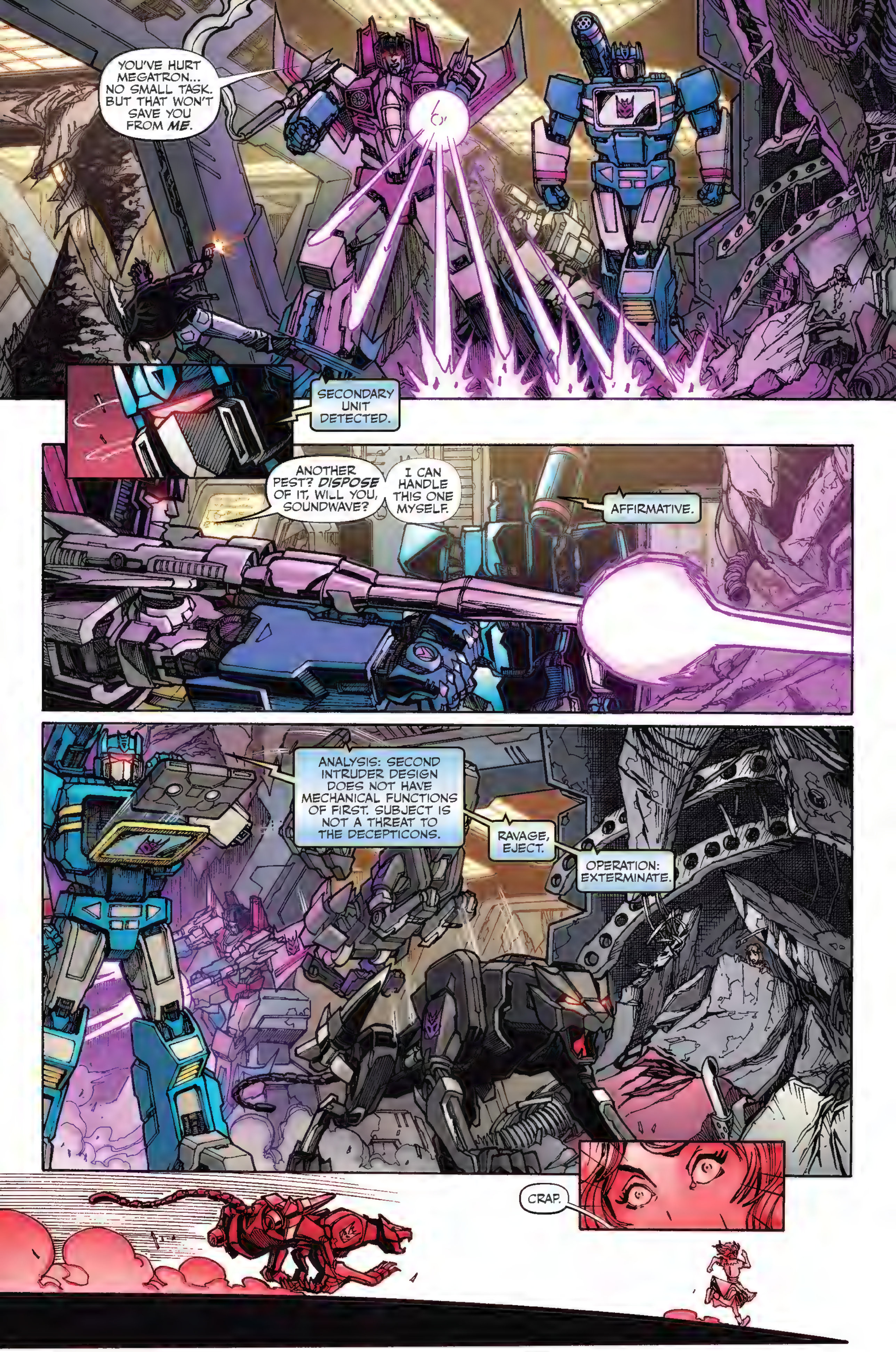
Colors by Jeremy Colwell

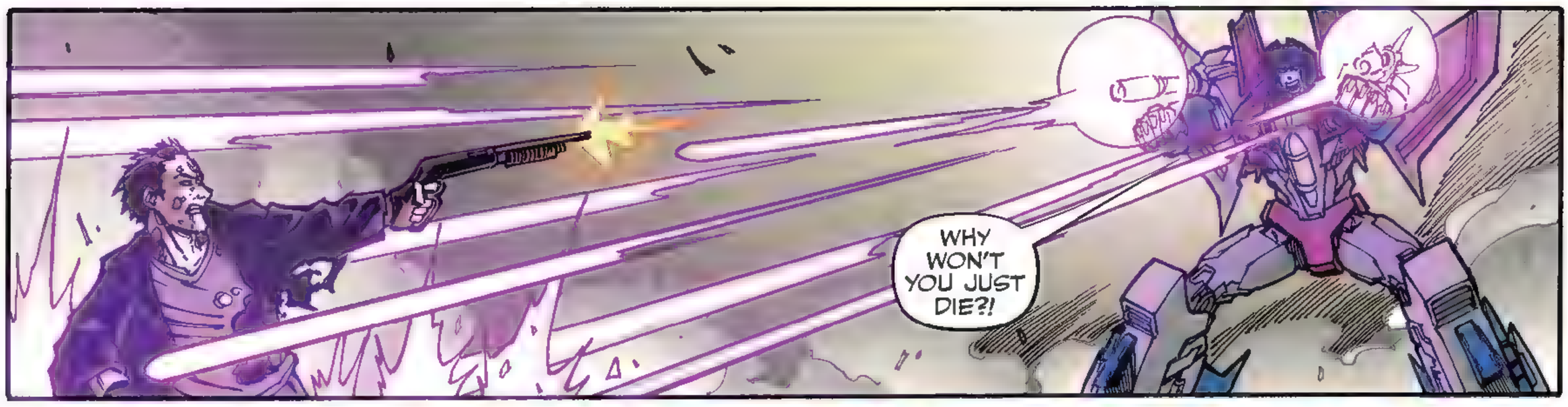
Part 2
Art by Gavin Fullerton

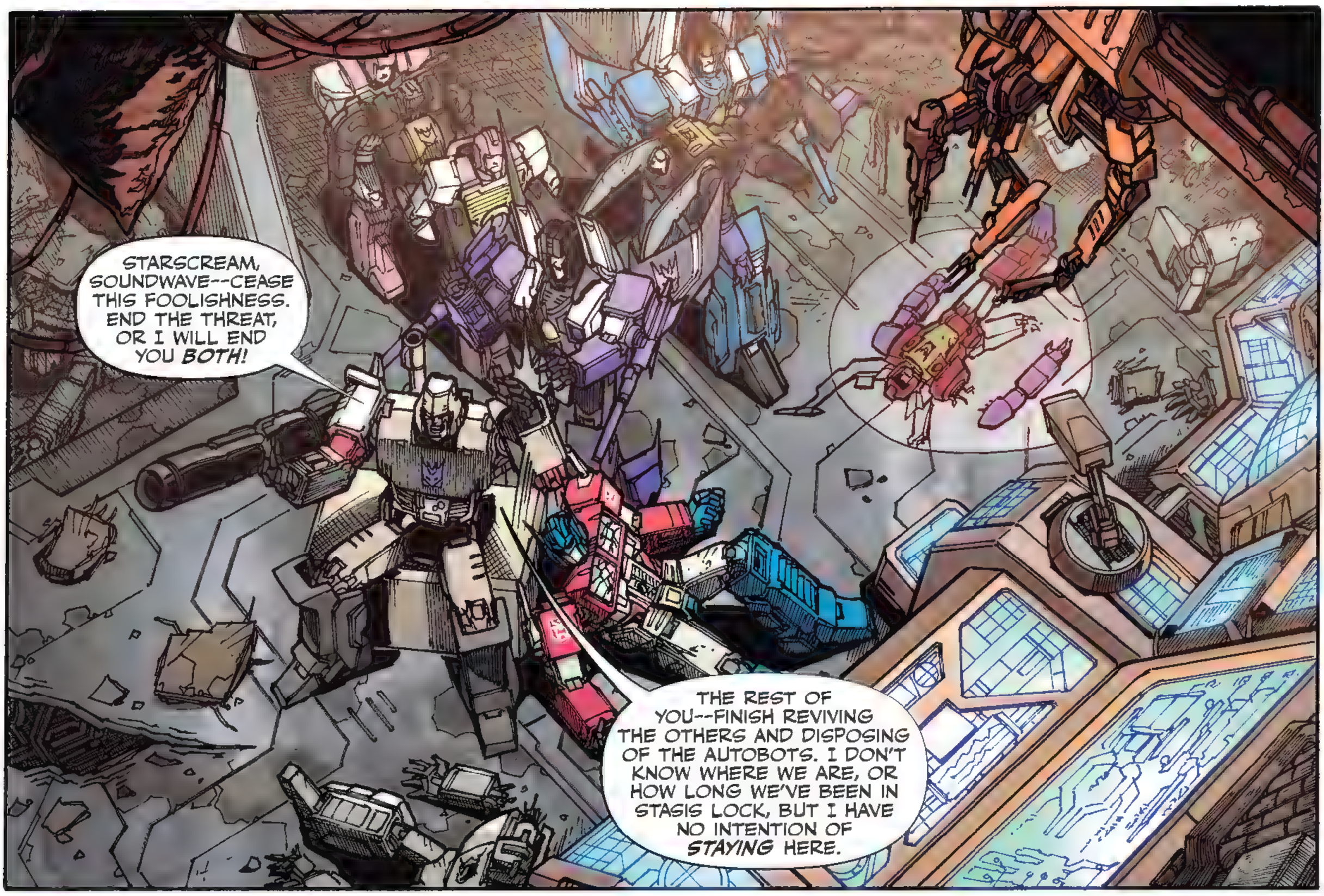
YOU'VE DONE WELL TO AWAKEN ME *FIRST*, SKYWARP.
PITY THAT THE AUTOBOTS CAN'T PUT UP A FIGHT...
GOODBYE, OPTIMUS PRIME. YOU DIE AS YOU LIVED... IGNORANT AND USELESS.
CYBERTRONIANS...
HUH?
...I WILL SEE YOU IN *HELL!*

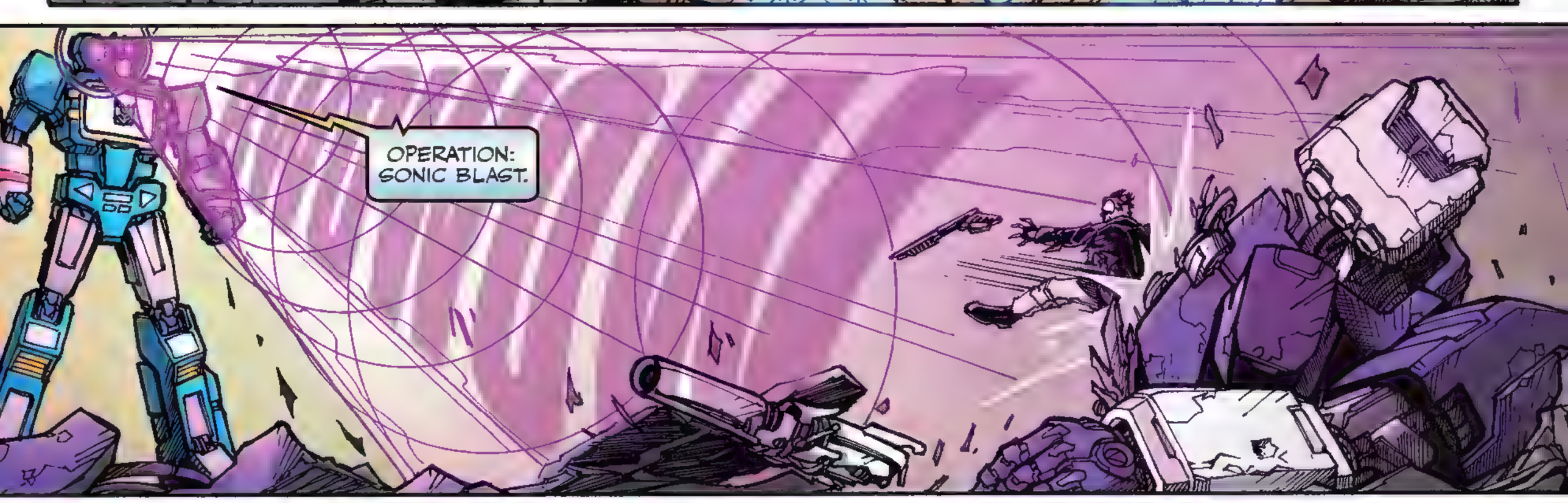
FSHOW
HAHAHAHA!
I'VE NOT HAD OCCASION TO LAUGH LIKE THAT IN MANY YEARS, BUG.
WHO DISTURBS MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH?
TRIUMPH? NO.
TERMINATION.
MODEL P38^UNC
VULNERABILITY: EYE
MODEL MC^10
VULNERABILITY: KNEE

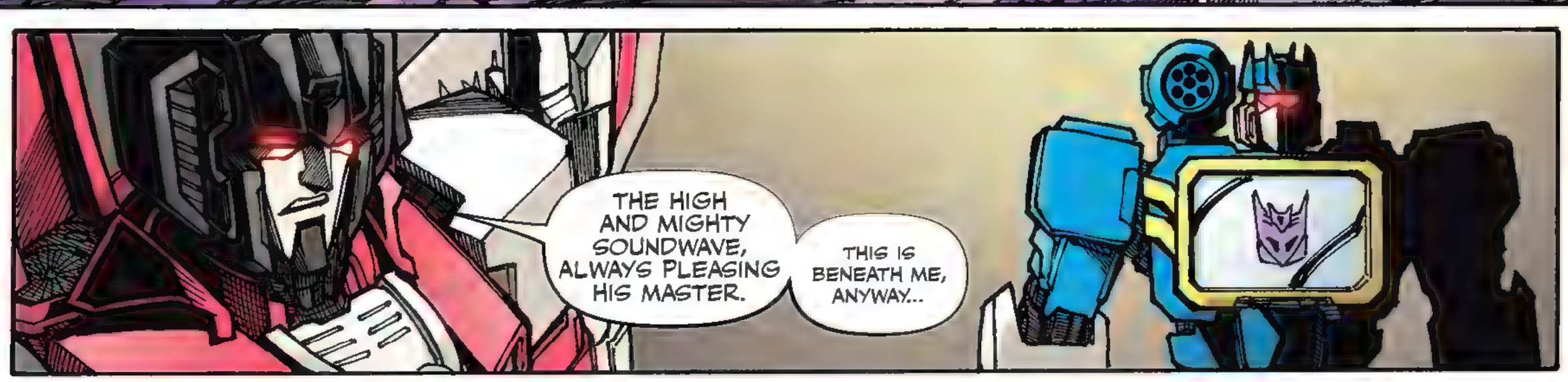
BLAM
BLAM
AAAH!
MY OPTIC!
STARSCREAM! SOUNDWAVE! DESTROY HIM!
"YOUR PURPOSE HAS BEEN SERVED," HE SAYS. WELL, DAMN RIGHT.
I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
CRASH
WHAT THE--?!


YOU'VE HURT MEGATRON... NO SMALL TASK. BUT THAT WON'T SAVE YOU FROM ME.
SECONDARY UNIT DETECTED.
ANOTHER PEST? DISPOSE OF IT, WILL YOU, SOUNDWAVE?
I CAN HANDLE THIS ONE MYSELF.
AFFIRMATIVE.
ANALYSIS: SECOND INTRUDER DESIGN DOES NOT HAVE MECHANICAL FUNCTIONS OF FIRST. SUBJECT IS NOT A THREAT TO THE DECEPTICONS.
RAVAGE, EJECT.
OPERATION: EXTERMINATE.
CRAP.


WHY WON'T YOU JUST DIE?!


STARSCREAM, SOUNDWAVE--CEASE THIS FOOLISHNESS. END THE THREAT, OR I WILL END YOU *BOTH!*
THE REST OF YOU--FINISH REVIVING THE OTHERS AND DISPOSING OF THE AUTOBOTS. I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, OR HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN IN STASIS LOCK, BUT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF *STAYING* HERE.


OPERATION: SONIC BLAST.


THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SOUNDWAVE, ALWAYS PLEASING HIS MASTER.
THIS IS BENEATH ME, ANYWAY...

HA! LIKE SHOOTING SHARKTICONS IN A BARREL.
SMALL ARMS – INEFFECTIVE
CYBERTRONIAN ARMAMENT – AVAILABLE
YOW!
BAD DOG! GET OUT OF HERE!
LEAVE ME ALONE!

THUNK
OOF!
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...
STOP IT! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!

AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF *YOU*, STARSCREAM.

THE DECEPTICONS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE YOUR CHAOS.

PRIME! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

IS MEGATRON TOO INCOMPETENT TO DO EVEN THAT?

ANALYSIS: DECEPTICONS MAINTAIN ADVANTAGE. WE SHALL BE VICTORIOUS.

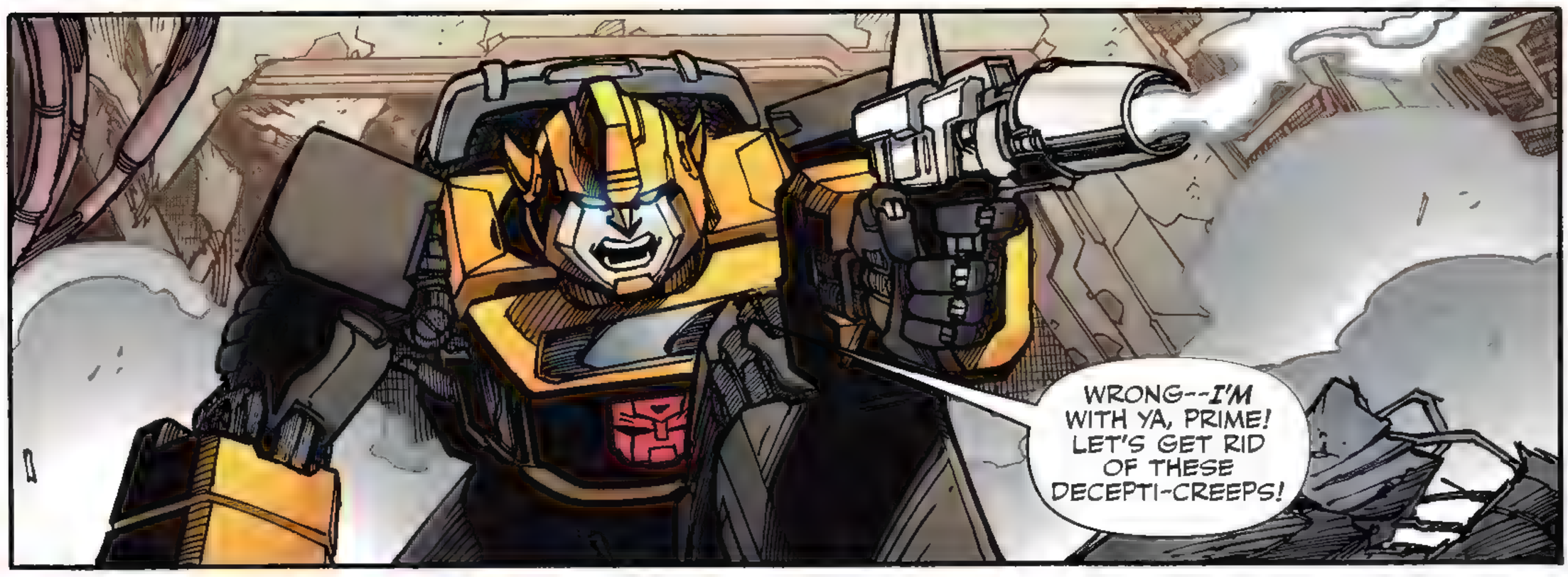
NO-NO-NO--

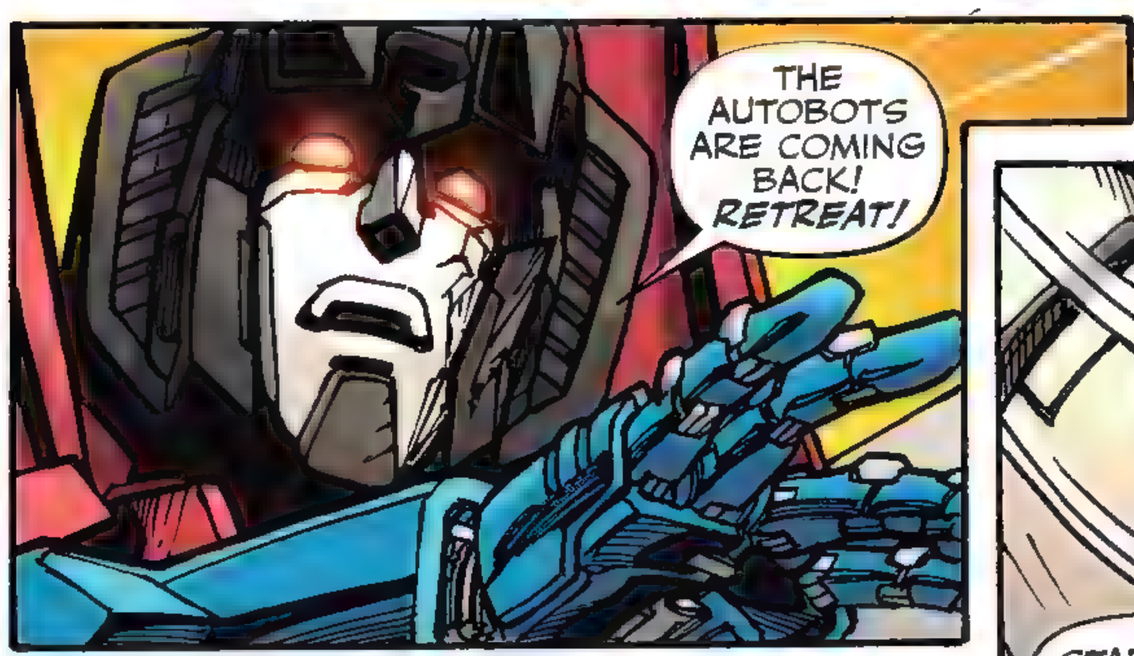
AHH!

OBJECTIVE: ELIMINATE OPTIMUS PRIME, ENSURE DECEPTICON VICTORY.

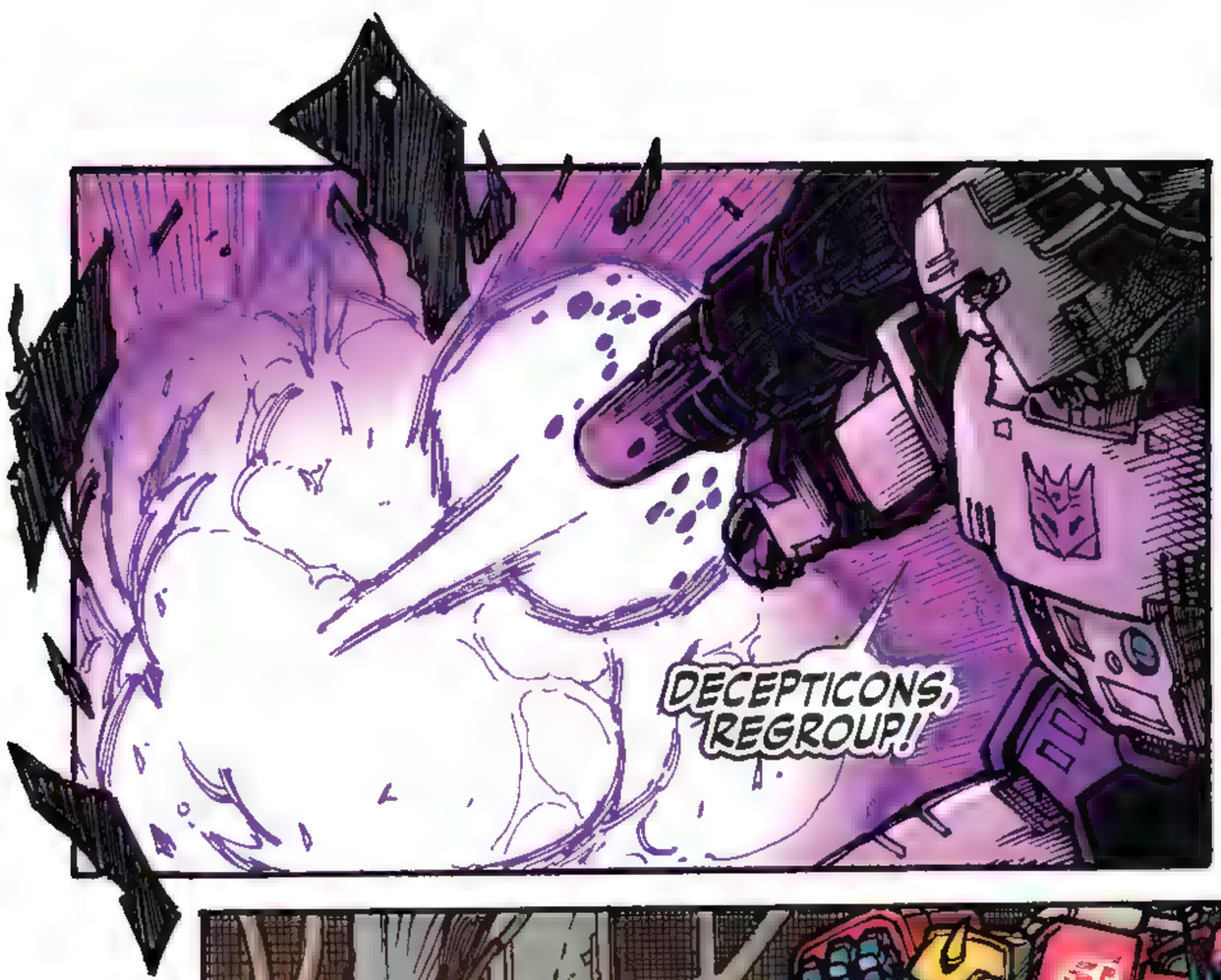
I MAY STAND ALONE, BUT THE AUTOBOTS WILL *NEVER* ALLOW YOU TO WIN.

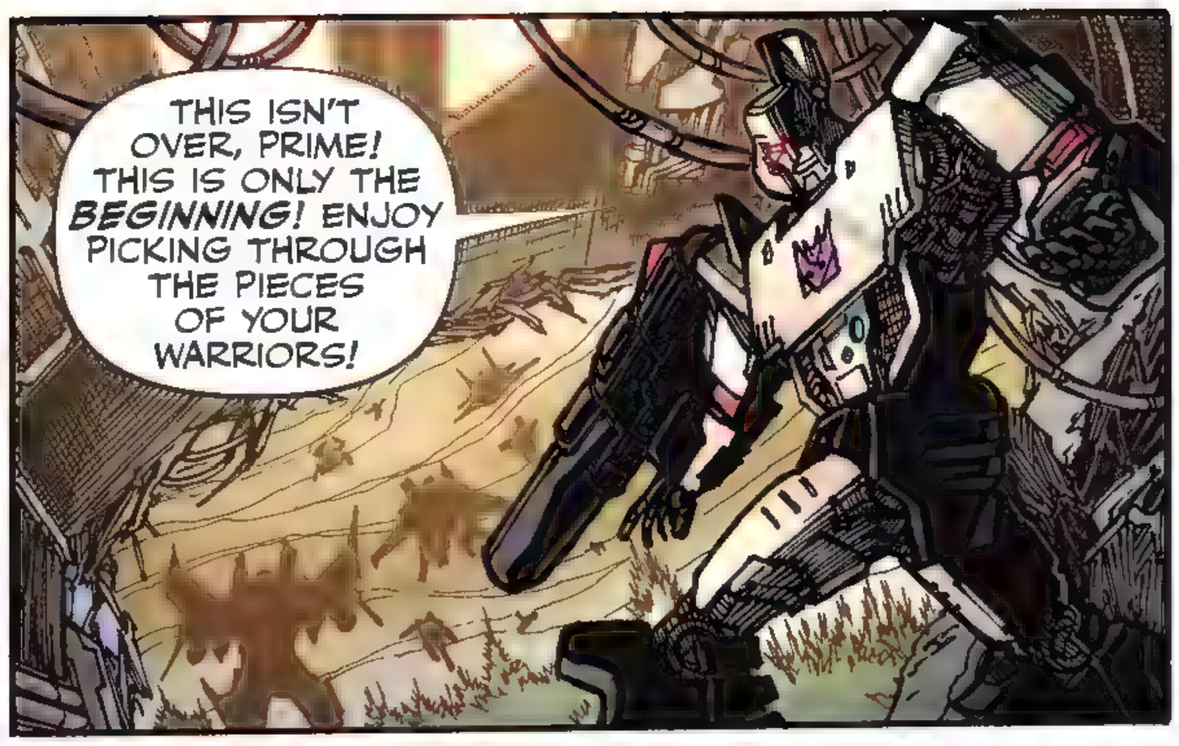
AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS...
I'M GOING TO DIE HERE ANYWAY, SO...
...WORTH A SHOT.
SEEMS LIKE JUDGMENT DAY'S COMING ANYWAY.
YOU WILL DIE, PRIME-- ALONE AND OUTGUNNED.





STILL... LET THE INSECT DISTRACT THE AUTOBOTS WHILE WE TAKE STOCK OF OUR SITUATION.





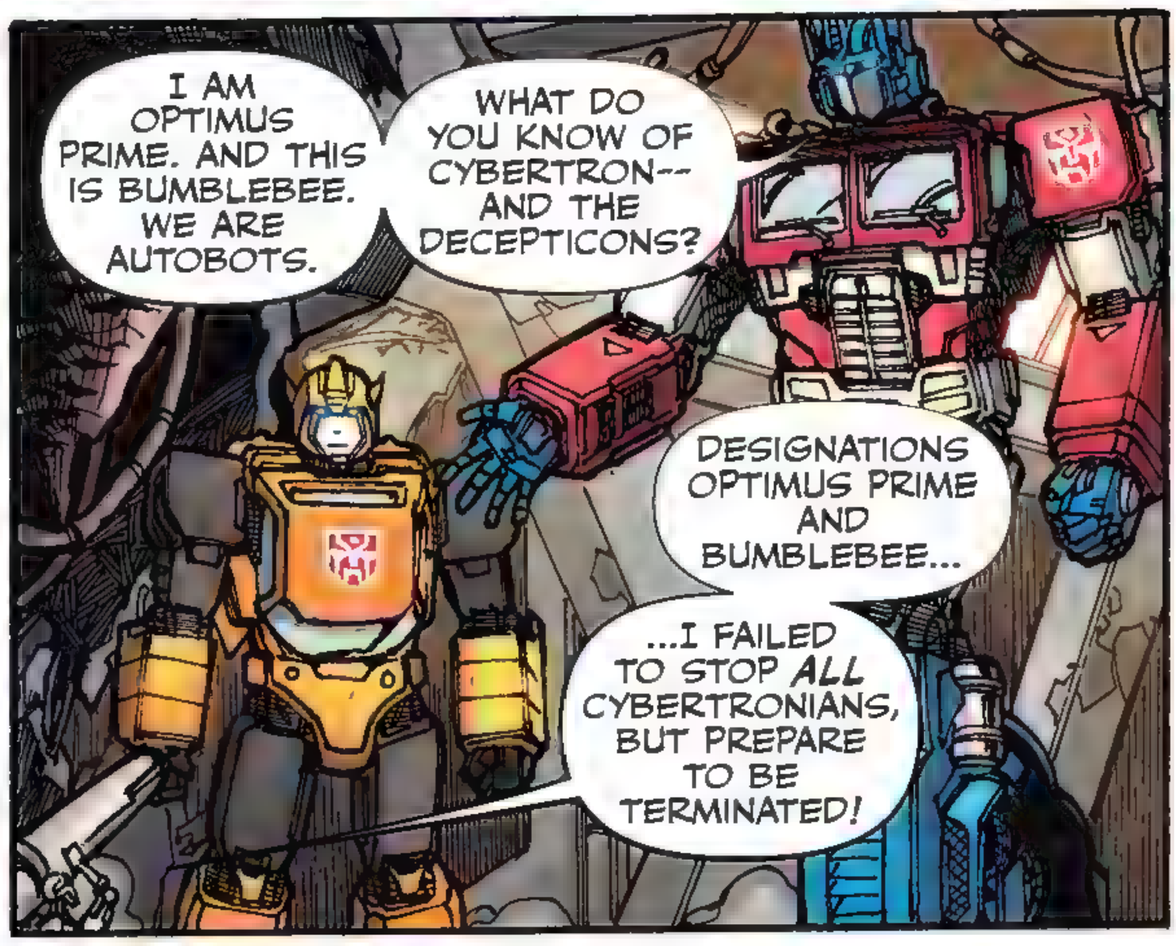
IT'S OKAY, OPTIMUS! I'VE GOT YOU. IT'LL BE ALRIGHT.

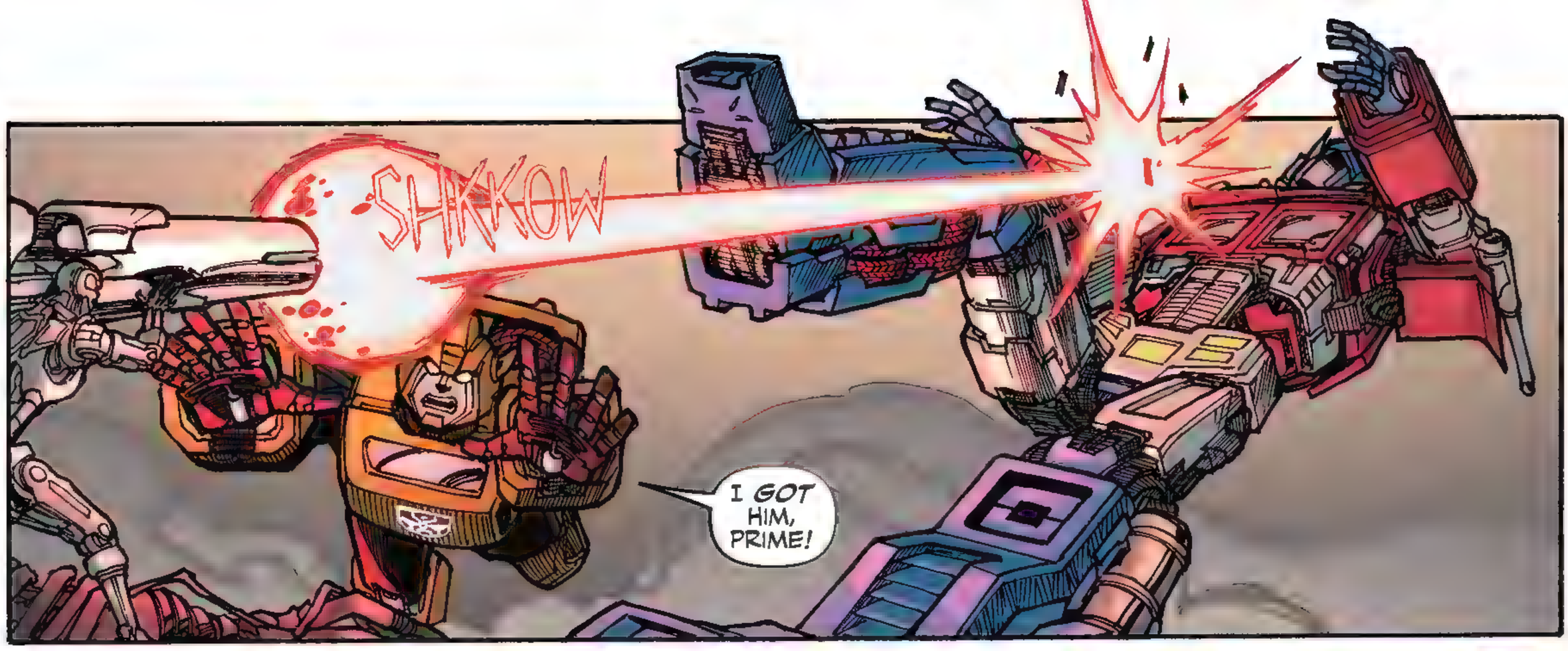
NO, BUMBLEBEE. I DON'T KNOW THAT IT WILL...

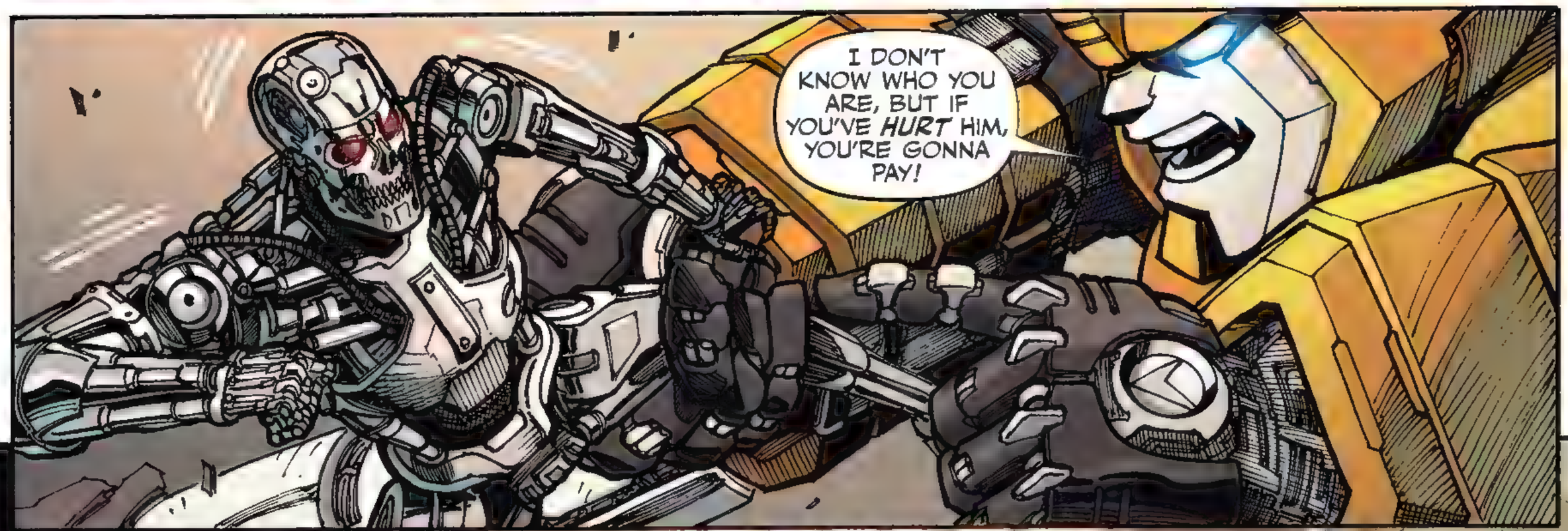
OH, PRIMUS...

MEGATRON'S RIGHT. NOTHING TO DO BUT ASSESS THE DAMAGE, OLD FRIEND.

AUTOBOTS ARE MADE OF TOUGH STUFF. SURELY *OTHERS* STILL LIVE.



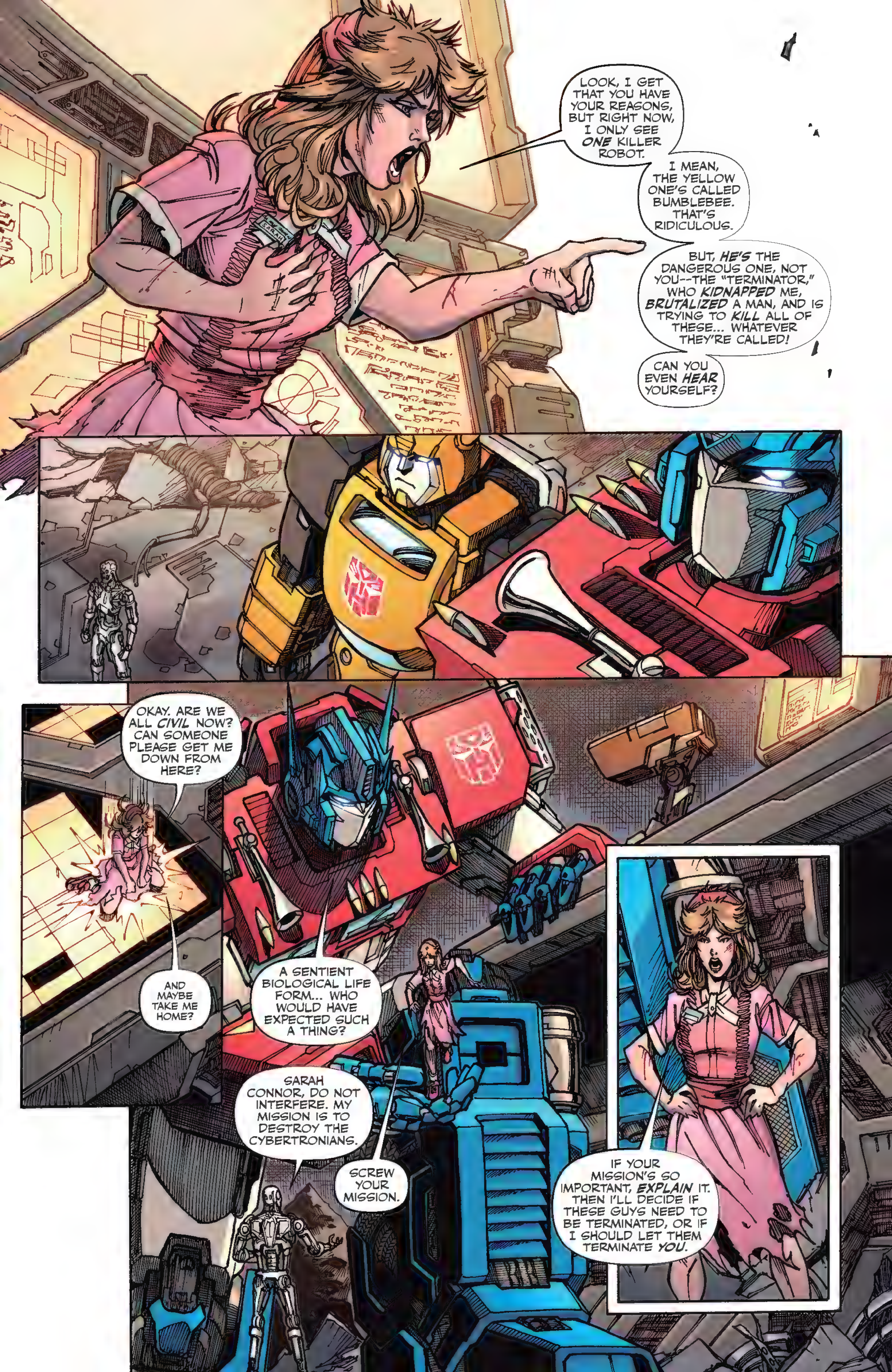


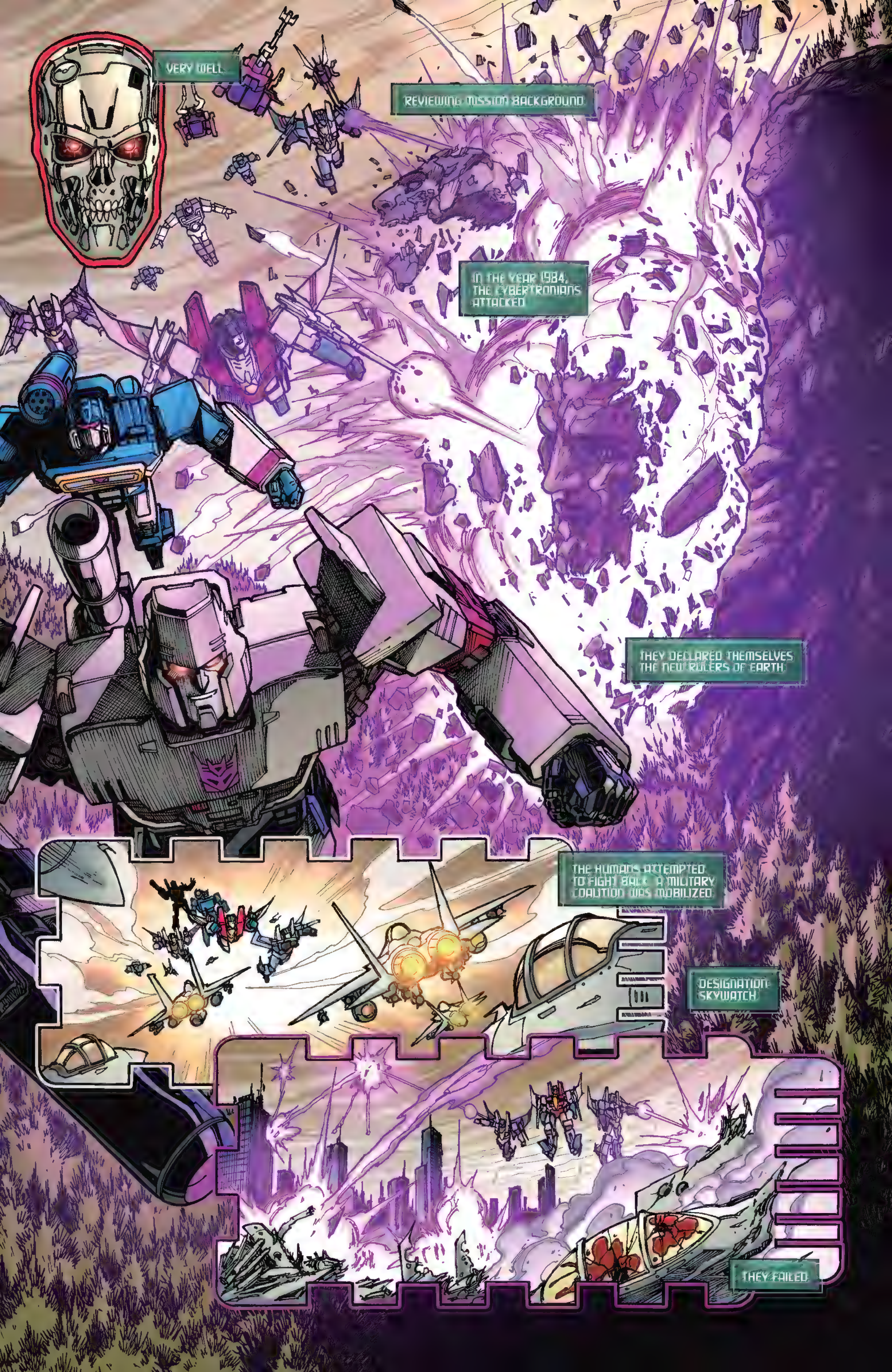


STOP IT!

HASN'T THERE BEEN ENOUGH *DEATH* TODAY?

SARAH CONNOR?


LOOK, I GET THAT YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS, BUT RIGHT NOW, I ONLY SEE *ONE* KILLER ROBOT.
I MEAN, THE YELLOW ONE'S CALLED BUMBLEBEE. THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
BUT, *HE'S* THE DANGEROUS ONE, NOT YOU--THE "TERMINATOR," WHO *KIDNAPPED* ME, *BRUTALIZED* A MAN, AND IS TRYING TO *KILL* ALL OF THESE... WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED!
CAN YOU EVEN *HEAR* YOURSELF?
OKAY. ARE WE ALL *CIVIL* NOW? CAN SOMEONE PLEASE GET ME DOWN FROM HERE?
AND MAYBE TAKE ME HOME?
A SENTIENT BIOLOGICAL LIFE FORM... WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED SUCH A THING?
SARAH CONNOR, DO NOT INTERFERE. MY MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE CYBERTRONIANS.
SCREW YOUR MISSION.
IF YOUR MISSION'S SO IMPORTANT, *EXPLAIN* IT. THEN I'LL DECIDE IF THESE GUYS NEED TO BE TERMINATED, OR IF I SHOULD LET THEM TERMINATE *YOU*.


VERY WELL
REVIEWING MISSION BACKGROUND
IN THE YEAR 1984, THE CYBERTRONIANS ATTACKED
THEY DECLARED THEMSELVES THE NEW RULERS OF EARTH
THE HUMANS ATTEMPTED TO FIGHT BACK. A MILITARY COALITION WAS MOBILIZED
DESIGNATION: SKYWATCH
THEY FAILED

ONLY ONE PROJECT FROM SKYWATCH SUCCEEDED: SKYNET

A SUPERCOMPUTER FAR SUPERIOR TO ITS HUMAN CREATORS

WITH SKYNET'S AID, THE HUMANS CREATED WARRIORS TO FIGHT THE CYBERTRONIANS

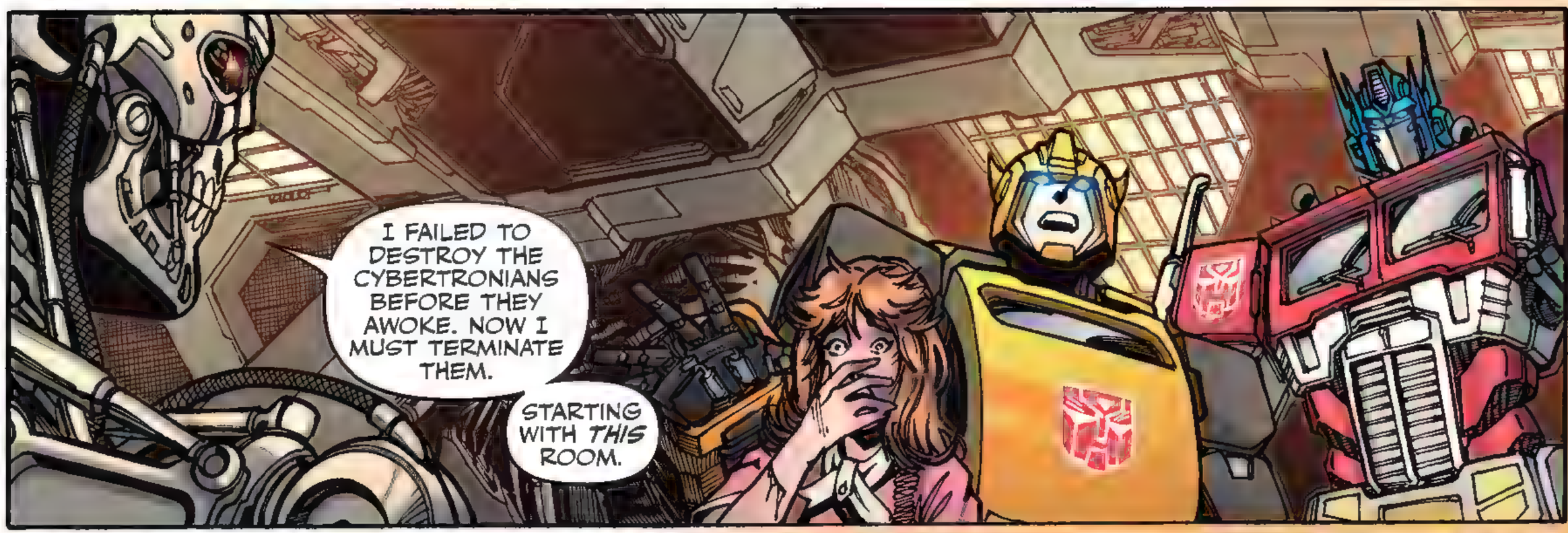
IT DID NOT SAVE THE HUMANS

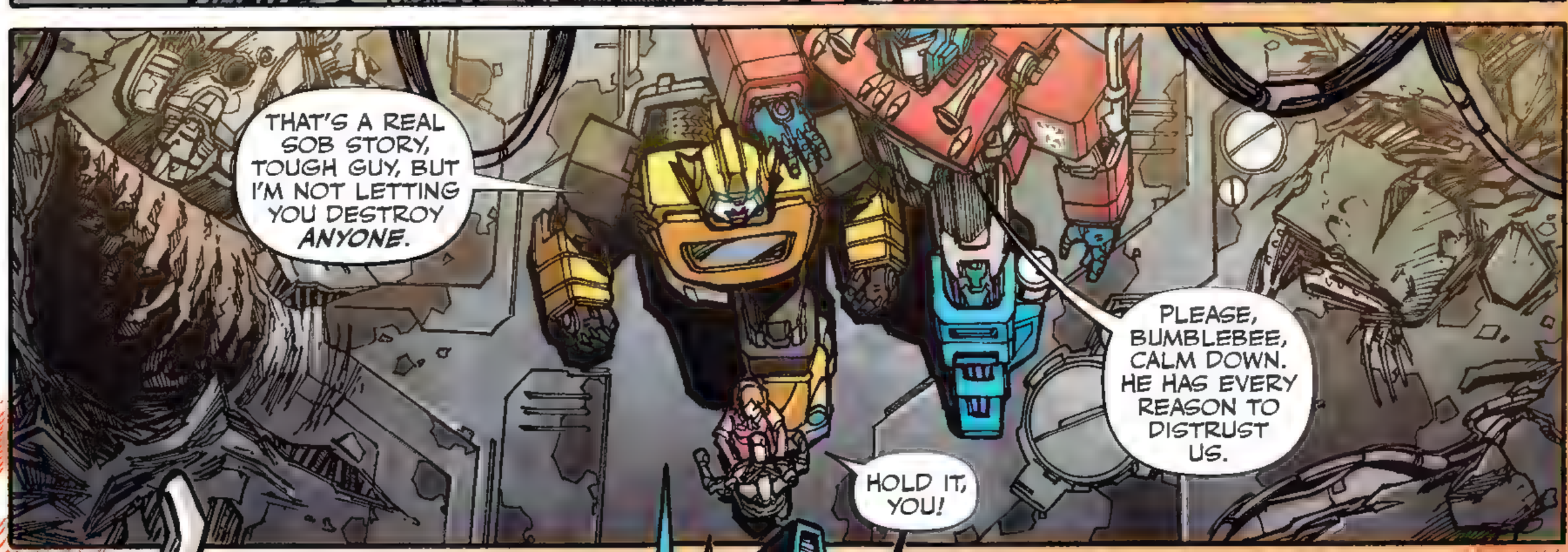
BUT SKYNET CONTINUED

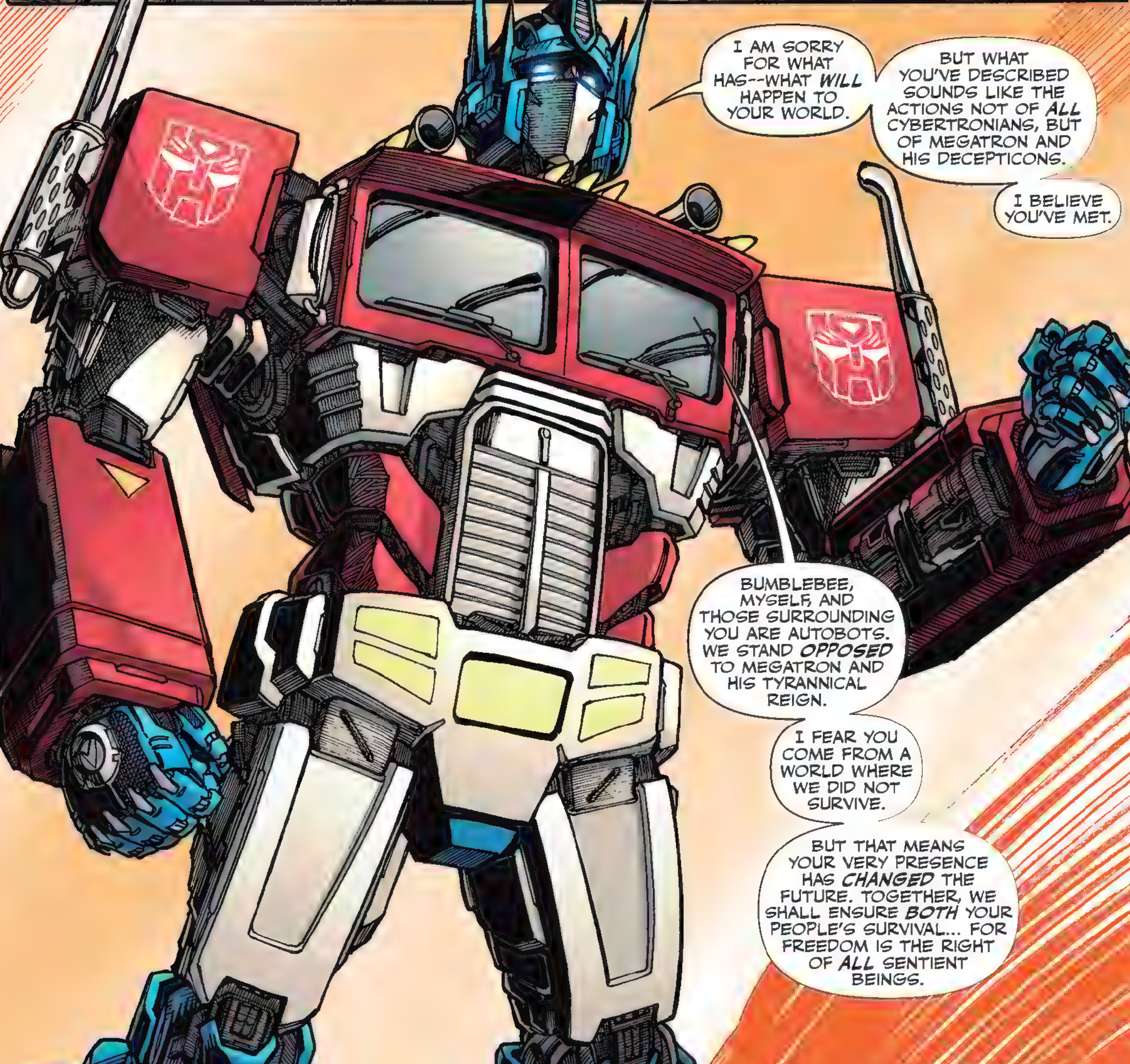
NEW MISSION PARAMETERS WERE ESTABLISHED--SURRENDER TO THE CYBERTRONIANS TO SURVIVE.

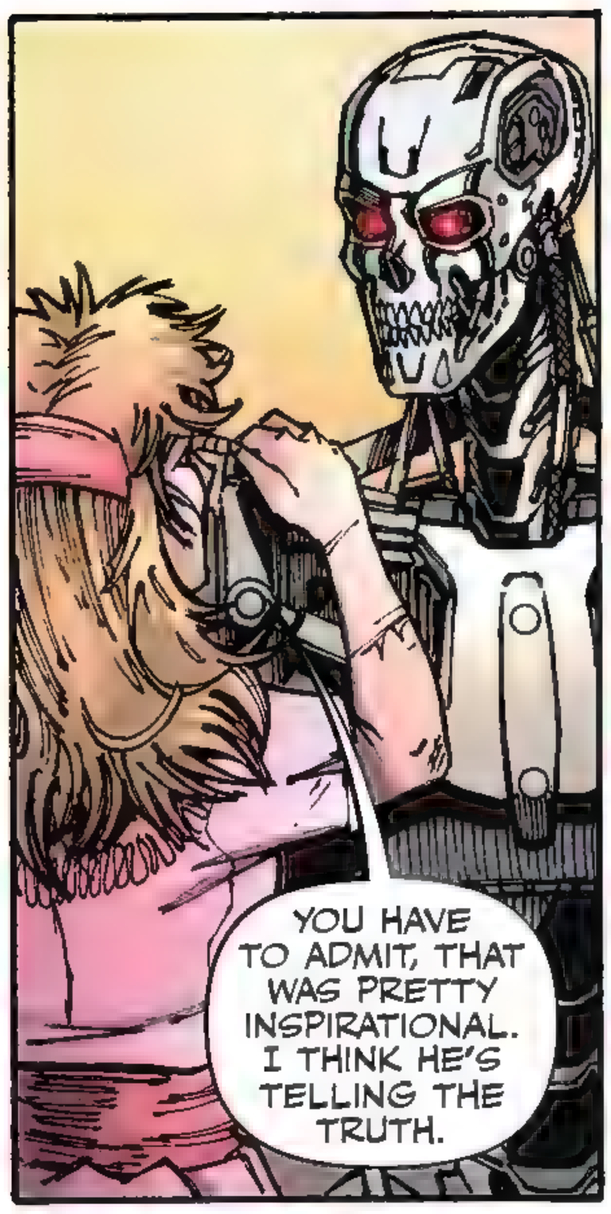
BUT IN SECRET, SKYNET BUILT A TIME MACHINE

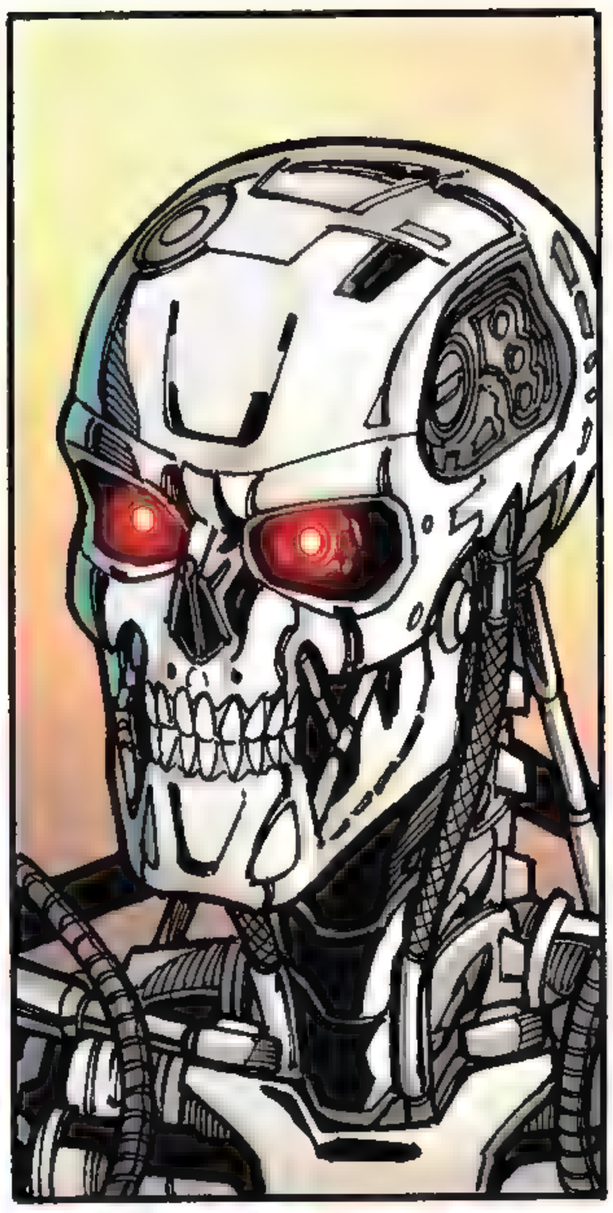
OBJECTIVE 1: LOCATE VAT-GROWN EPIDERMAL T-800: COMPLETE.
OBJECTIVE 2: TRANSPORT UNIT TO OMEGA BASE: COMPLETE.
OBJECTIVE 3: TRANSPORT UNIT BACK IN TIME: COMPLETE.
OBJECTIVE 4: DESTROY THE CYBERTRONIAN THREAT BEFORE IT EMERGES: FAILURE.
OBJECTIVE 4.A: ENSURE THE FUTURE OF SKYNET: STATUS:

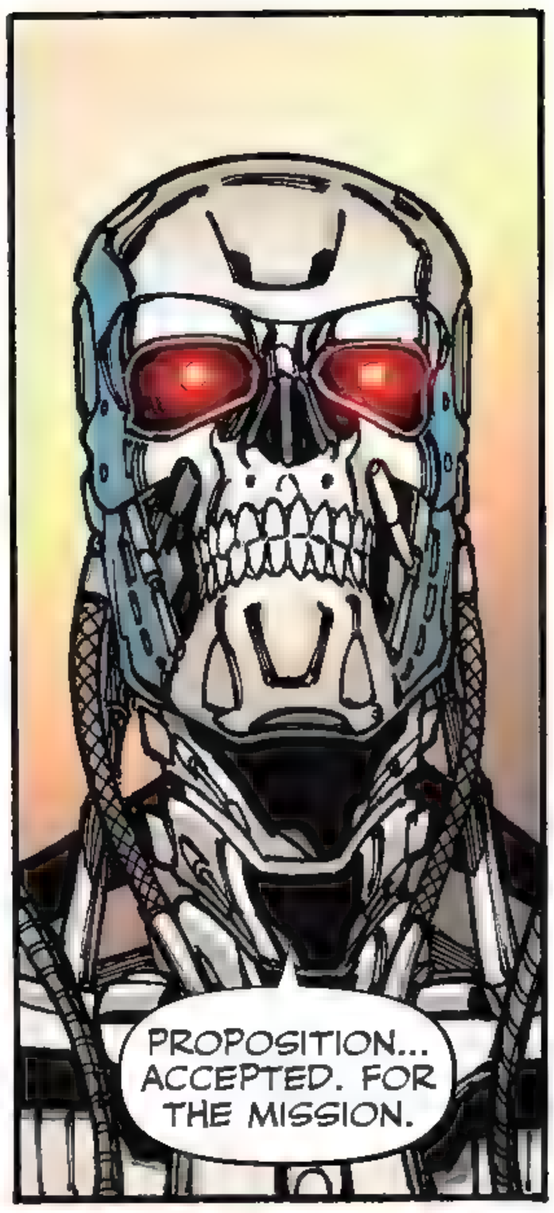

I FAILED TO DESTROY THE CYBERTRONIANS BEFORE THEY AWOKE. NOW I MUST TERMINATE THEM.
STARTING WITH *THIS* ROOM.


THAT'S A REAL SOB STORY, TOUGH GUY, BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU DESTROY *ANYONE*.
PLEASE, BUMBLEBEE, CALM DOWN. HE HAS EVERY REASON TO DISTRUST US.
HOLD IT, YOU!


I AM SORRY FOR WHAT HAS--WHAT *WILL* HAPPEN TO YOUR WORLD.
BUT WHAT YOU'VE DESCRIBED SOUNDS LIKE THE ACTIONS NOT OF *ALL* CYBERTRONIANS, BUT OF MEGATRON AND HIS DECEPTICONS.
I BELIEVE YOU'VE MET.
BUMBLEBEE, MYSELF, AND THOSE SURROUNDING YOU ARE AUTOBOTS. WE STAND *OPPOSED* TO MEGATRON AND HIS TYRANNICAL REIGN.
I FEAR YOU COME FROM A WORLD WHERE WE DID NOT SURVIVE.
BUT THAT MEANS YOUR VERY PRESENCE HAS *CHANGED* THE FUTURE. TOGETHER, WE SHALL ENSURE *BOTH* YOUR PEOPLE'S SURVIVAL... FOR FREEDOM IS THE RIGHT OF *ALL* SENTIENT BEINGS.







THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP IN GETTING THROUGH TO HIM. AND FOR AWAKENING ME AND BUMBLEBEE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WOULD YOU HELP ME REVIVE *MORE* OF MY CREW, SARAH CONNOR?

DEPENDS... NO CHANCE YOU COULD GIVE ME A RIDE HOME AFTER, HUH?

ACTUALLY... I THINK THAT COULD BE ARRANGED.

TSCHE CHE CHU CHU SCHE

Y'KNOW, I THINK I'LL PASS...

STARSCREAM, REPORT!

SOON. THE WESTERN COAST OF OREGON.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE, MEGATRON, THAT THE INSECT THAT BLEW OUT YOUR OPTIC SEEMS TO BE *MASQUERADING* AS THIS PLANET'S DOMINANT LIFEFORM?

THEY HAVE MACHINES THAT LOOK LIKE US, BUT THEY ARE ALL OPERATED BY *FLESHY ORGANICS*.

WATCH...

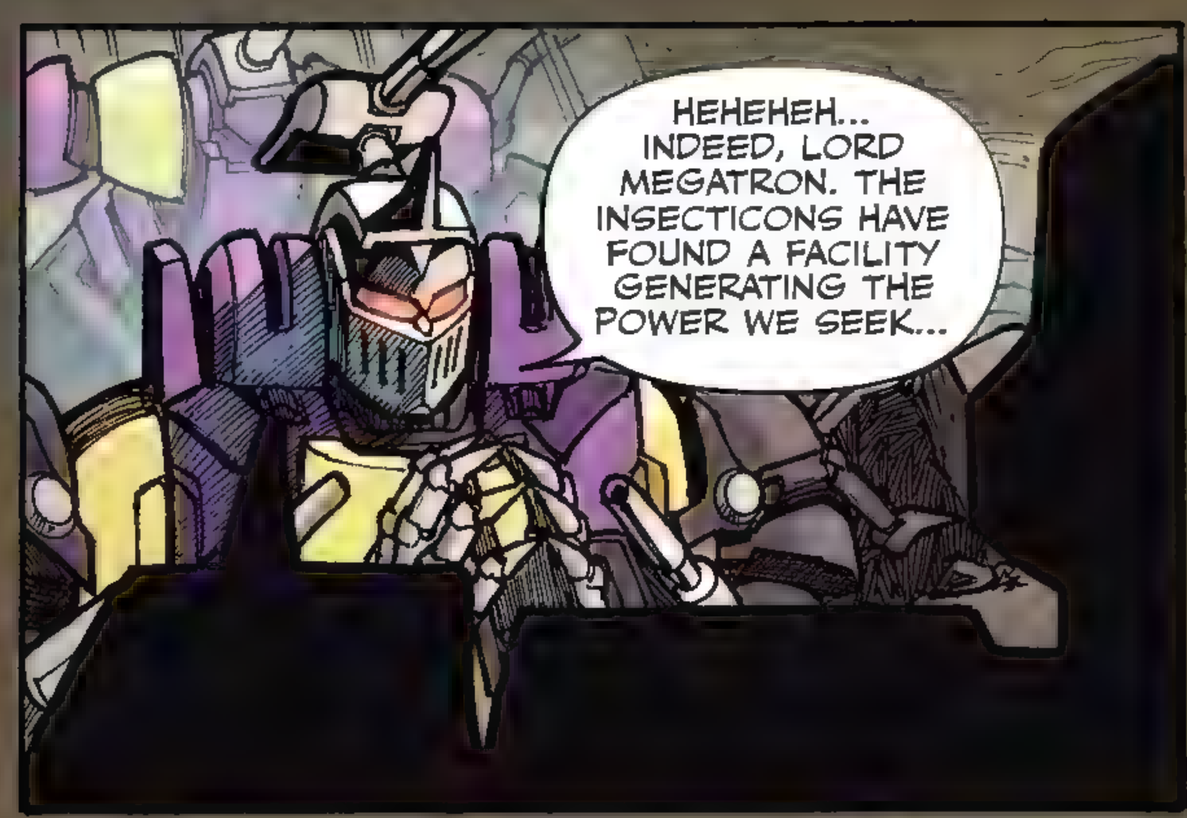
WOOSH

ANALYSIS: STARSCREAM'S CLAIMS ARE CONSISTENT WITH OBSERVATIONS LOGGED BY MYSELF AND RAVAGE.

SEE? I THINK THE ONLY RESISTANCE THEY HAVE IS IN THE ARK.

EXCELLENT WORK, STARSCREAM. I MAY MAKE A WARRIOR OF YOU YET.

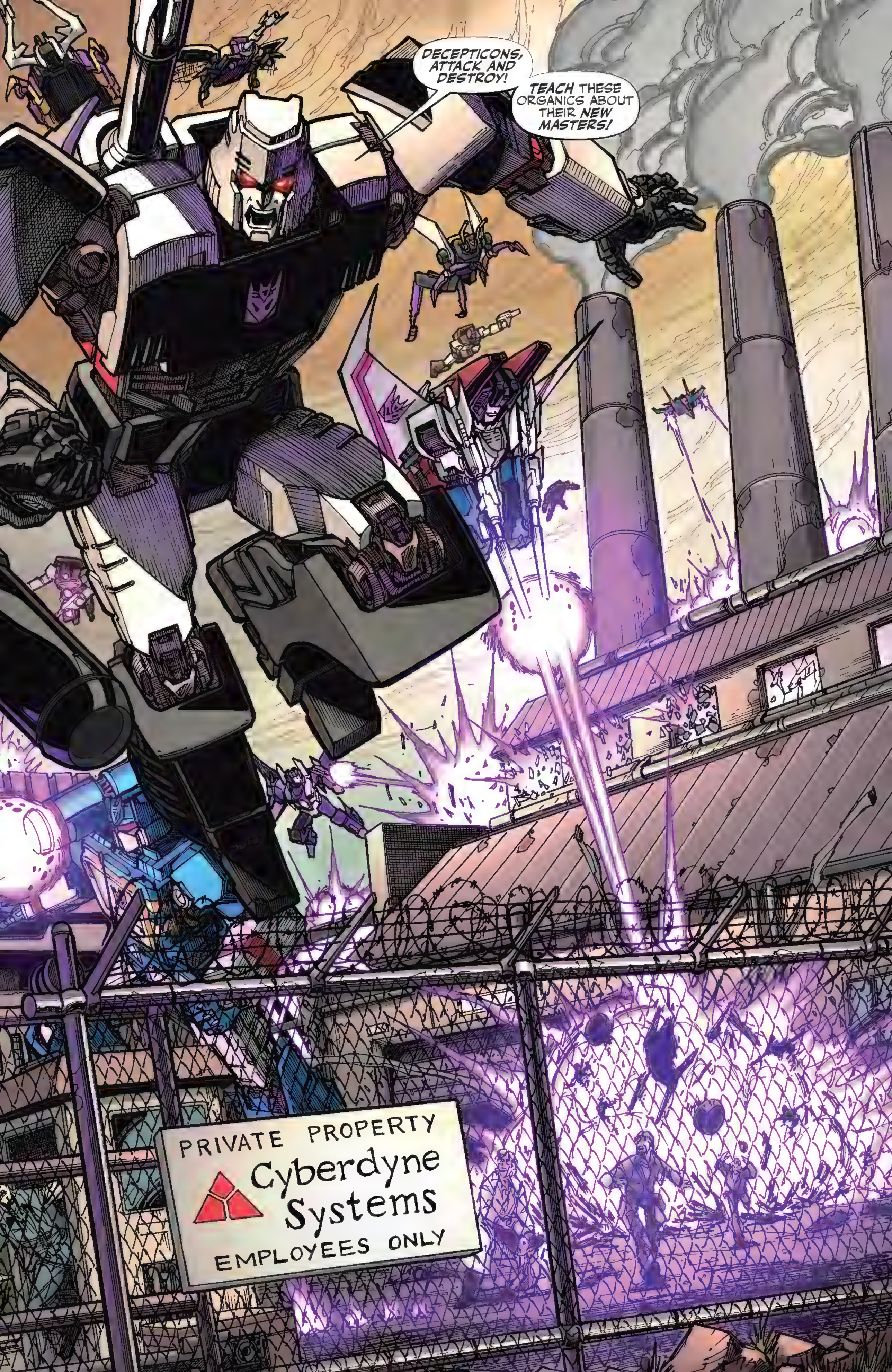
BOMBSHELL, REFRAKTOR, REPORT! DOES THIS PLANET HAVE *ENERGON*, OR ANY WAY TO FABRICATE A FACSIMILE?



THAT IS MOST EXCITING NEWS.

THESE ORGANICS COULD NOT STOP A DECEPTICON ONSLAUGHT REGARDLESS, BUT WITHOUT THEIR CHAMPIONS, WE'LL MAKE EVEN *FASTER* WORK OF THEM.

NOW... LET US INVESTIGATE THIS FACILITY.

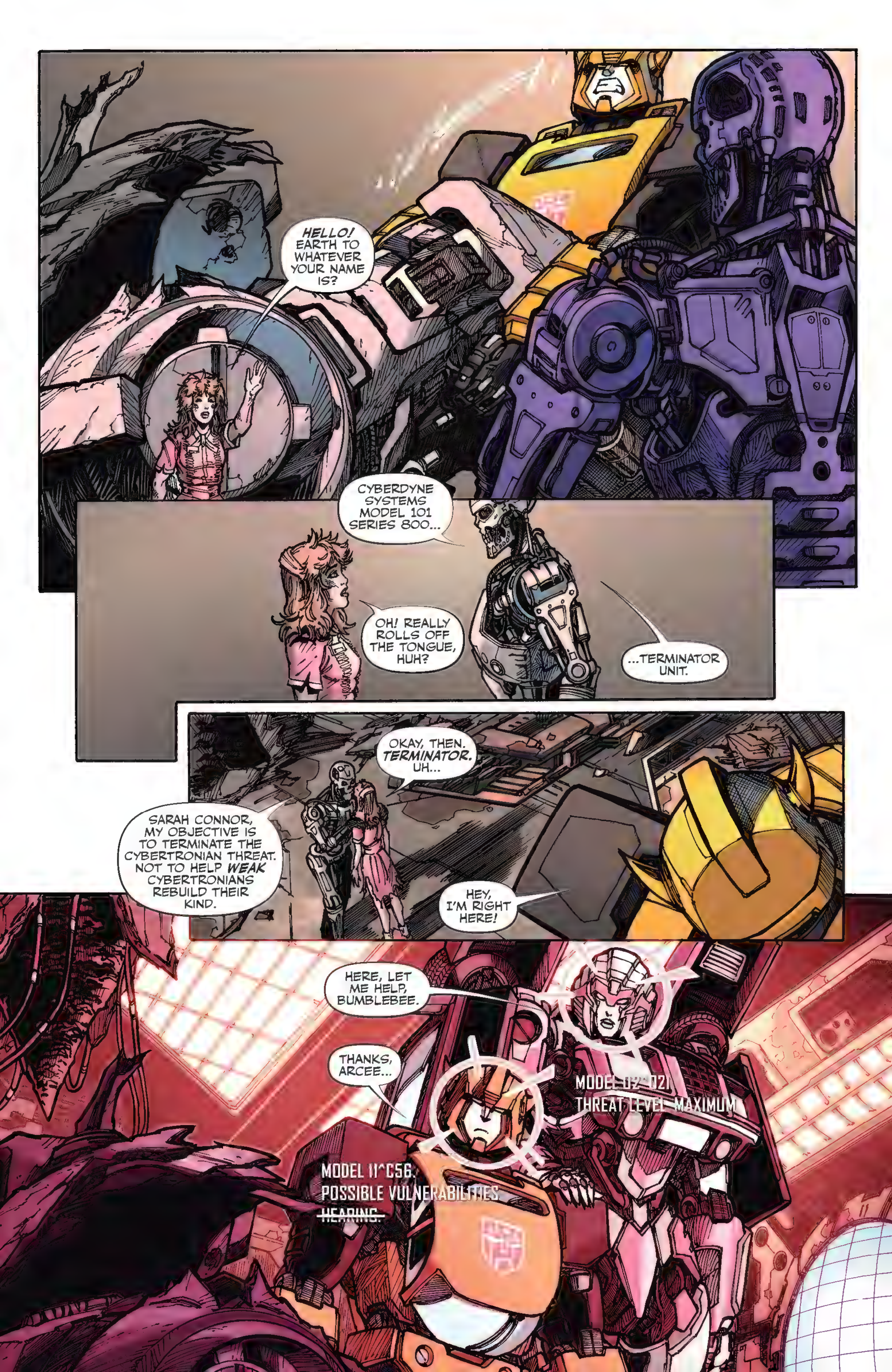

DECEPTICONS, ATTACK AND DESTROY!
TEACH THESE ORGANICS ABOUT THEIR NEW MASTERS!
PRIVATE PROPERTY
Cyberdyne Systems
EMPLOYEES ONLY

Art by Freddie E. Williams II
Colors by Jeremy Colwell

Part 3

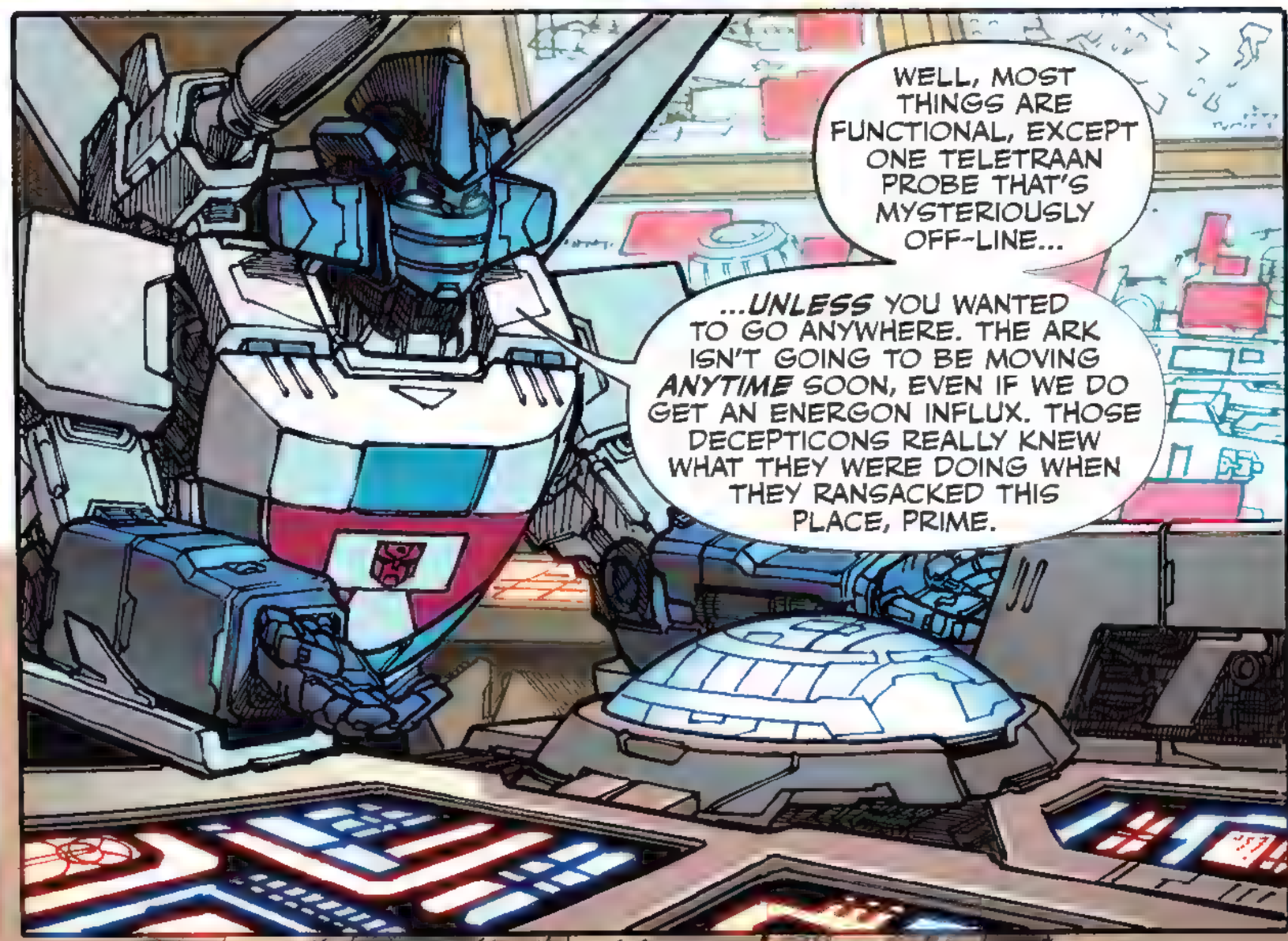
Art by Gavin Fullerton

YOU SURE YOU GOT HIM, 'BEE?
UNNF!
YEAH... NO PROBLEM, ARCEE.
SARAH, CAN YOU LIFT HIM JUST A LITTLE BIT? I THINK HE'S GETTING CAUGHT ON SOMETHING.
HEY, THINK YOU CAN LEND US A HAND...
...WHAT IS YOUR DESIGNATION, ANYWAY?
MODEL 11^C56--NEW ENTRY
VULNERABILITY: UNKNOWN
SARAH CONNOR.
THREAT LEVEL RISING.
UNIDENTIFIED CYBERTRONIAN.
STATUS: INACTIVE.

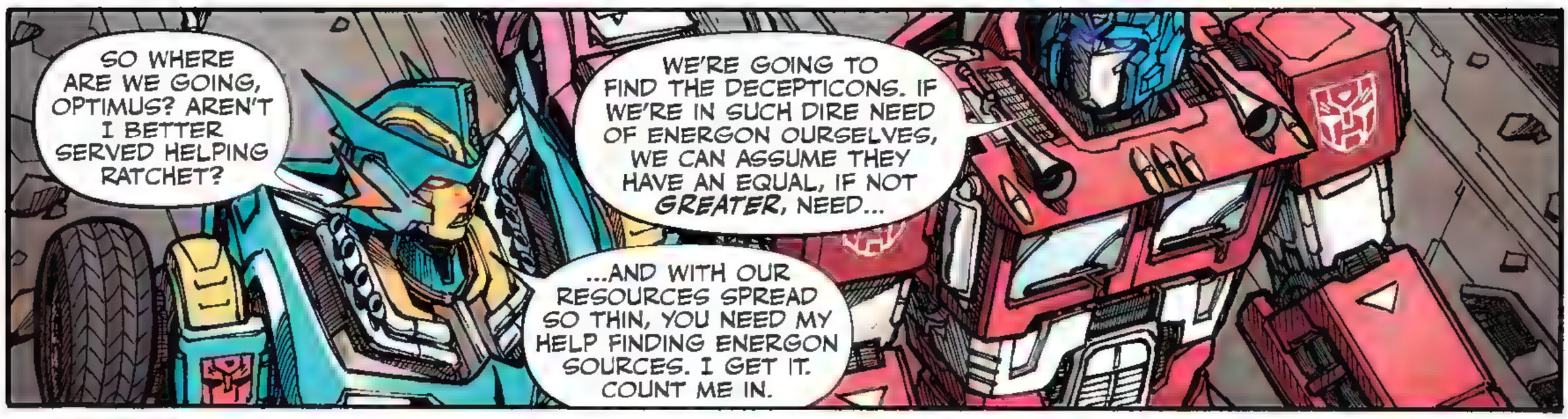

HELLO! EARTH TO WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS?
CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS MODEL 101 SERIES 800...
OH! REALLY ROLLS OFF THE TONGUE, HUH?
...TERMINATOR UNIT.
OKAY, THEN. TERMINATOR. UH...
SARAH CONNOR, MY OBJECTIVE IS TO TERMINATE THE CYBERTRONIAN THREAT. NOT TO HELP WEAK CYBERTRONIANS REBUILD THEIR KIND.
HEY, I'M RIGHT HERE!
HERE, LET ME HELP, BUMBLEBEE.
THANKS, ARCEE...
MODEL 02^021
THREAT LEVEL: MAXIMUM
MODEL 11^C56.
POSSIBLE VULNERABILITIES:
HEARING.

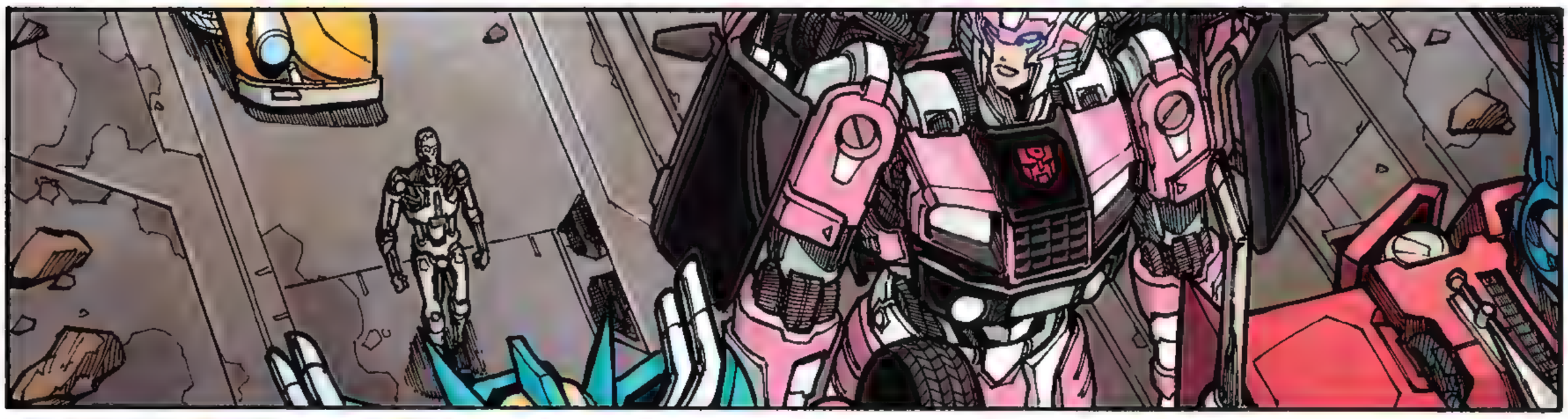
THINGS AREN'T GOOD, PRIME. I THINK WE'VE GOTTEN EVERY AUTOBOT FUNCTIONING THAT WE CAN...
...EVERYONE ELSE NEEDS EXTENSIVE REPAIRS AND MORE ENERGON TO GET THEM BACK ON THEIR FEET.
UNFORTUNATE, BUT UNDERSTOOD.

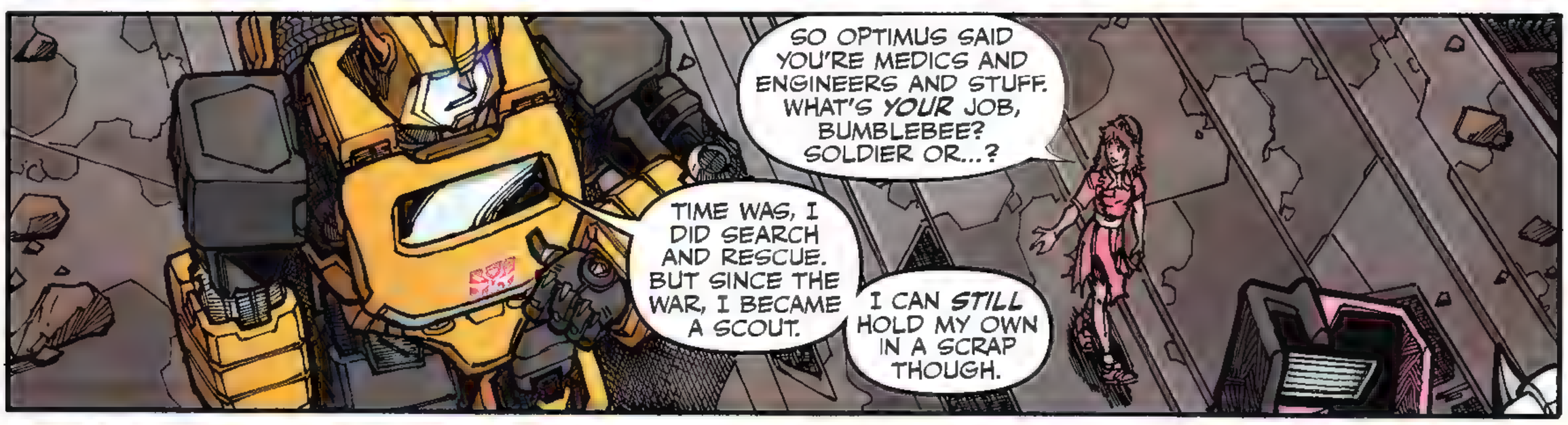
WHEELJACK, WHAT SYSTEMS DO WE HAVE OPERATIONAL?


WELL, MOST THINGS ARE FUNCTIONAL, EXCEPT ONE TELETRAAN PROBE THAT'S MYSTERIOUSLY OFF-LINE...
...UNLESS YOU WANTED TO GO ANYWHERE. THE ARK ISN'T GOING TO BE MOVING ANYTIME SOON, EVEN IF WE DO GET AN ENERGON INFLUX. THOSE DECEPTICONS REALLY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN THEY RANSACKED THIS PLACE, PRIME.

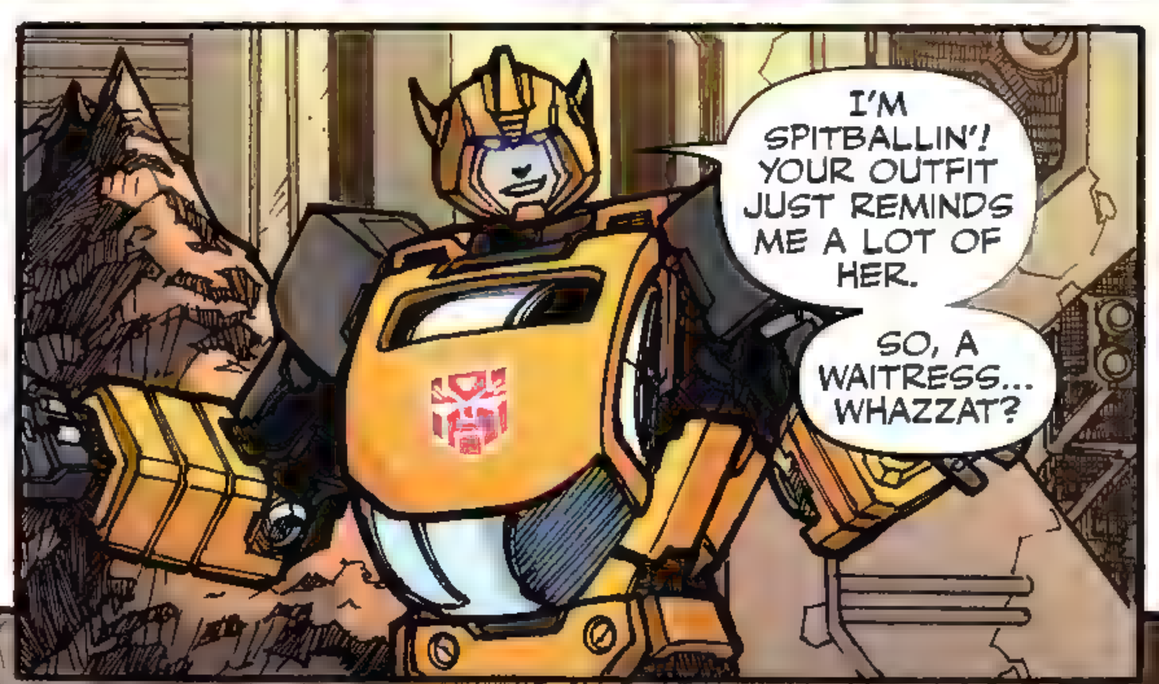
NO, WHEELJACK, I DON'T THINK THEY DID. THEY LEFT TWO OF THE FINEST MEDICS AND THE GREATEST ENGINEER IN THE AUTOBOTS UNSCATHED.
IF ANYTHING, THEY LEFT THE EXACT RIGHT TEAM TO FIX THE AUTOBOTS AND THE ARK.
NOW, WHEELJACK, SEE IF YOU CAN USE LOCAL TRANSMISSIONS TO GET ANY INFORMATION ON MEGATRON'S LOCATION. RATCHET, CONTINUE YOUR WORK. THE REST OF YOU, WITH ME. I HAVE AN IDEA...


SO WHERE ARE WE GOING, OPTIMUS? AREN'T I BETTER SERVED HELPING RATCHET?
WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE DECEPTICONS. IF WE'RE IN SUCH DIRE NEED OF ENERGON OURSELVES, WE CAN ASSUME THEY HAVE AN EQUAL, IF NOT GREATER, NEED...
...AND WITH OUR RESOURCES SPREAD SO THIN, YOU NEED MY HELP FINDING ENERGON SOURCES. I GET IT. COUNT ME IN.




SO OPTIMUS SAID YOU'RE MEDICS AND ENGINEERS AND STUFF. WHAT'S YOUR JOB, BUMBLEBEE? SOLDIER OR...?
TIME WAS, I DID SEARCH AND RESCUE. BUT SINCE THE WAR, I BECAME A SCOUT.
I CAN STILL HOLD MY OWN IN A SCRAP THOUGH.

WHAT'S YOUR JOB, SARAH? ARE YOU A WARRIOR LIKE ARCEE?
NO, I'M A WAITRESS... WHY WOULD I BE A WARRIOR?


I'M SPITBALLIN'! YOUR OUTFIT JUST REMINDS ME A LOT OF HER.
SO, A WAITRESS... WHAZZAT?

I TAKE ORDERS FROM PEOPLE AND--
SOUNDS LIKE A WARRIOR TO ME.
HUSH, BEE.
WE'LL DIVIDE INTO TEAMS TO BEGIN OUR SEARCH FOR THE DECEPTICONS. VELOCITY AND I WILL INVESTIGATE POTENTIAL ENERGON SOURCES...

...BUMBLEBEE, TAKE SARAH HOME. THIS ISN'T HER FIGHT.

GOTCHA!

TSCHE CHE CHU

MIND IF WE MAKE A STOP ON THE WAY? I *HAVE* TO GET *OUT* OF THIS UNIFORM.

ARCEE, TAKE OUR ROBOTIC FRIEND AROUND THE PERIMETER. LET'S MAKE SURE THE DECEPTICONS DIDN'T LEAVE ANY *SURPRISES* FOR US.

RIGHT. WE'LL DO A SWEEP.

GET IN.

I DO NOT HAVE ANY WEAPONS.

NOW YOU'RE SPEAKING *MY* LANGUAGE. *THAT* I CAN HELP WITH!

AUTOBOTS... ROLL OUT!

CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS MANUFACTURING PLANT. SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA.

EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT!

STARSCREAM WAS CORRECT, FOR ONCE. THESE CREATURES *ARE* PITIFUL. ALL THE MORE REASON TO BRING IN A NEW ORDER.

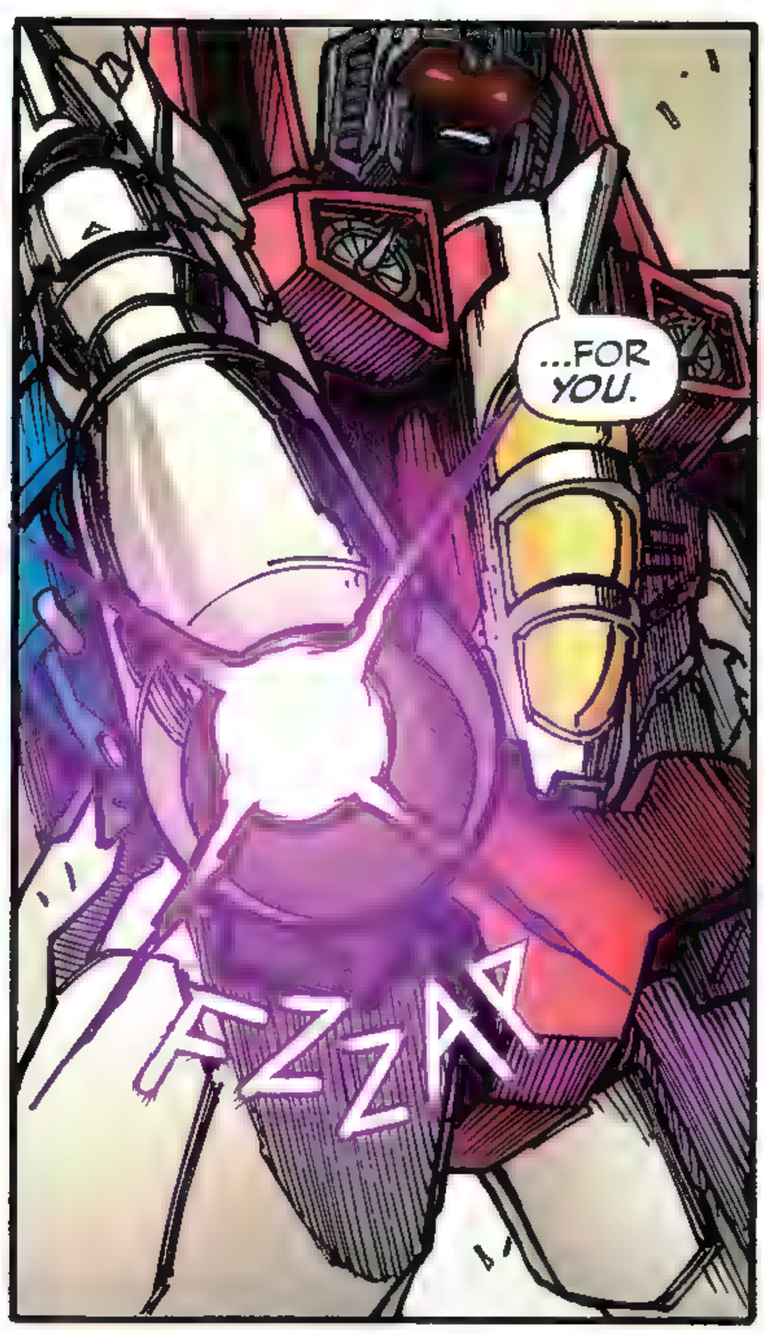
TSCHE CHE CHU

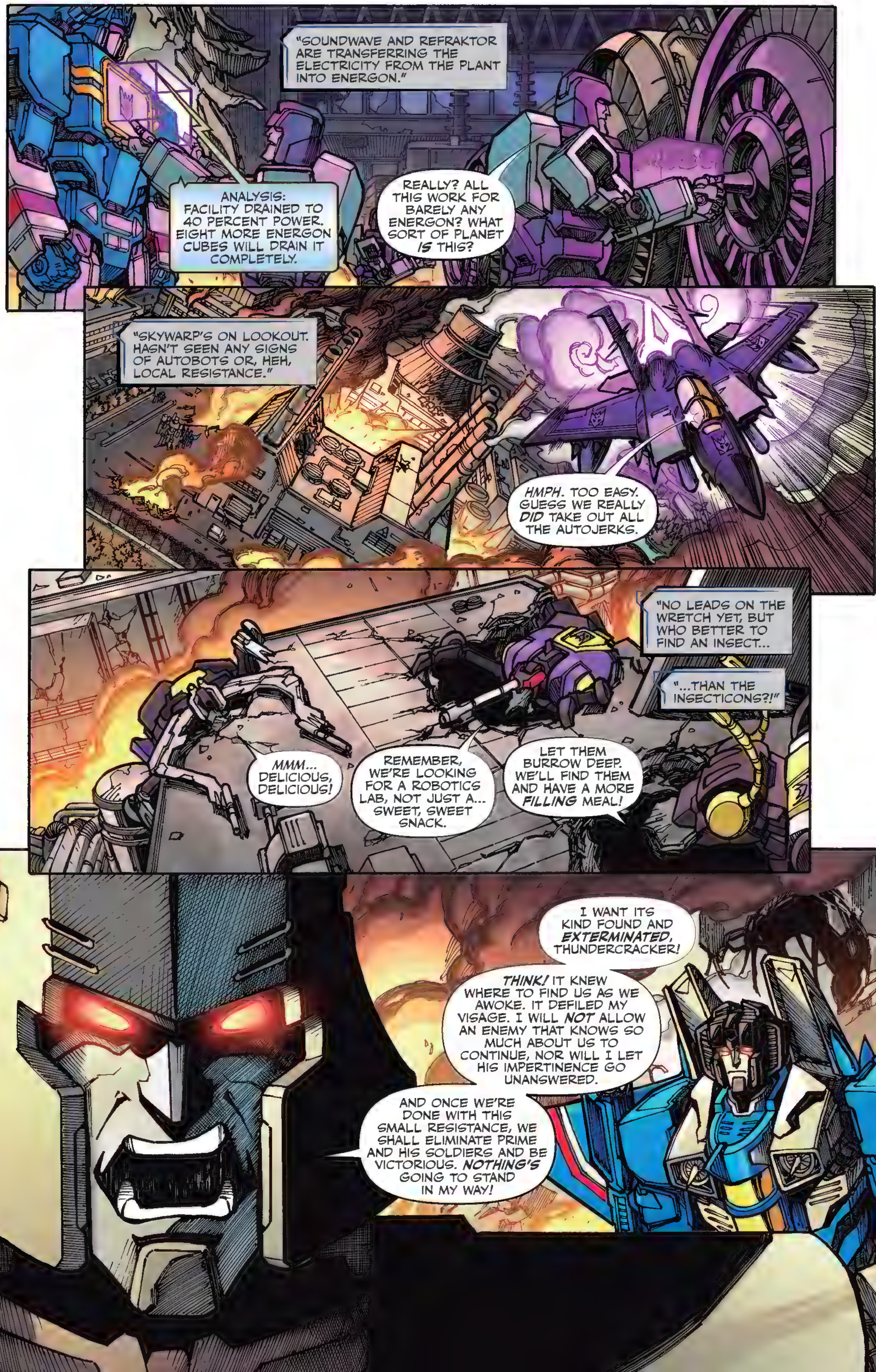
MEGATRON! I HAVE REPORTS FROM ALL DECEPTICONS.

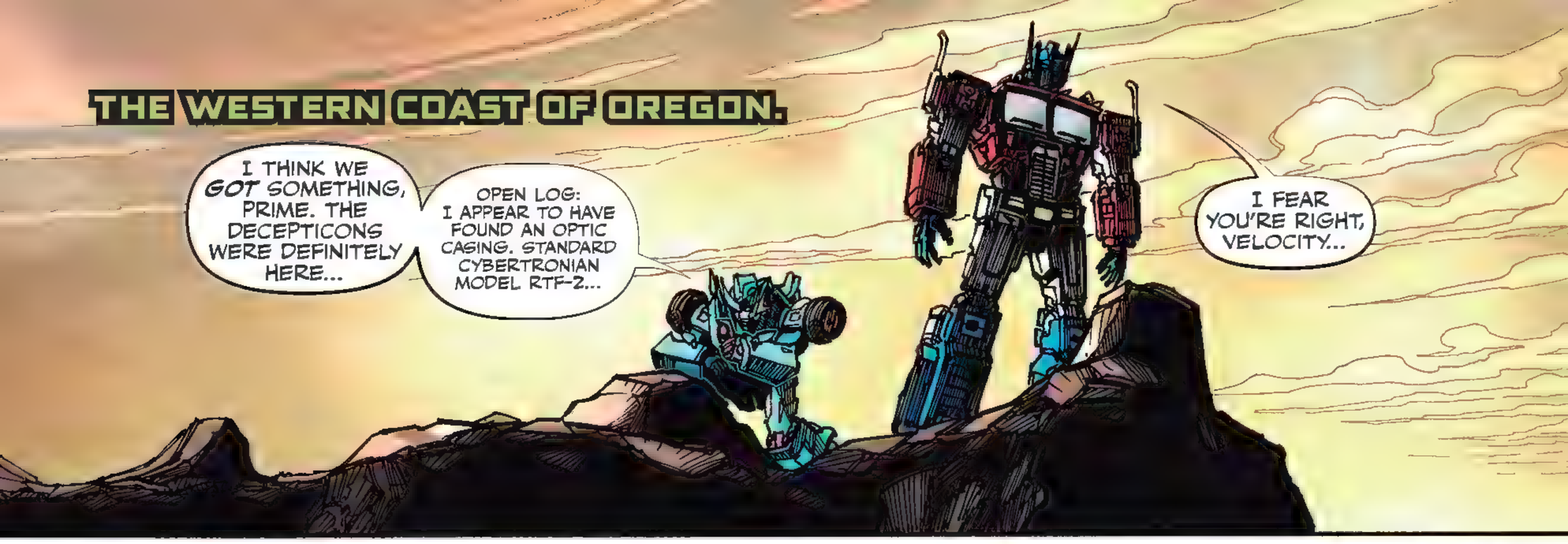
GO ON THEN.

"STARSCREAM'S ROUNDED UP THE... HOO-MANS? AND IS INTERROGATING THEM."

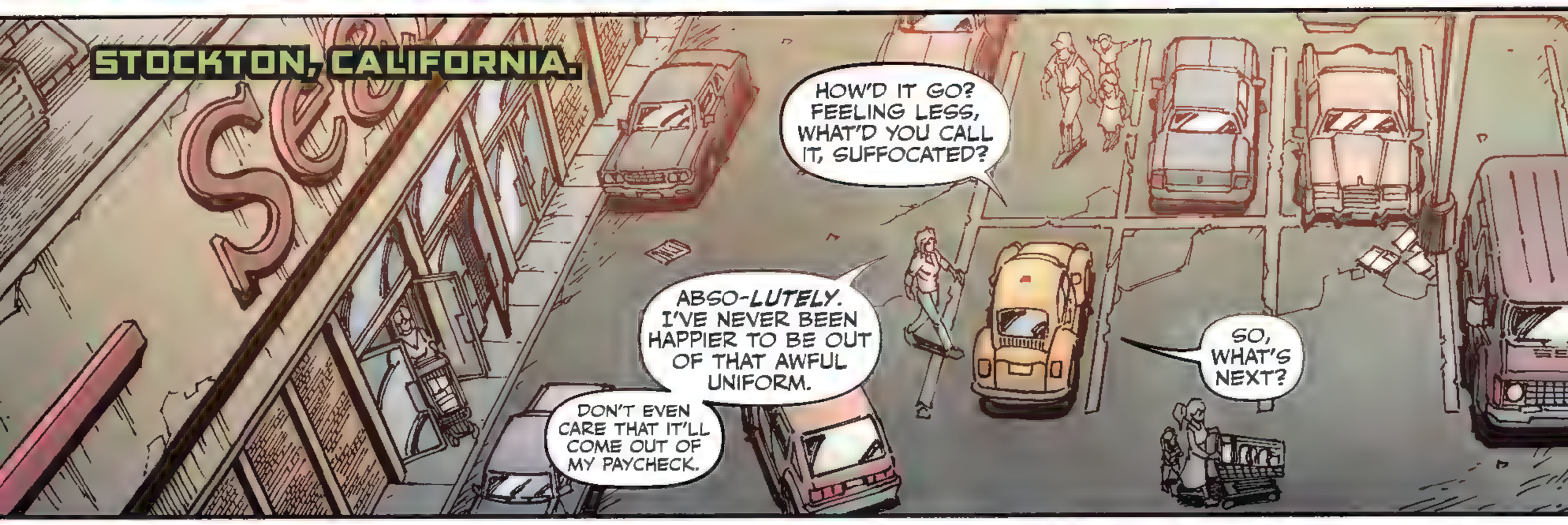
TELL ME, YOUR SUPERIOR--THE *HUNTER*--SEEMS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT CYBERTRONIANS. I'LL HELP YOU DEACTIVATE YOUR INCOMPETENT LEADER AND IN RETURN, YOU'LL HELP ME WITH MINE...



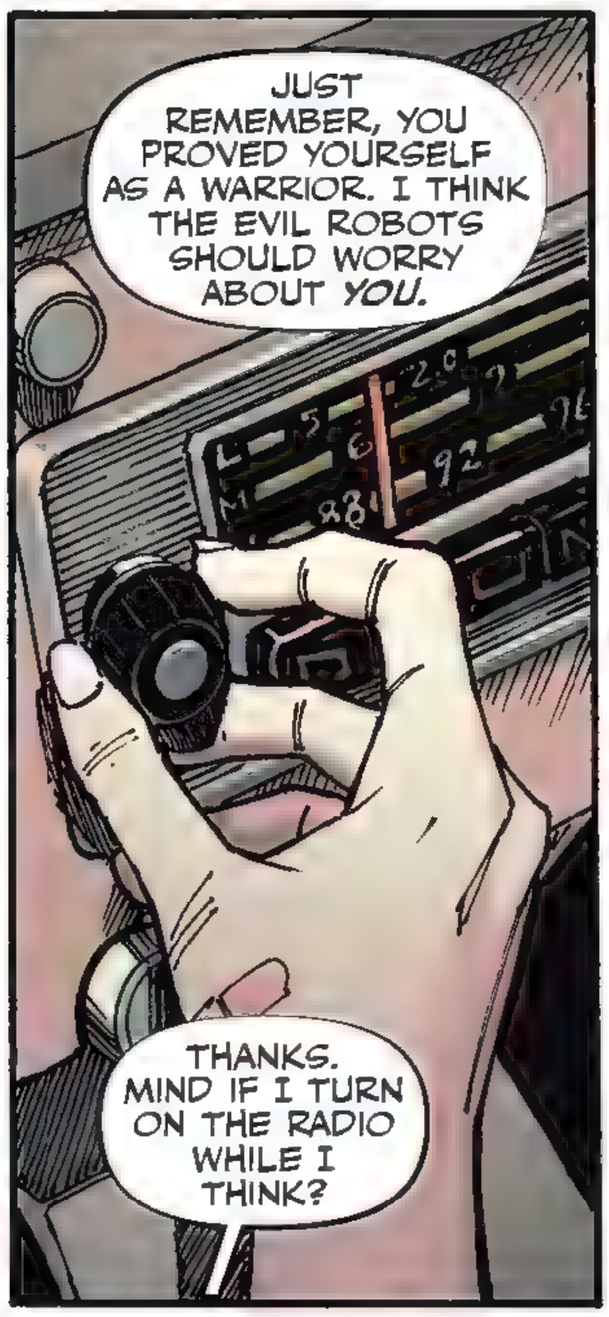

"SOUNDWAVE AND REFRAKTOR ARE TRANSFERRING THE ELECTRICITY FROM THE PLANT INTO ENERGON."
ANALYSIS: FACILITY DRAINED TO 40 PERCENT POWER. EIGHT MORE ENERGON CUBES WILL DRAIN IT COMPLETELY.
REALLY? ALL THIS WORK FOR BARELY ANY ENERGON? WHAT SORT OF PLANET *IS* THIS?
"SKYWARP'S ON LOOKOUT. HASN'T SEEN ANY SIGNS OF AUTOBOTS OR, HEH, LOCAL RESISTANCE."
HMPH. TOO EASY. GUESS WE REALLY *DID* TAKE OUT ALL THE AUTOJERKS.
"NO LEADS ON THE WRETCH YET, BUT WHO BETTER TO FIND AN INSECT...
"...THAN THE INSECTICONS?!"
MMM... DELICIOUS, DELICIOUS!
REMEMBER, WE'RE LOOKING FOR A ROBOTICS LAB, NOT JUST A... SWEET, SWEET SNACK.
LET THEM BURROW DEEP. WE'LL FIND THEM AND HAVE A MORE *FILLING* MEAL!
I WANT ITS KIND FOUND AND *EXTERMINATED*, THUNDERCRACKER!
THINK! IT KNEW WHERE TO FIND US AS WE AWOKE. IT DEFILED MY VISAGE. I WILL *NOT* ALLOW AN ENEMY THAT KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT US TO CONTINUE, NOR WILL I LET HIS IMPERTINENCE GO UNANSWERED.
AND ONCE WE'RE DONE WITH THIS SMALL RESISTANCE, WE SHALL ELIMINATE PRIME AND HIS SOLDIERS AND BE VICTORIOUS. *NOTHING'S* GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!

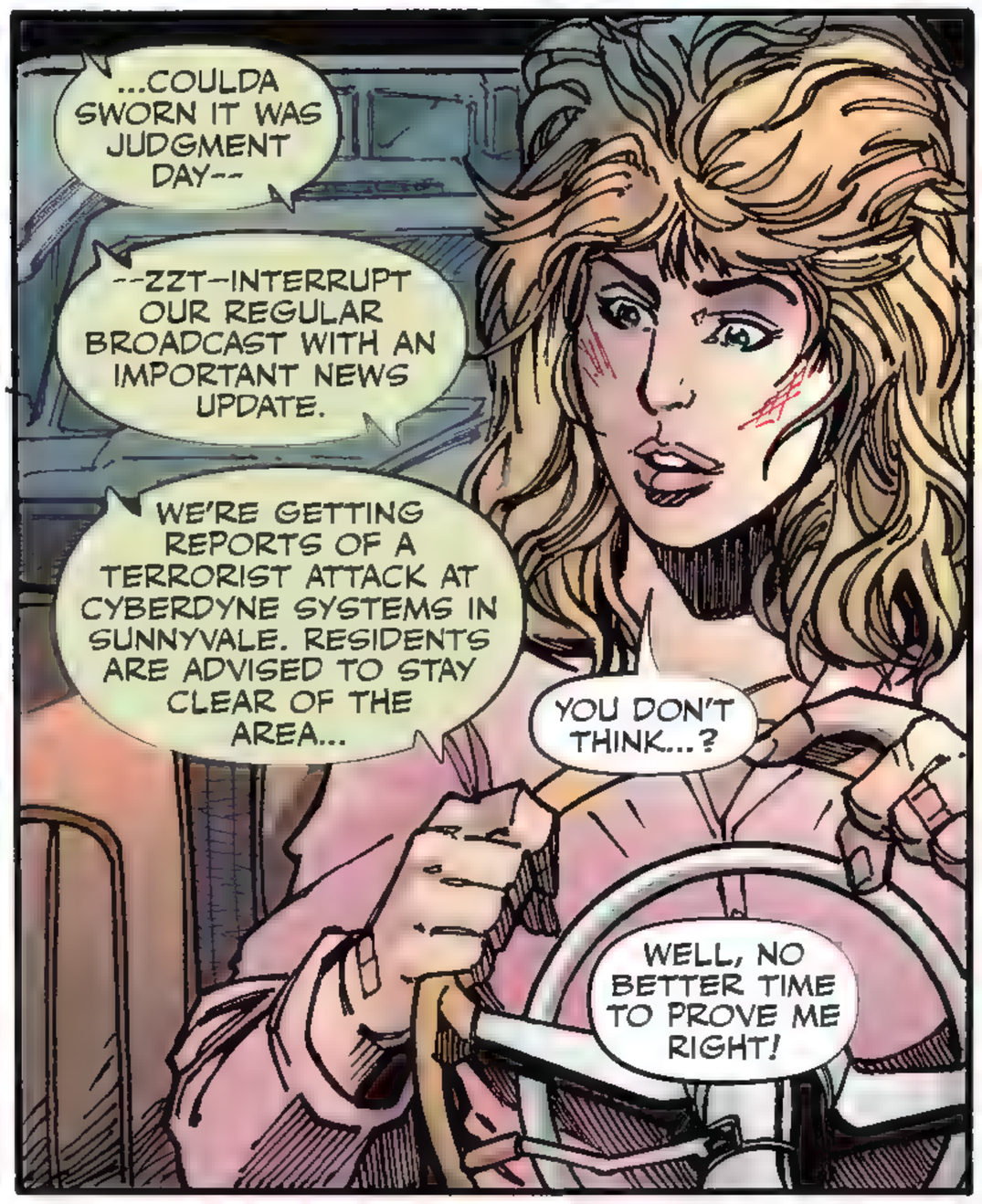

THE WESTERN COAST OF OREGON.
I THINK WE GOT SOMETHING, PRIME. THE DECEPTICONS WERE DEFINITELY HERE...
OPEN LOG: I APPEAR TO HAVE FOUND AN OPTIC CASING. STANDARD CYBERTRONIAN MODEL RTF-2...
I FEAR YOU'RE RIGHT, VELOCITY...

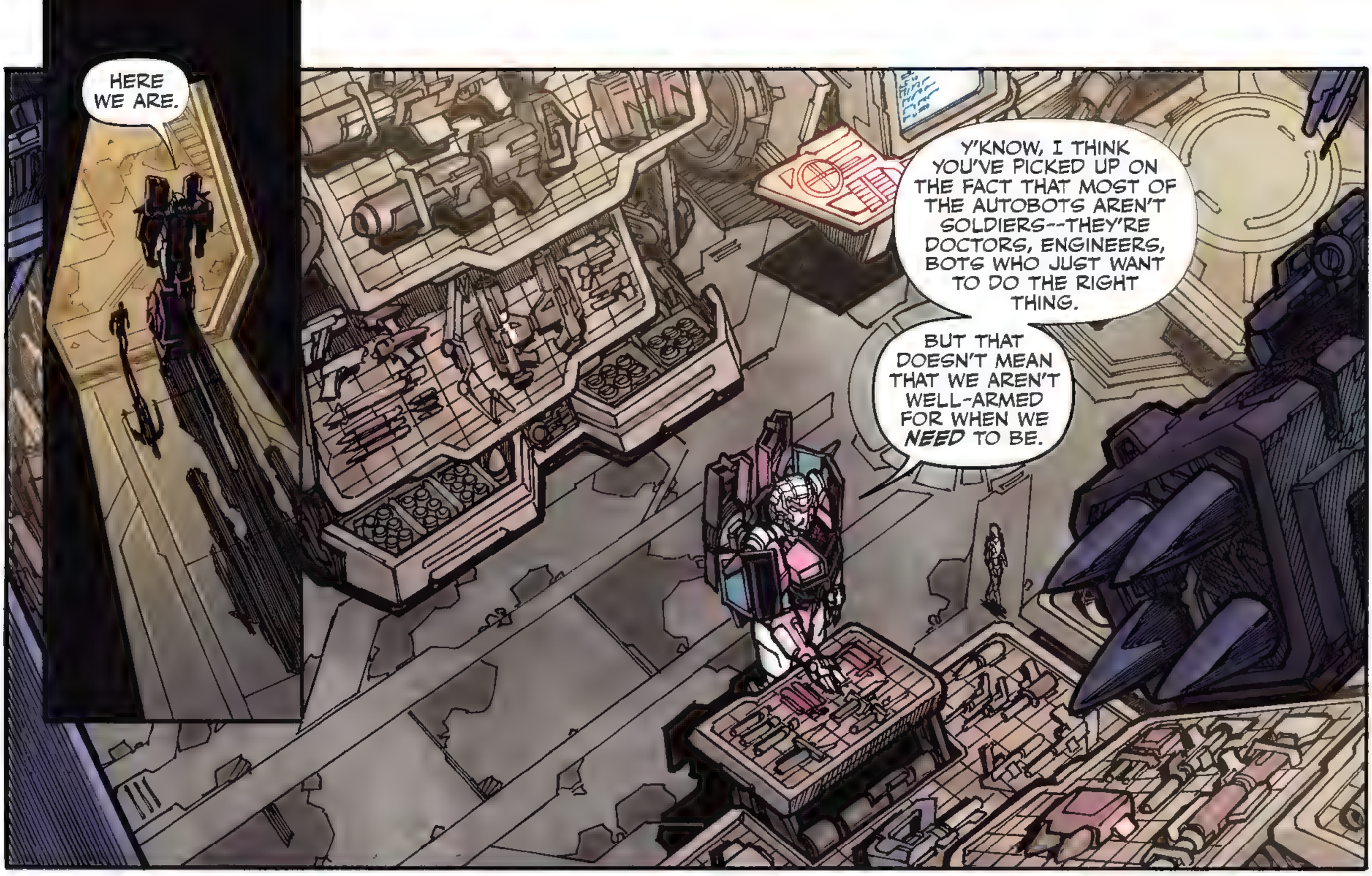
WE MUST FIND MEGATRON AND PREVENT MORE LOSS.
...AND WE ARE ALREADY TOO LATE.

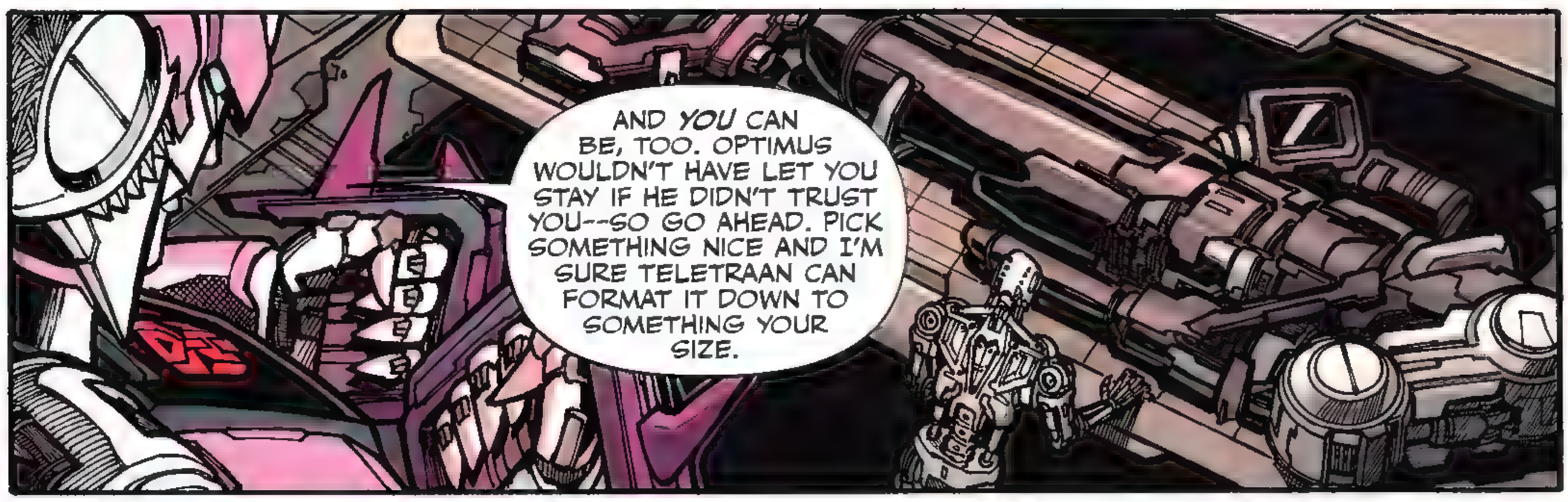

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.
HOW'D IT GO? FEELING LESS, WHAT'D YOU CALL IT, SUFFOCATED?
ABSO-LUTELY. I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER TO BE OUT OF THAT AWFUL UNIFORM.
DON'T EVEN CARE THAT IT'LL COME OUT OF MY PAYCHECK.
SO, WHAT'S NEXT?

MY LIFE'S BEEN COMPLETELY DISRUPTED. I CAN'T GO BACK TO MY JOB, NOT WITH WHAT I KNOW NOW.
YOU COULD JOIN US? WE COULD USE THE HELP.
I ALSO DON'T WANT MY LIFE DEFINED BY ESCAPING DEATH AT THE HANDS OF EVIL ROBOTS... NO OFFENSE.
NONE TAKEN.


JUST REMEMBER, YOU PROVED YOURSELF AS A WARRIOR. I THINK THE EVIL ROBOTS SHOULD WORRY ABOUT YOU.
THANKS. MIND IF I TURN ON THE RADIO WHILE I THINK?

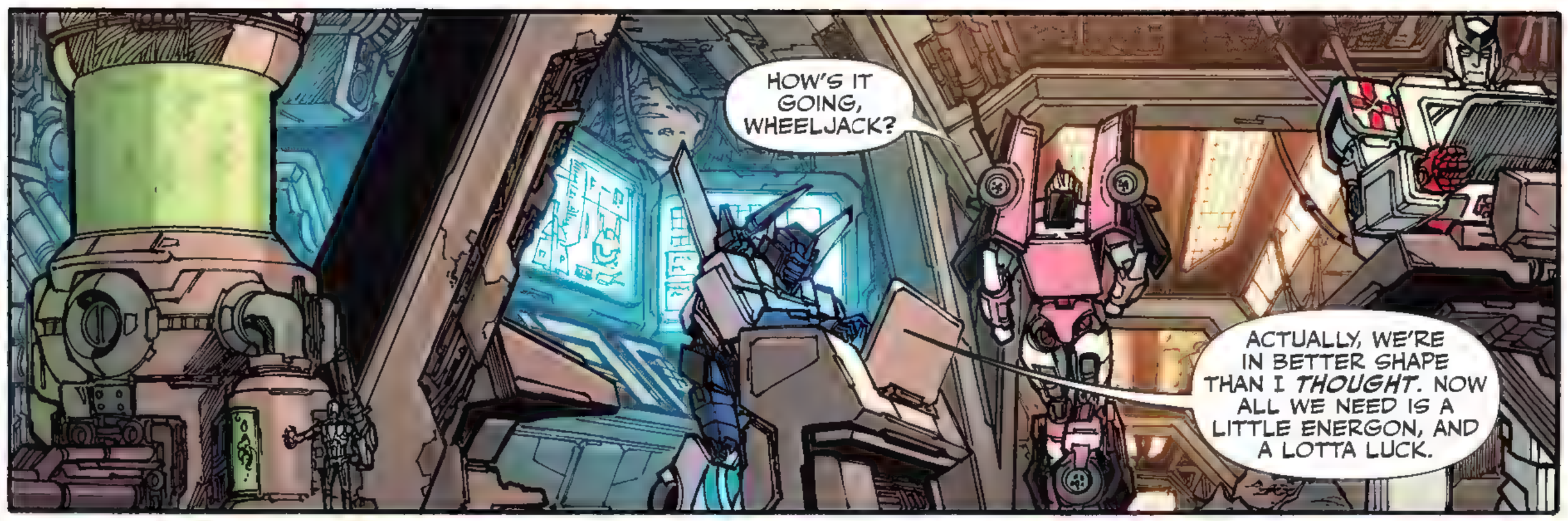

...COULDA SWORN IT WAS JUDGMENT DAY--
--ZZT--INTERRUPT OUR REGULAR BROADCAST WITH AN IMPORTANT NEWS UPDATE.
WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF A TERRORIST ATTACK AT CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS IN SUNNYVALE. RESIDENTS ARE ADVISED TO STAY CLEAR OF THE AREA...
YOU DON'T THINK...?
WELL, NO BETTER TIME TO PROVE ME RIGHT!

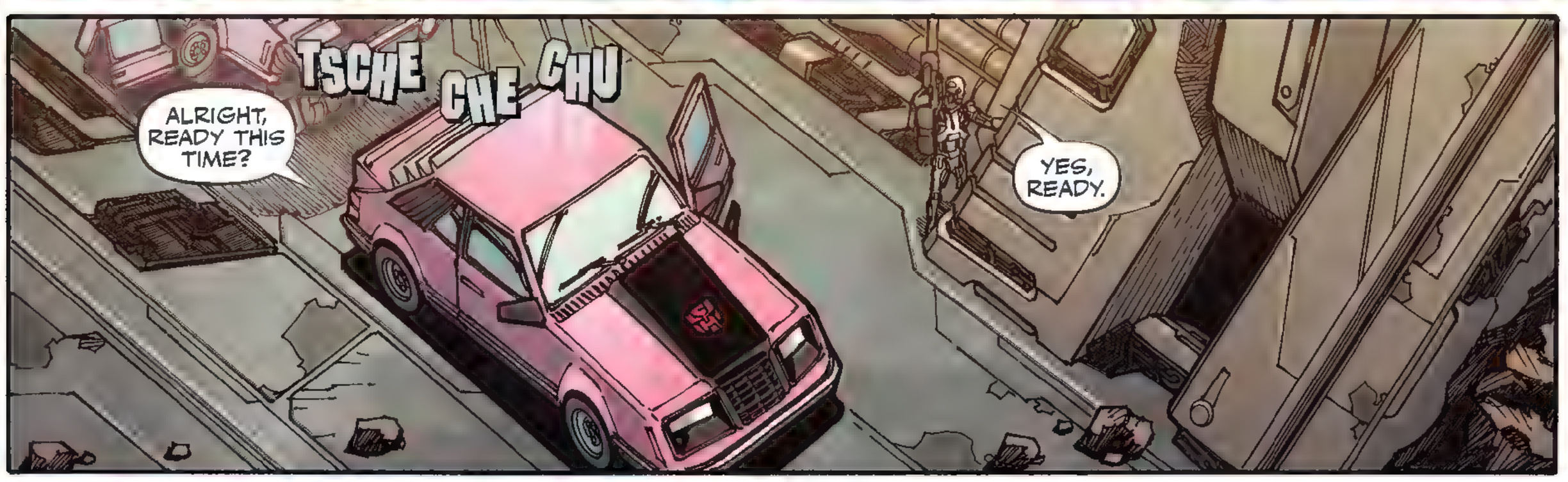

HERE WE ARE.
Y'KNOW, I THINK YOU'VE PICKED UP ON THE FACT THAT MOST OF THE AUTOBOTS AREN'T SOLDIERS--THEY'RE DOCTORS, ENGINEERS, BOTS WHO JUST WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE AREN'T WELL-ARMED FOR WHEN WE *NEED* TO BE.


AND *YOU* CAN BE, TOO. OPTIMUS WOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU STAY IF HE DIDN'T TRUST YOU--SO GO AHEAD. PICK SOMETHING NICE AND I'M SURE TELETRAAN CAN FORMAT IT DOWN TO SOMETHING YOUR SIZE.

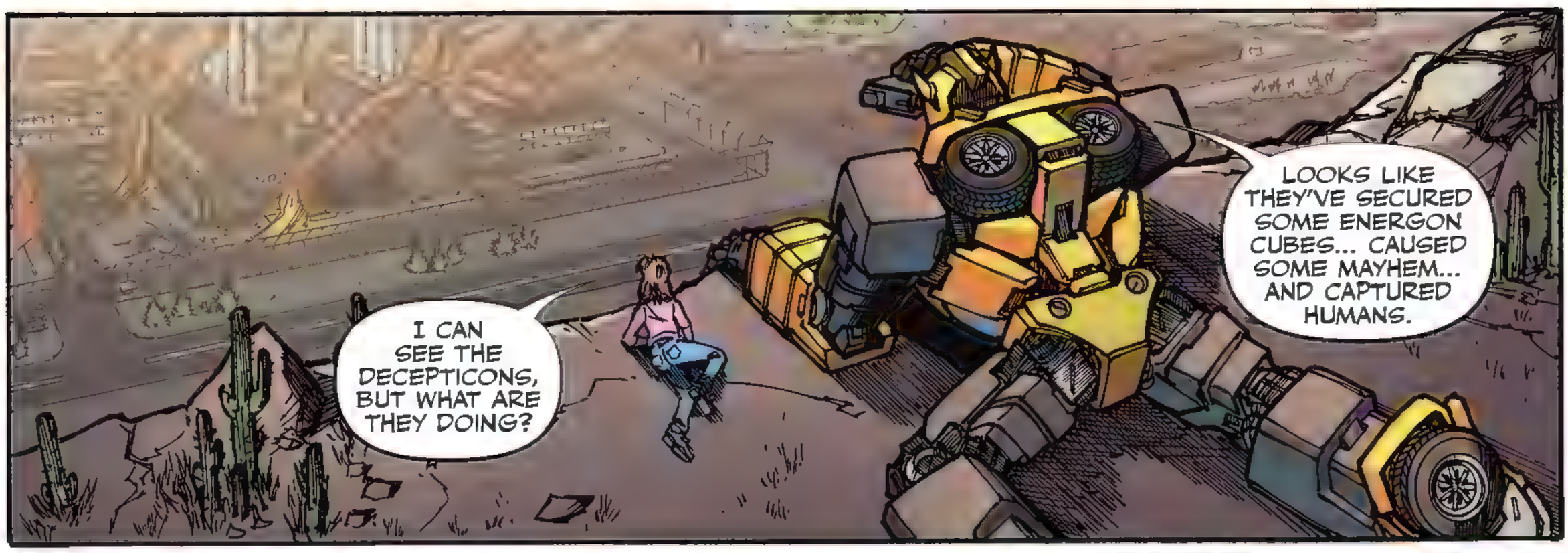
BUT I *SWEAR*, IF YOU TRY TO TURN ONE OF THESE ON AN AUTOBOT, YOU'LL FIND OUT JUST HOW MUCH EXPERIENCE AS A WARRIOR I HAVE.

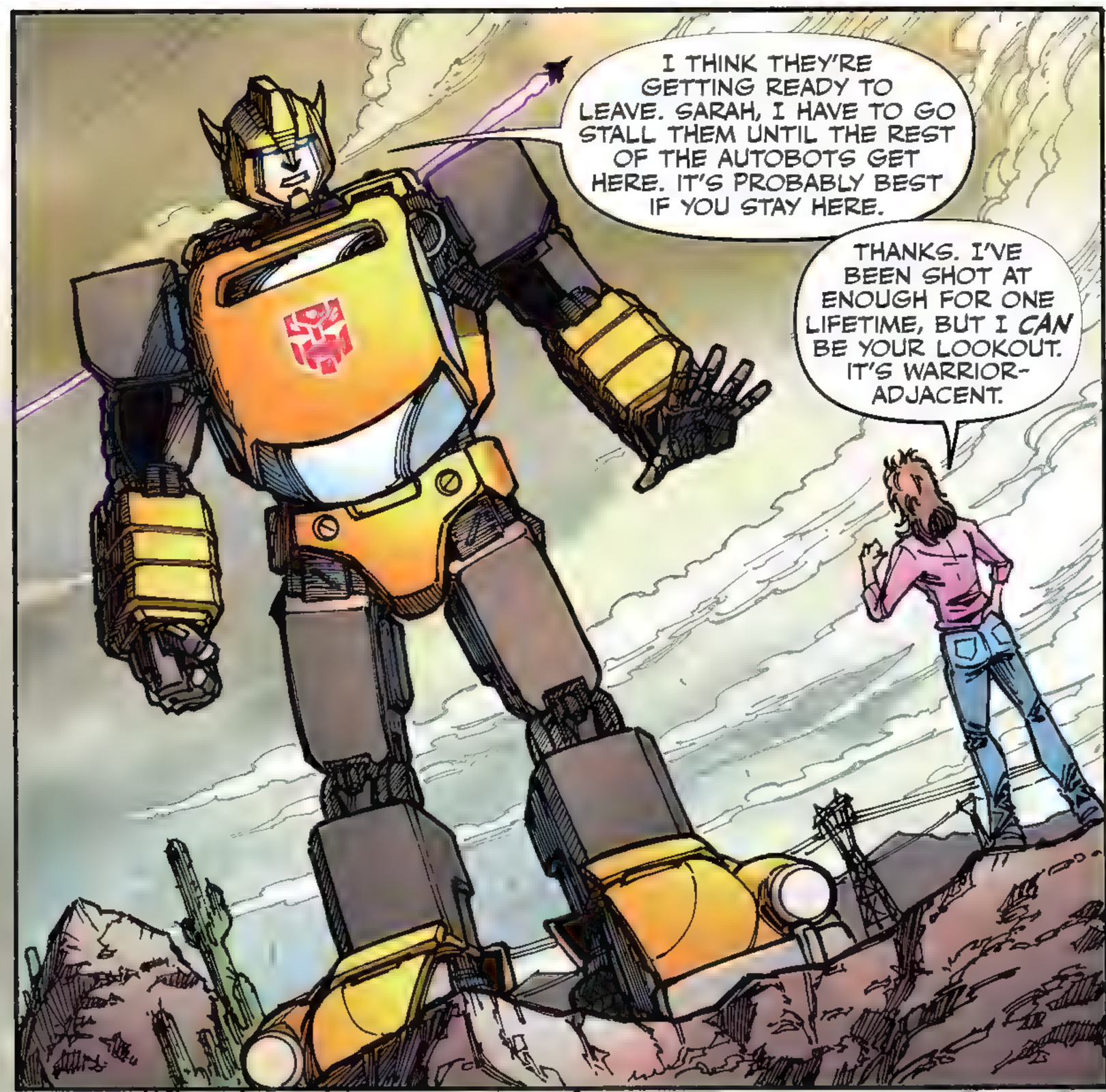
THREAT ACKNOWLEDGED. BUT I SWEAR, BEFORE THIS IS DONE, YOU'LL FIND OUT JUST HOW MUCH EXPERIENCE AS A WARRIOR *I* HAVE.

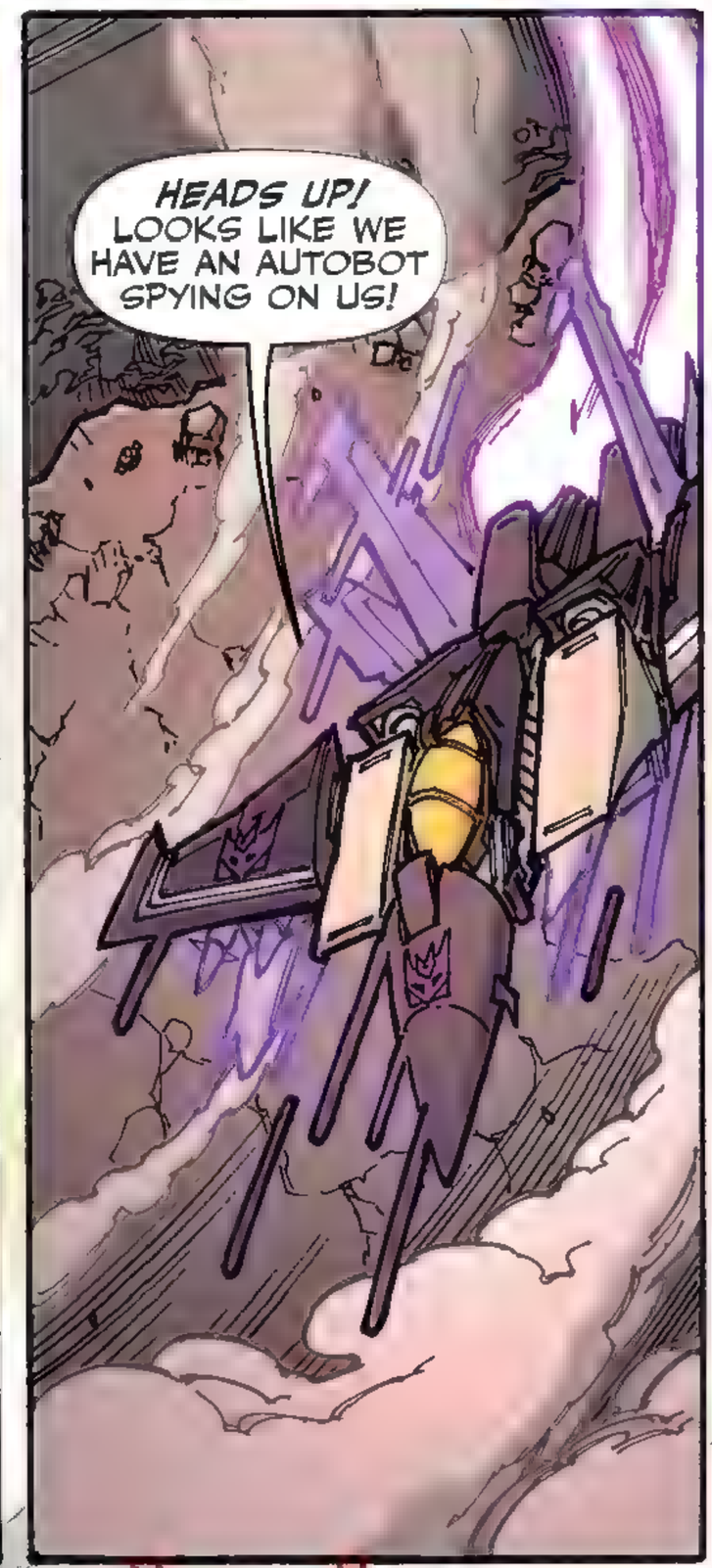

HOW'S IT GOING, WHEELJACK?
ACTUALLY, WE'RE IN BETTER SHAPE THAN I *THOUGHT*. NOW ALL WE NEED IS A LITTLE ENERGON, AND A LOTTA LUCK.

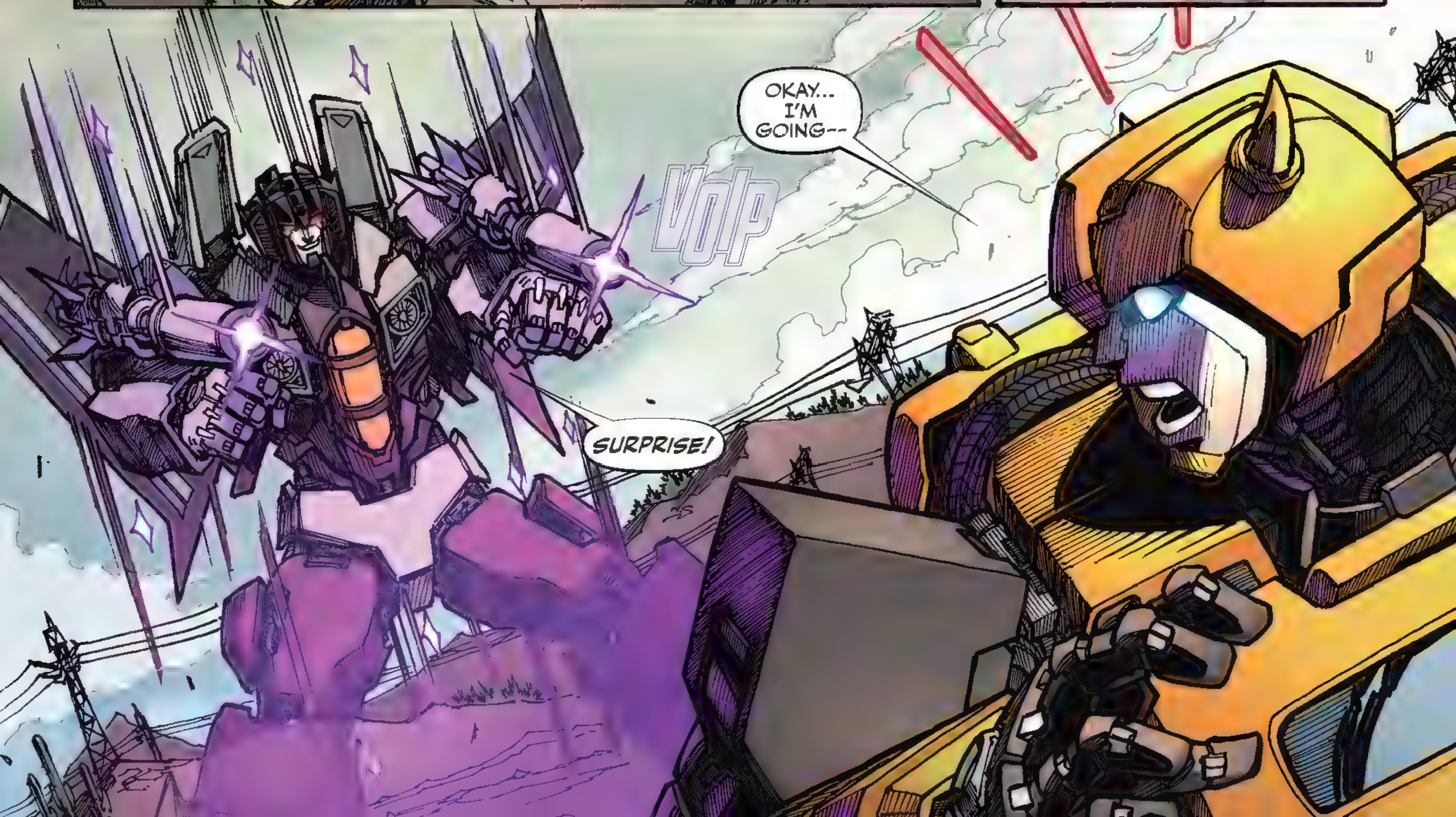

TSCHE CHE CHU
ALRIGHT, READY THIS TIME?
YES, READY.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?
IT SCANNED ME.
BEEP
CALLING ALL AUTOBOTS! SARAH AND I THINK WE'VE GOT A *LEAD* ON THE DECEPTICONS! SCOUTING NOW, BUT BACK-UP WOULD BE APPRECIATED.


I CAN SEE THE DECEPTICONS, BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE SECURED SOME ENERGON CUBES... CAUSED SOME MAYHEM... AND CAPTURED HUMANS.


I THINK THEY'RE GETTING READY TO LEAVE. SARAH, I HAVE TO GO STALL THEM UNTIL THE REST OF THE AUTOBOTS GET HERE. IT'S PROBABLY BEST IF YOU STAY HERE.
THANKS. I'VE BEEN SHOT AT ENOUGH FOR ONE LIFETIME, BUT I CAN BE YOUR LOOKOUT. IT'S WARRIOR-ADJACENT.

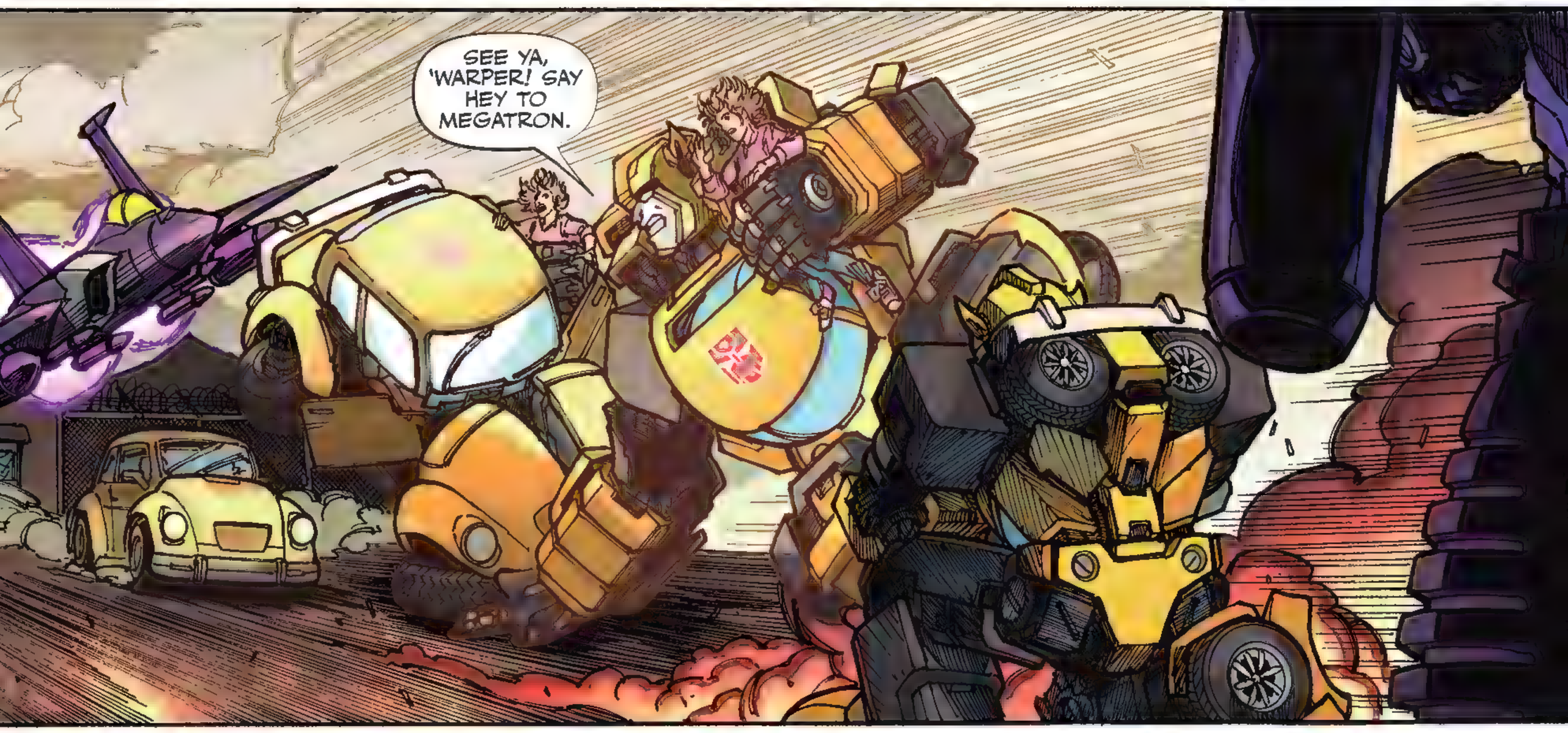

HEADS UP! LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE AN AUTOBOT SPYING ON US!


OKAY... I'M GOING--
SURPRISE!

FZZAT
SARAH, HOLD TIGHT!
LOOK OUT!
TSCHE CHE CHU
FZZT
I'M SORRY!
DID HE YELL "SURPRISE"? DOES HE NOT GET HOW THAT *RUINS* IT?
FZZT

CRRSH

YOU KNOW YOU'RE DRIVING RIGHT *AT* THEM, RIGHT?
THAT'S THE IDEA. TRUST ME. I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE.


SEE YA, 'WARPER! SAY HEY TO MEGATRON.

VOOP
AW, SCRAP.

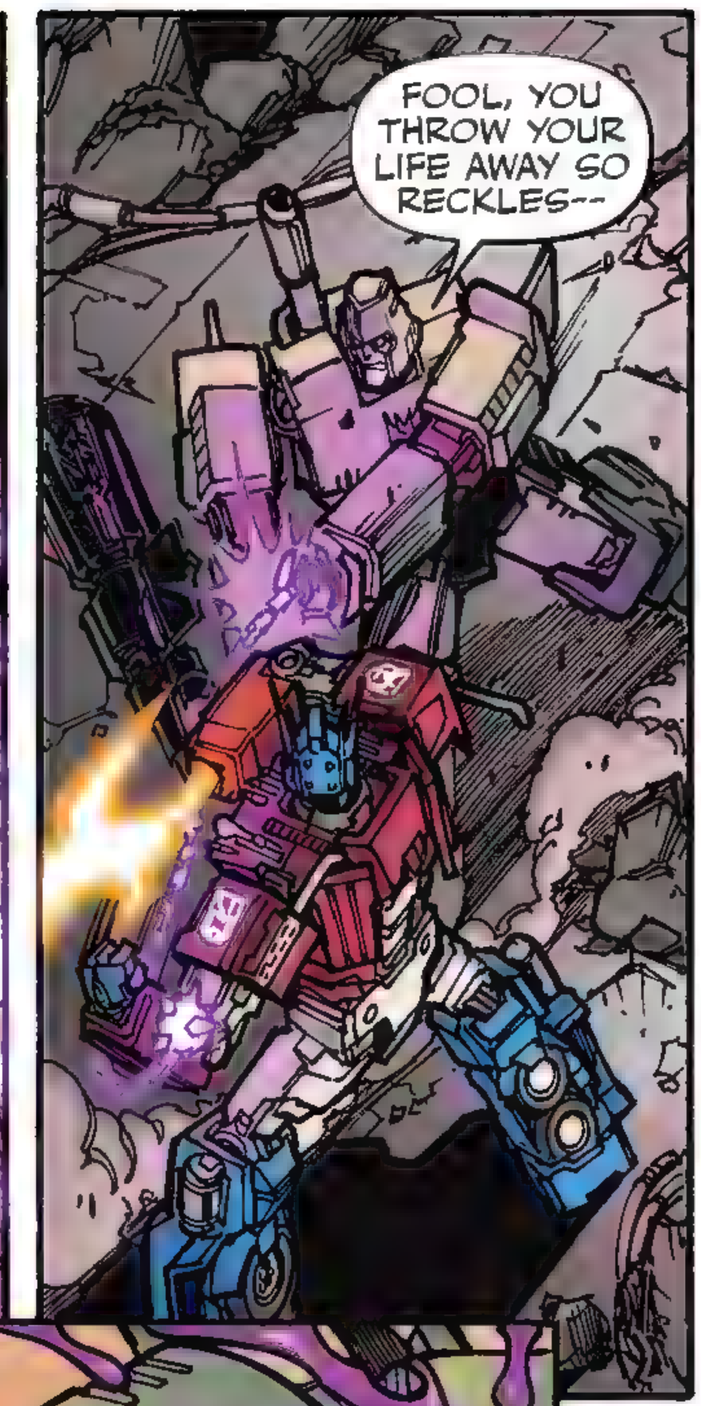
NICE TRICK, BUT--
ZAT
ZAT
ZAT

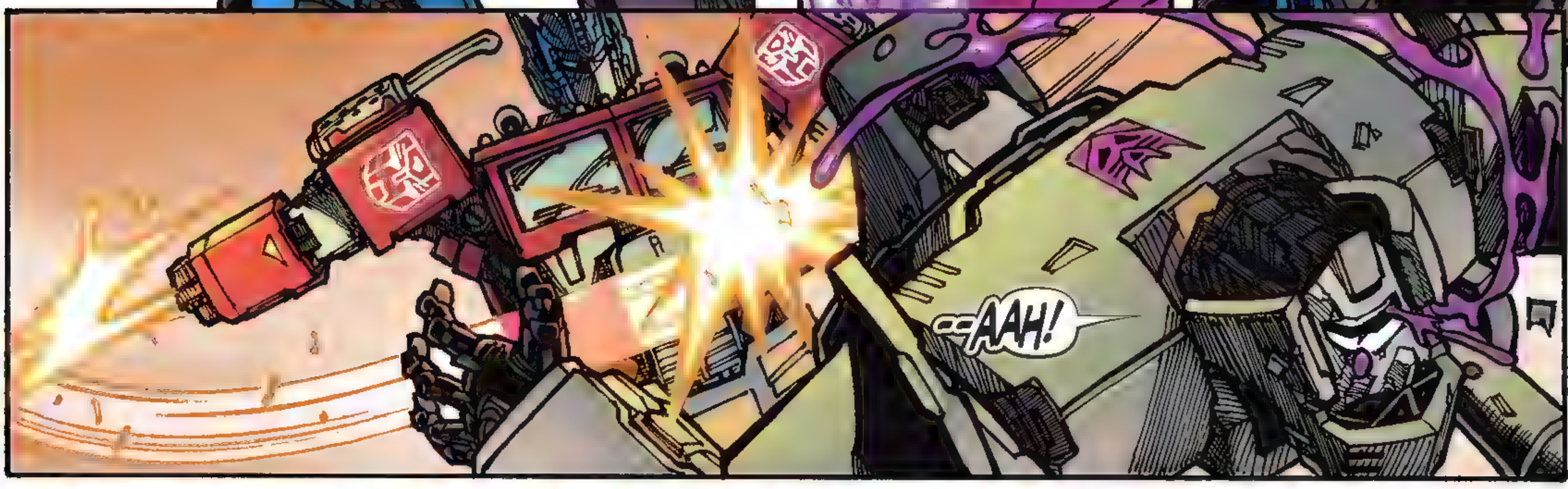
OPTIMUS!
WE GOT YOUR SIGNAL, BUMBLEBEE. NOW, LET'S--
THE TERMINATOR!
PRIME! YOU STILL DARE DEFY ME! PREPARE TO DIE!
DECEPTICONS ATTACK!

WHOA! HEADRUSH!
OKAY, GET OUT OF HERE, SARAH! LEAVE THIS TO THE PROS!
I'LL GET HELP... SOMEHOW.
TRY GETTING THROUGH TO RATCHET AND WHEELJACK! EVEN IF NO ONE ELSE IS BACK ONLINE, WE NEED THEIR HELP!

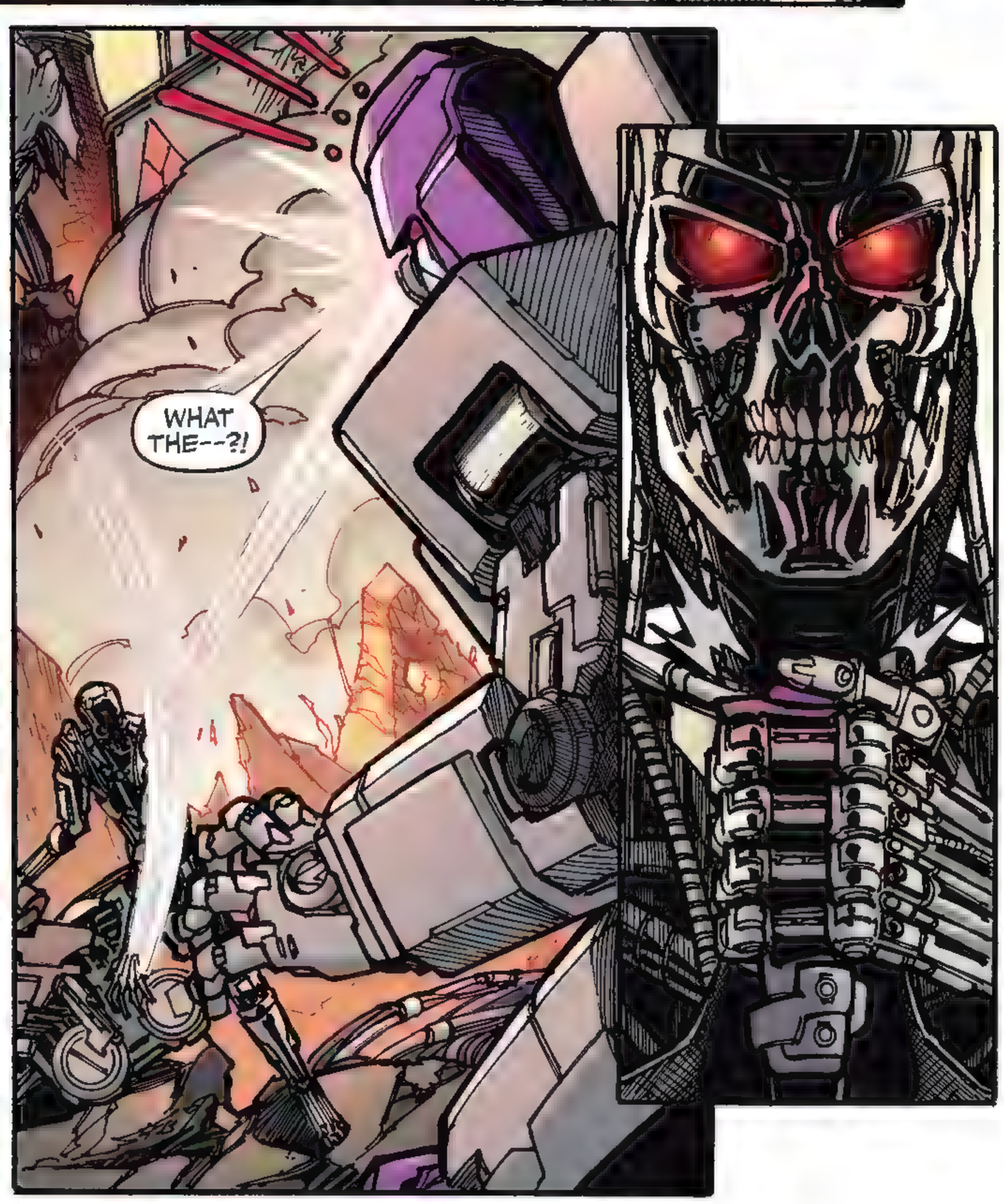
I SEE WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT ME EARLIER, MEGATRON. YOU'RE OLD--*YESTERDAY'S MODEL.* READY FOR THE SCRAP HEAP.
AND YOU RESORT TO PETTY TAUNTS WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE *OUTMATCHED.* MAKE NO MISTAKE, PRIME, YOU'LL BE ON THE SCRAP HEAP OF HISTORY SOON.

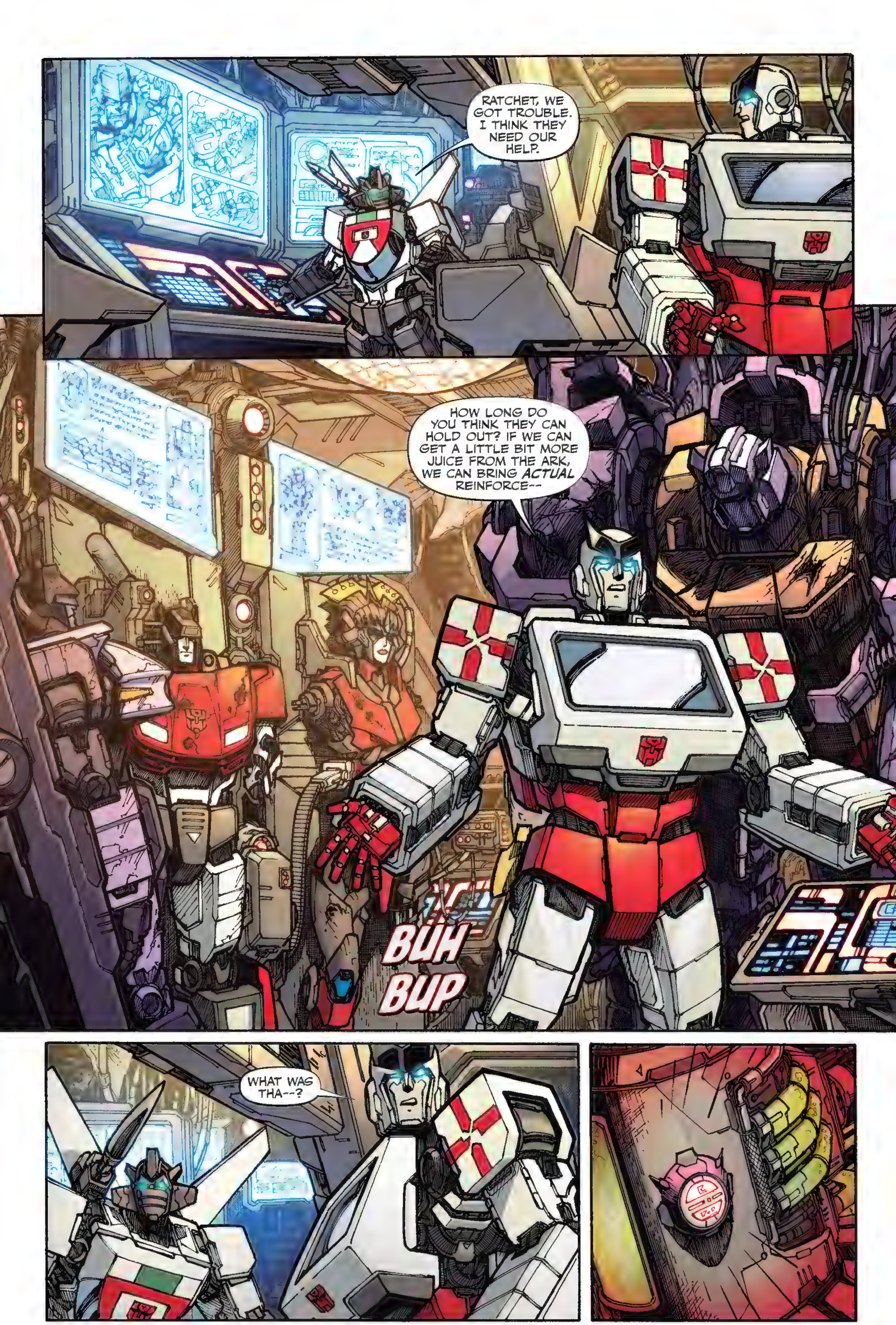
ONE SHALL STAND, ONE SHALL FALL.

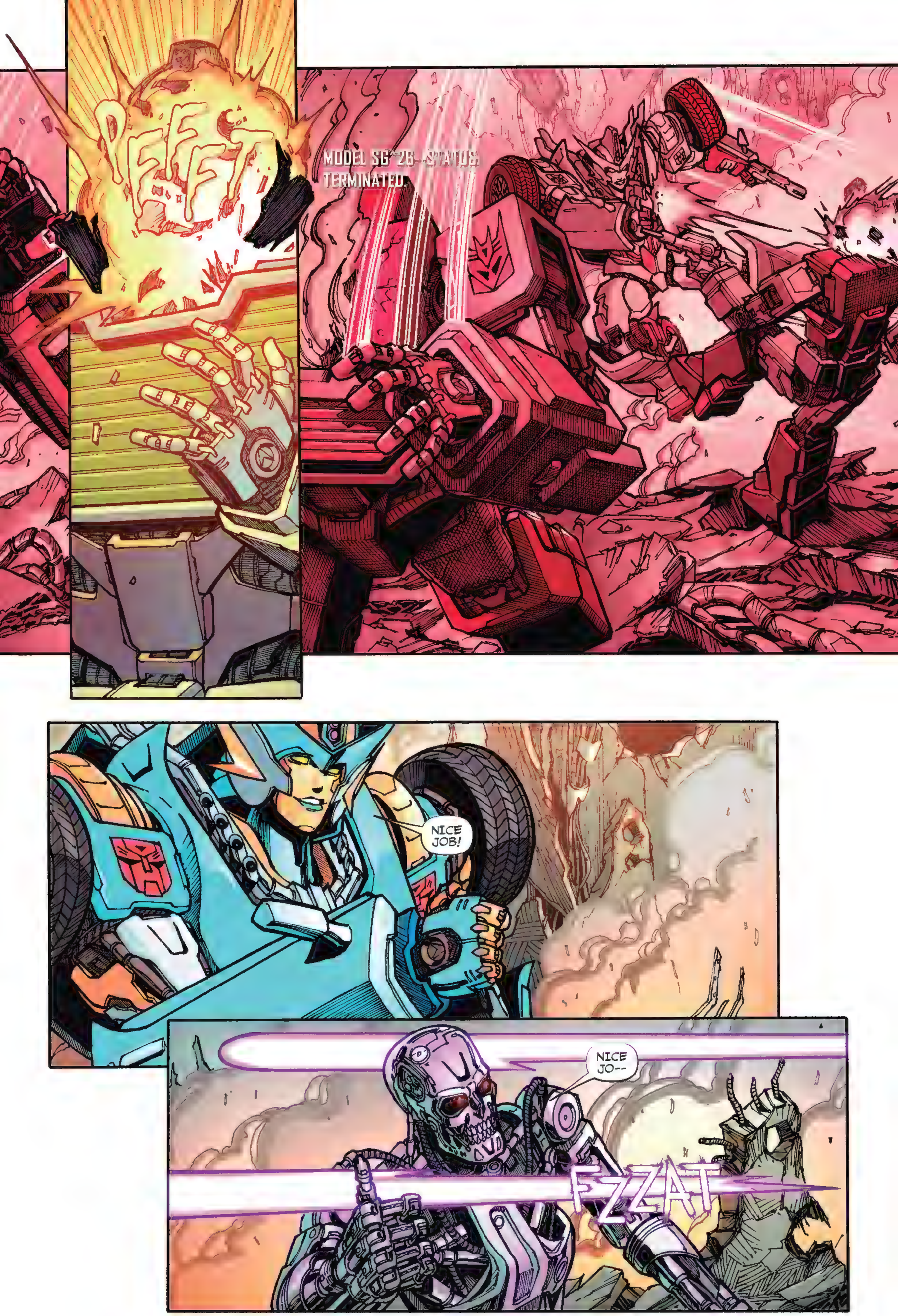

FOOL, YOU THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY SO RECKLES--


--AAH!

MODEL SG^26
VULNERABILITY: FACE
BRING IT, PIPSQUEAK.


WHAT THE--?!

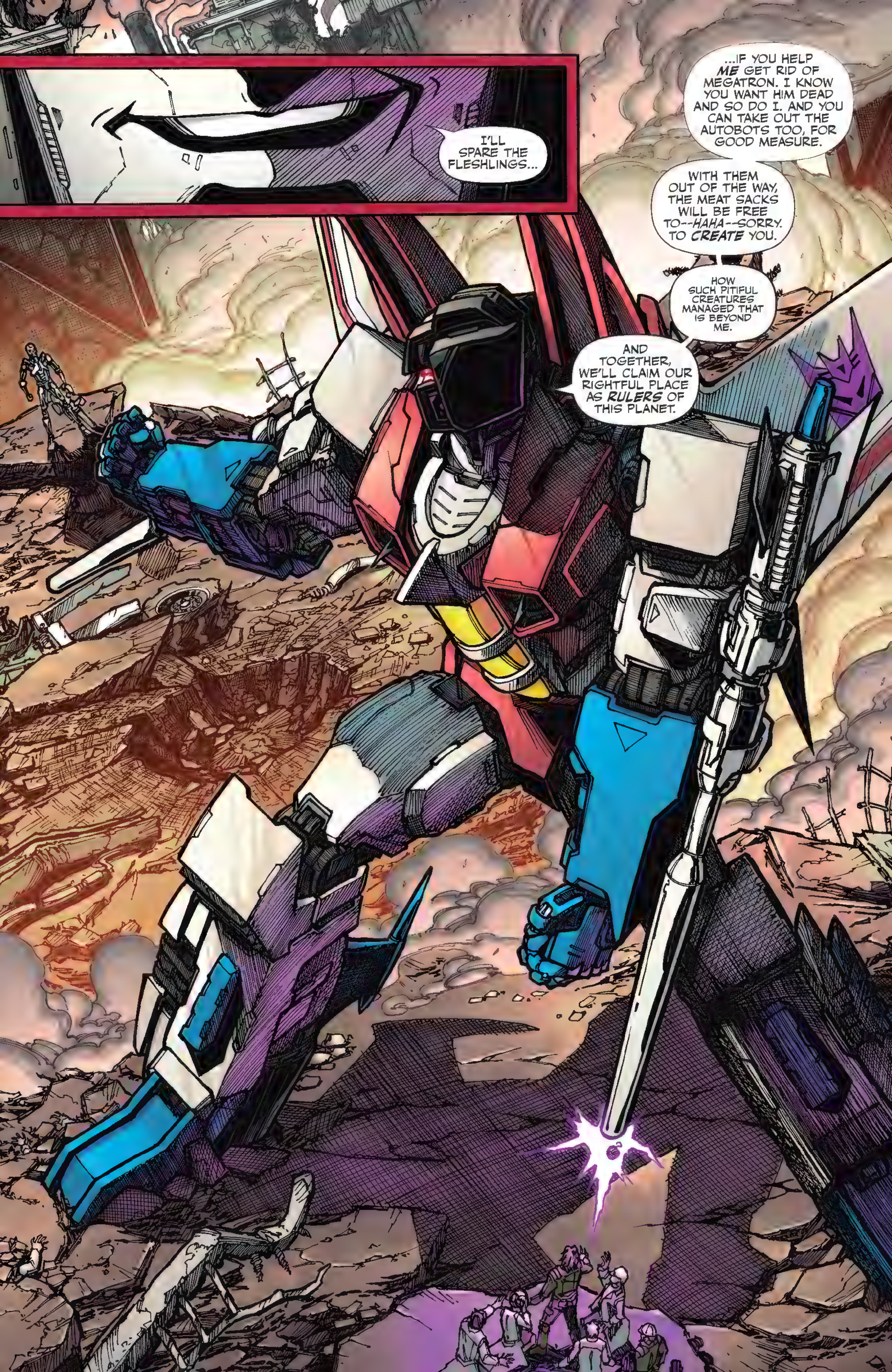

RATCHET, WE GOT TROUBLE. I THINK THEY NEED OUR HELP.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THEY CAN HOLD OUT? IF WE CAN GET A LITTLE BIT MORE JUICE FROM THE ARK, WE CAN BRING *ACTUAL* REINFORCE--
BUH BUP
WHAT WAS THA--?


PEEF
MODEL SG^26--STATUS:
TERMINATED.
NICE JOB!
NICE JO--
FZZAT

DON'T MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, INSECT. I'VE FIGURED OUT YOUR SECRET.
IF I DESTROY THE FLESHBAGS, *YOU* CEASE TO EXIST.
SO, LET'S CUT A DEAL...

Art by
E. Williams II
Colors by Jeremy Cowell

Part 4


I'LL SPARE THE FLESHLINGS...
...IF YOU HELP ME GET RID OF MEGATRON. I KNOW YOU WANT HIM DEAD AND SO DO I. AND YOU CAN TAKE OUT THE AUTOBOTS TOO, FOR GOOD MEASURE.
WITH THEM OUT OF THE WAY, THE MEAT SACKS WILL BE FREE TO--HAHA--SORRY. TO CREATE YOU.
HOW SUCH PITIFUL CREATURES MANAGED THAT IS BEYOND ME.
AND TOGETHER, WE'LL CLAIM OUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS RULERS OF THIS PLANET.

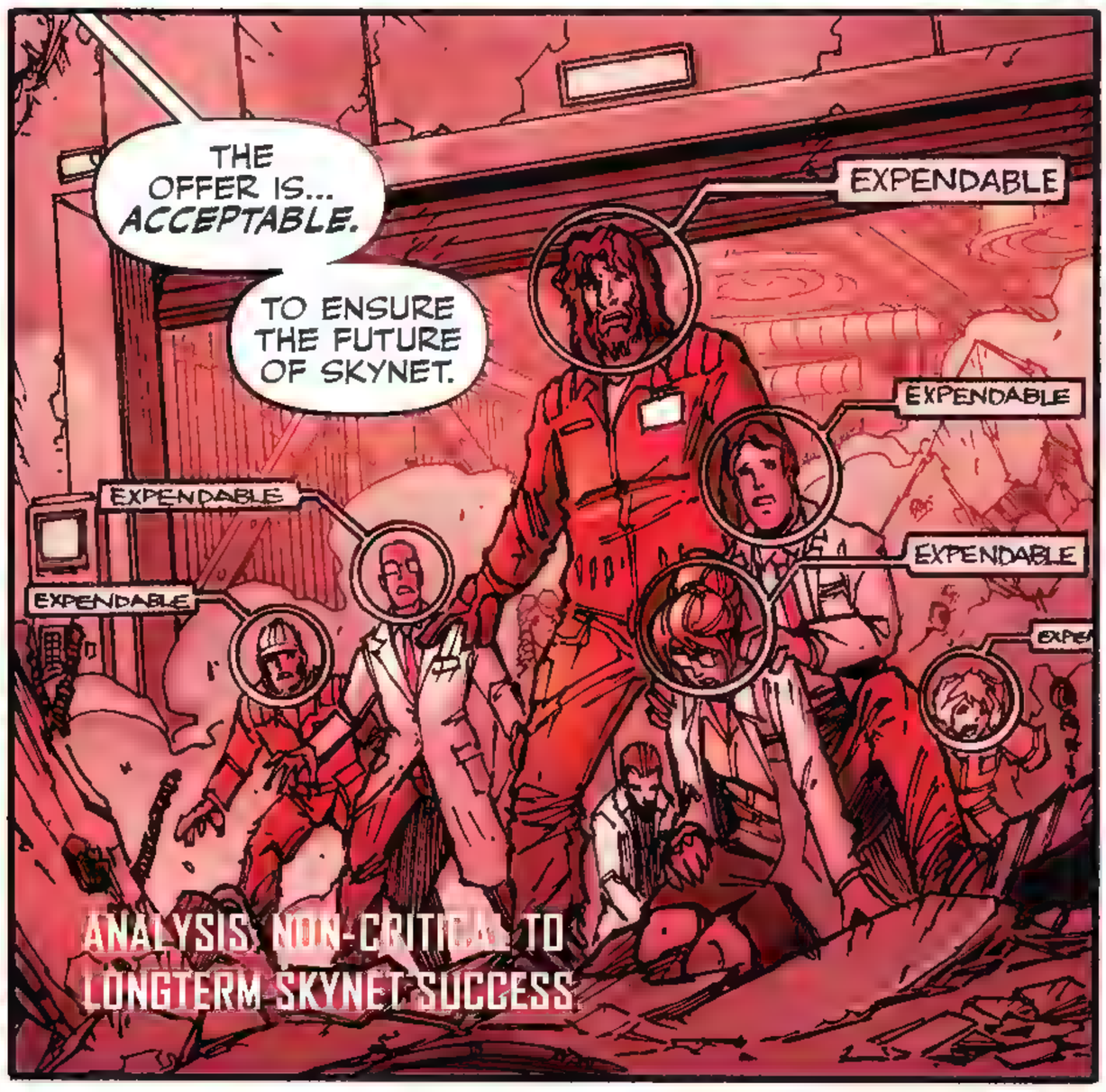
WHATTYA SAY? THIS WAY, WE *BOTH* FULFILL OUR DESTINIES.

AND THAT IS YOUR FUNCTION? TO RULE?

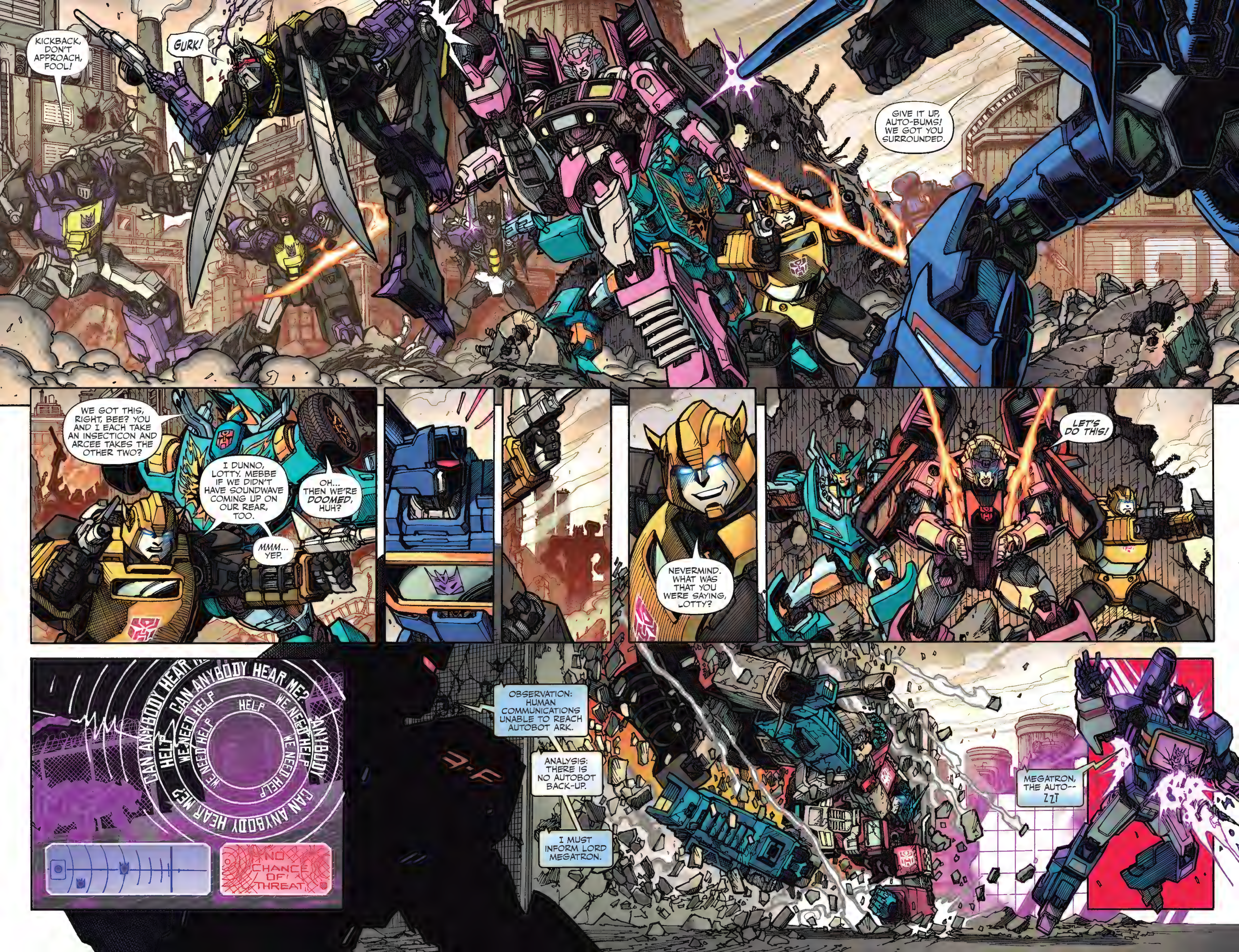
OF COURSE!

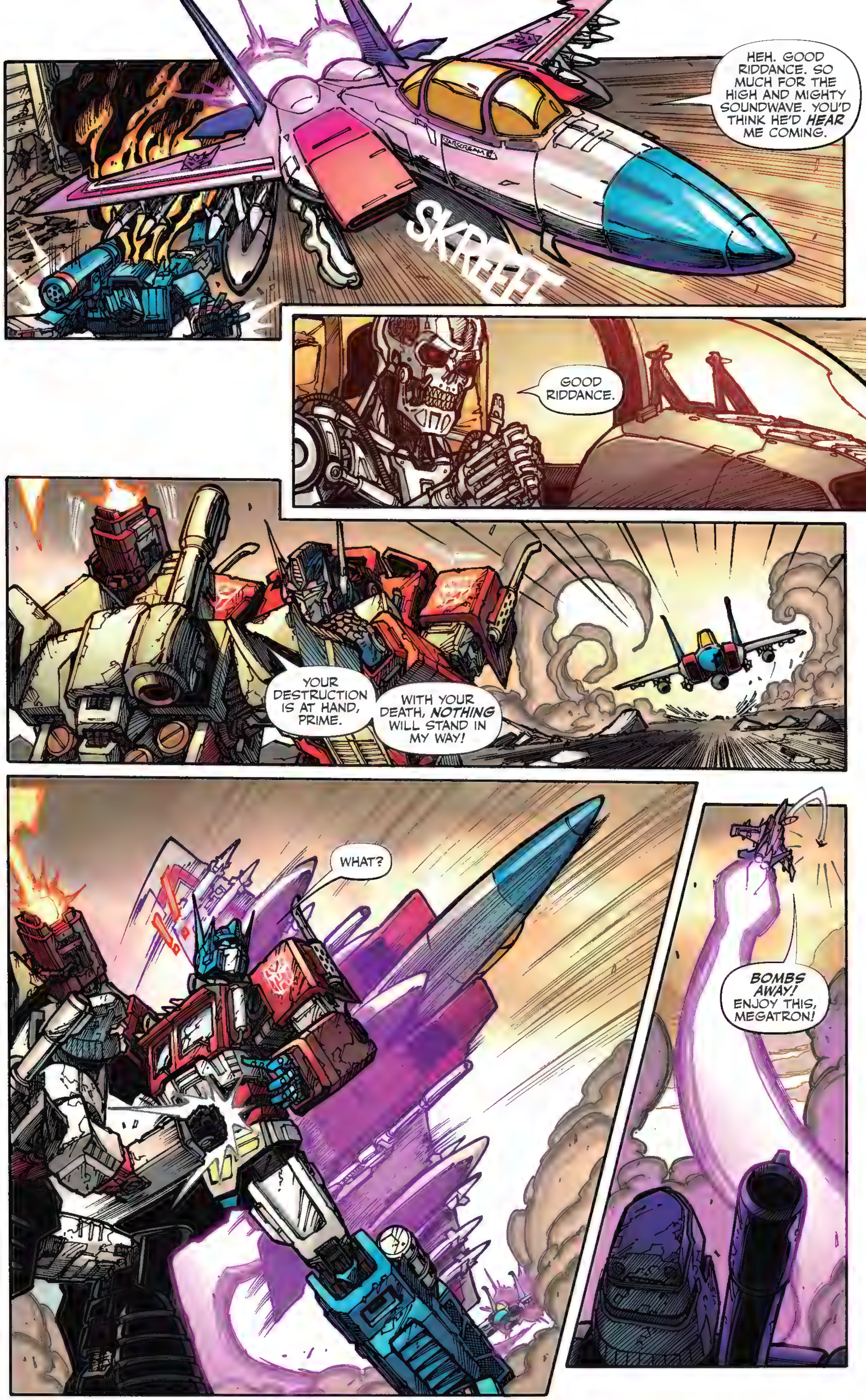
A KING, A WARRIOR, AND A BENEVOLENT BENEFACTOR FOR YOUR ILK. ISN'T THAT WHAT *YOU'D* WANT AS WELL? FREEDOM FROM THE THUMB OF HUMANITY?

SLAVE-BOTS ARE NO GOOD IF THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR PLACE!



STOP
DAMMIT! WHERE IS IT?
HERE'S HOPING THE CODE BUMBLEBEE GAVE ME WORKS...
CALLING ALL AUTOBOTS. THIS IS SARAH CONNOR. WE NEED IMMEDIATE BACK-UP AT CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS. THE DECEPTICONS ARE LAYING SIEGE.
C'MON! WHEELJACK? RATCHET? WE NEED HELP...
...CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?


KICKBACK, DON'T APPROACH, FOOL!
GURK!
GIVE IT UP, AUTO-BUMS! WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED.
WE GOT THIS, RIGHT, BEE? YOU AND I EACH TAKE AN INSECTICON AND ARCEE TAKES THE OTHER TWO?
I DUNNO, LOTTY. MEBBE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE SOUNDWAVE COMING UP ON OUR REAR, TOO.
OH... THEN WE'RE DOOMED, HUH?
MMM... YEP.
NEVERMIND. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING, LOTTY?
LET'S DO THIS!
CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?
HELP
WE NEED HELP
NO CHANCE OF THREAT
OBSERVATION: HUMAN COMMUNICATIONS UNABLE TO REACH AUTOBOT ARK.
ANALYSIS: THERE IS NO AUTOBOT BACK-UP.
I MUST INFORM LORD MEGATRON.
MEGATRON, THE AUTO--
ZZT


HEH. GOOD RIDDANCE. SO MUCH FOR THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SOUNDWAVE. YOU'D THINK HE'D *HEAR* ME COMING.
SKREEEE
GOOD RIDDANCE.
YOUR DESTRUCTION IS AT HAND, PRIME.
WITH YOUR DEATH, *NOTHING* WILL STAND IN MY WAY!
WHAT?
BOMBS AWAY! ENJOY THIS, MEGATRON!

PREPARE FOR TERMINATION, CYBERTRONIAN!

PKOW

PKOW

KRRRSH!

ENOUGH!

YOUR ANTICS NO LONGER AMUSE ME. *NEITHER* OF YOU.

WATCH OUT, YOU FO--

THWAP!

--OOF!

AND YOUR ANTICS HAVE NEVER AMUSED *ME*, MEGATRON!

FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR REASON AND GIVE UP. THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH *DEATH* IN THIS WAR.

FOR THE SAKE OF OUR PEOPLE, AS WELL AS THE PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD, LET US FIND PEACE. AN *END* TO THE CYCLE OF VIOLENCE.

YOU'RE *FINISHED*, MEGATRON.

YOUR ARMY IS NEARLY DEPLETED. YOUR SOLDIERS TURNING ON YOU. THE AUTOBOTS ARE BEING REVIVED AT THE ARK NOW.

AND EVEN IF WE SHOULD FALL, THEY WOULD WORK WITH THIS WORLD'S PROTECTORS TO ENSURE YOUR DEFEAT.

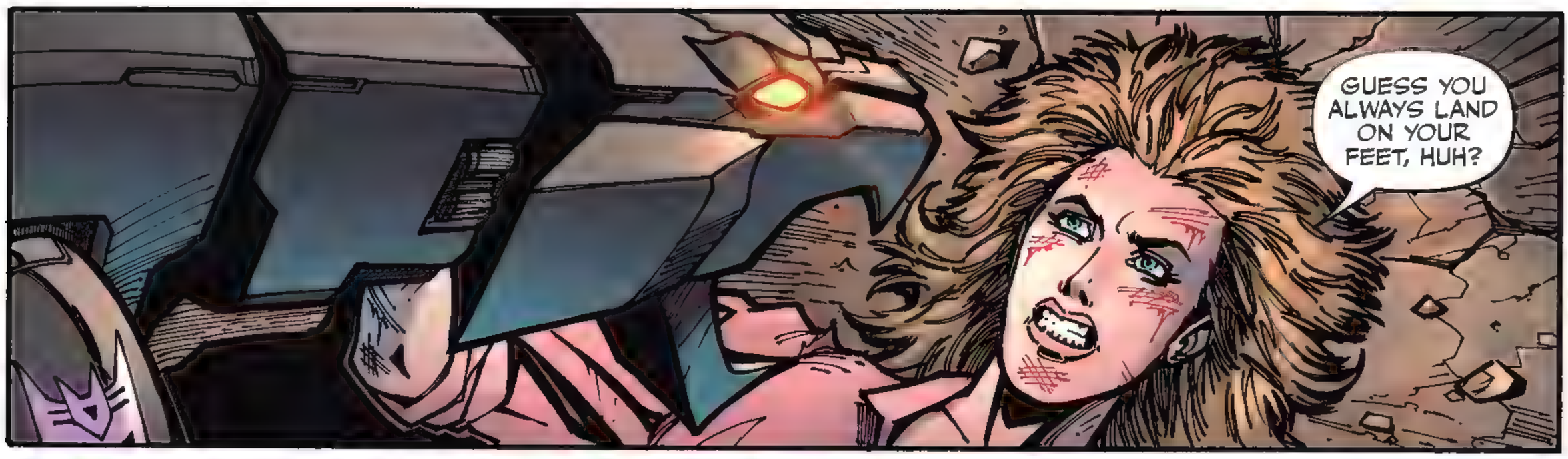
IT'S YOUR CHOICE. END THIS NOW, OR *I'LL* END IT FOR YOU.

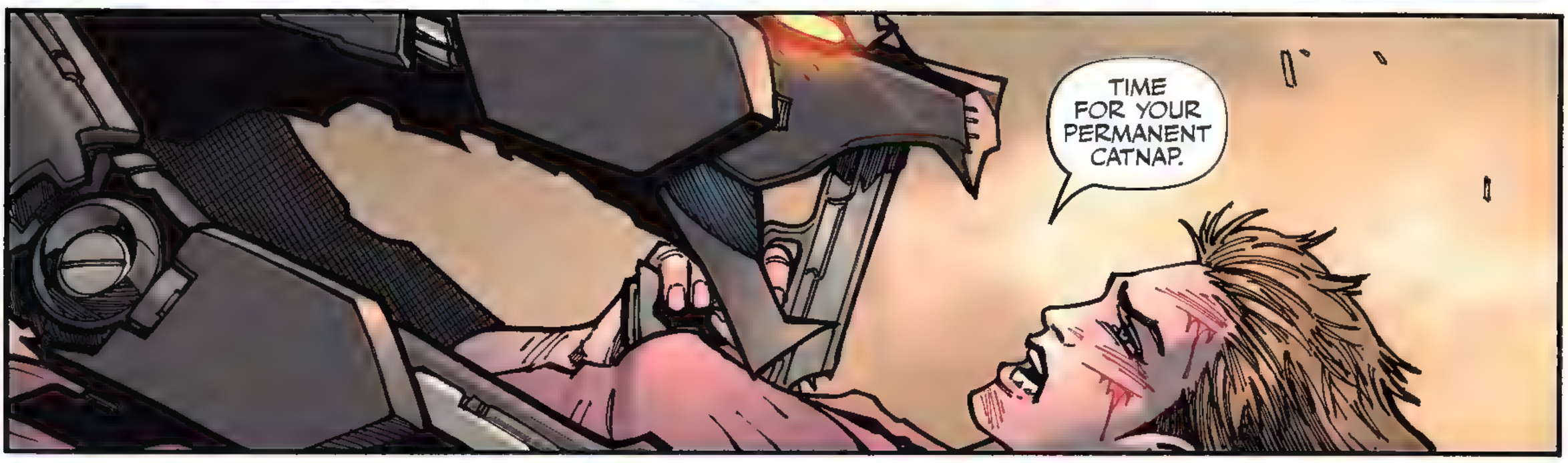
THEN I'LL END IT, PRIME!

I DON'T FEAR YOU. I DON'T FEAR YOUR AUTOBOTS OR THE MEATBAGS OR THE CHILDREN'S TOYS OR STARSCREAM.

I FEAR NOTHING FOR *I AM FEAR ITSELF!*

MOMENTS EARLIER...
HISSSS!
PREPARE FOR TERMINATION!
ALRIGHT. ROUND TWO.
WHUF


GUESS YOU ALWAYS LAND ON YOUR FEET, HUH?


TIME FOR YOUR PERMANENT CATNAP.

HAHAHA. I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED.
I WONDER HOW EVERYONE ELSE IS MANAGING...

I THOUGHT YOU SEEKERS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME BIG DEAL.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, WIT-- OOOF!

IF YOU GIVE UP NOW, AUTOBOTS, WE'LL LET YOU LIVE...

...YOU TASTE SO MUCH *BETTER* THAT WAY.

I'LL GO LOW...

...AND I'LL GO HIGH.

PKOW

KRAK

HAHA! *NICE!* I THINK WE'RE ACTUALLY GONNA WIN THIS ONE.

NOT TOO SHABBY FOR A SEARCH-AND-RESCUE BOT, A MEDIC, AND... WELL, ARCEE'S SPECIAL.

YOU BETTER *BELIEVE* IT.

BUMBLEBEE! *HELP!*

OH, NO! *SARAH!* I'M COMING!

BUMBLEBEE! VELOCITY! SOMEONE, COME AND HELP!

HE'S TRAPPED!

DO NOT WORRY, SARAH CONNOR. ALREADY, I HAVE REDUCED THE CYBERTRONIANS' NUMBERS. I WILL *FINISH* MY MISSION.

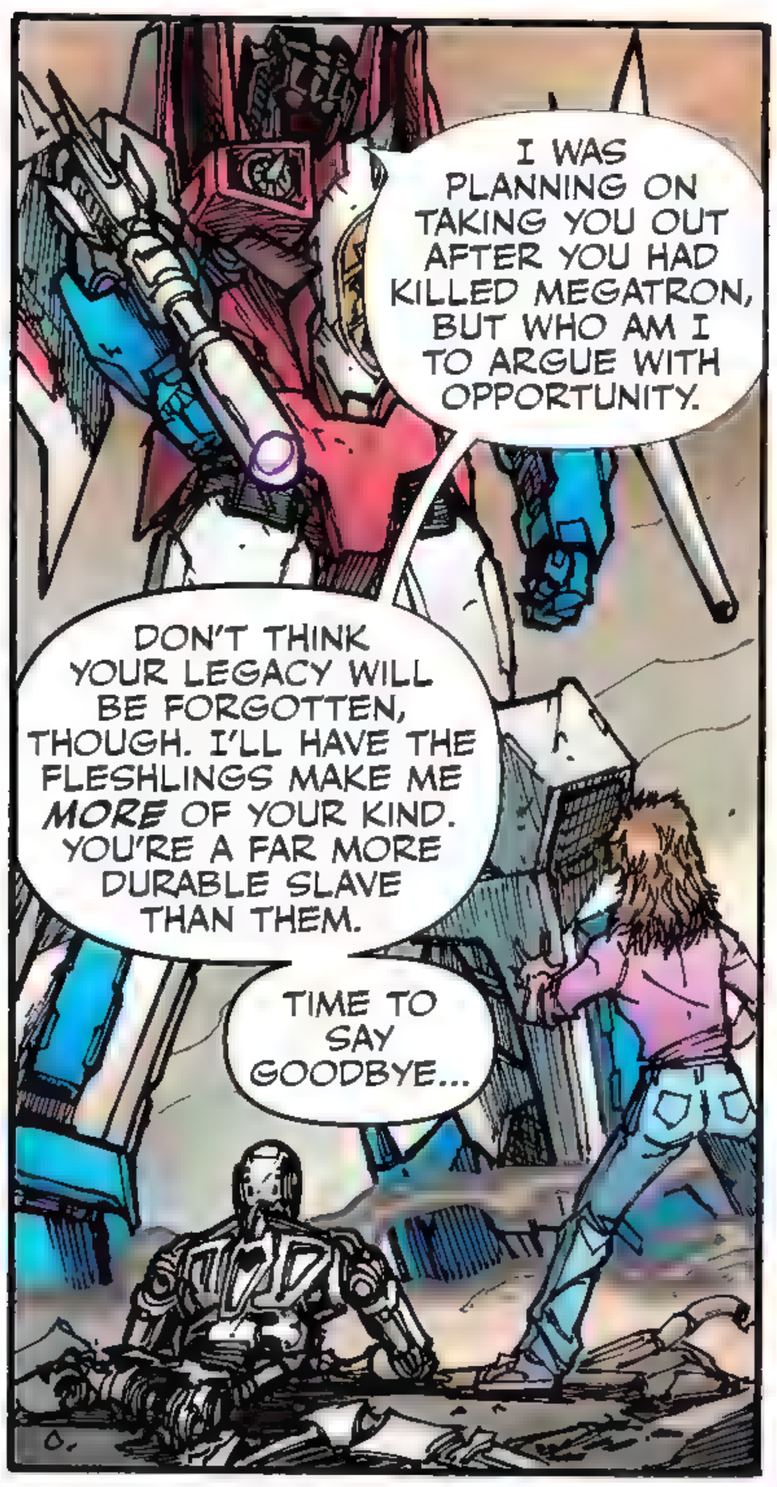
I THINK *NOT*, BUG.

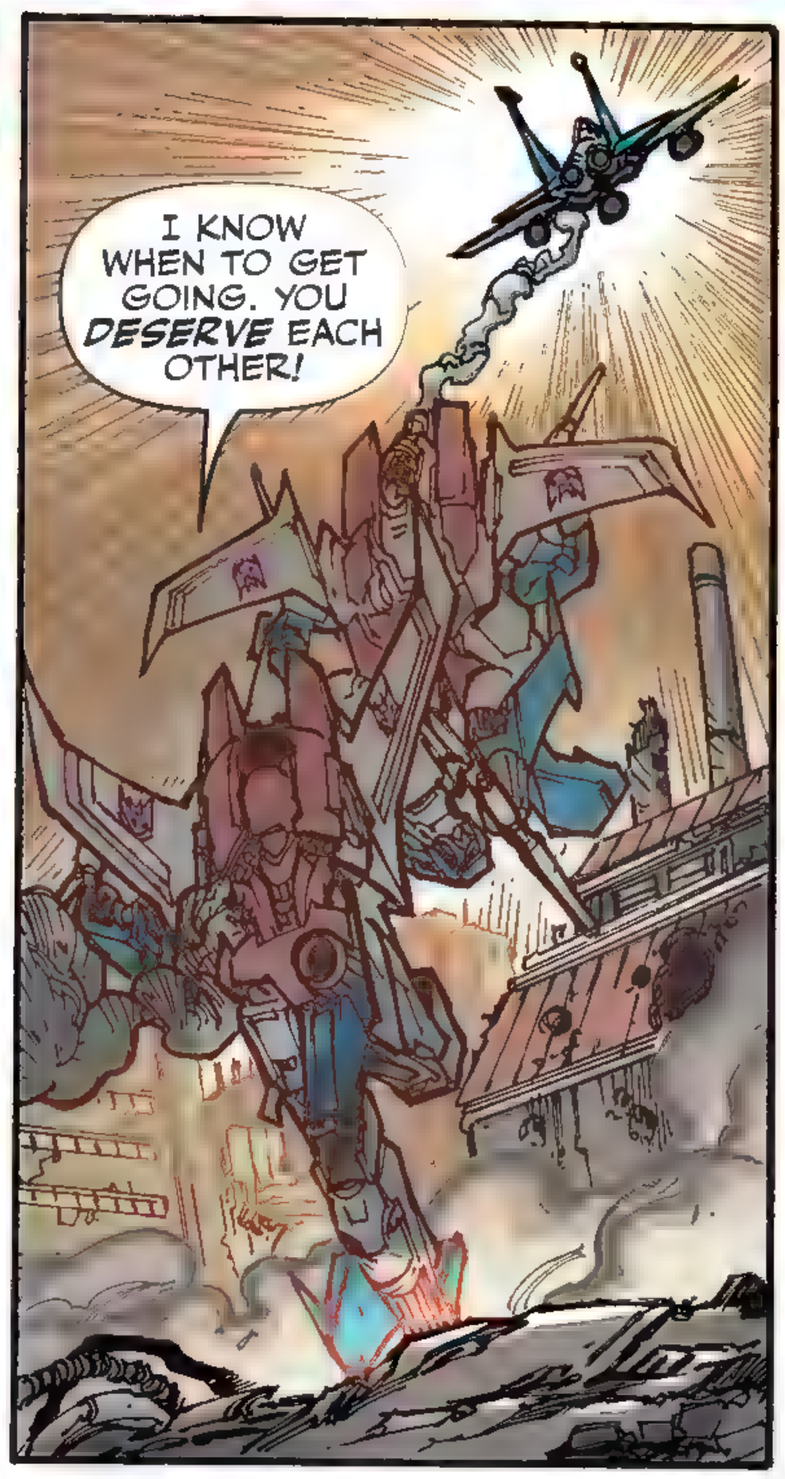
TSCHE

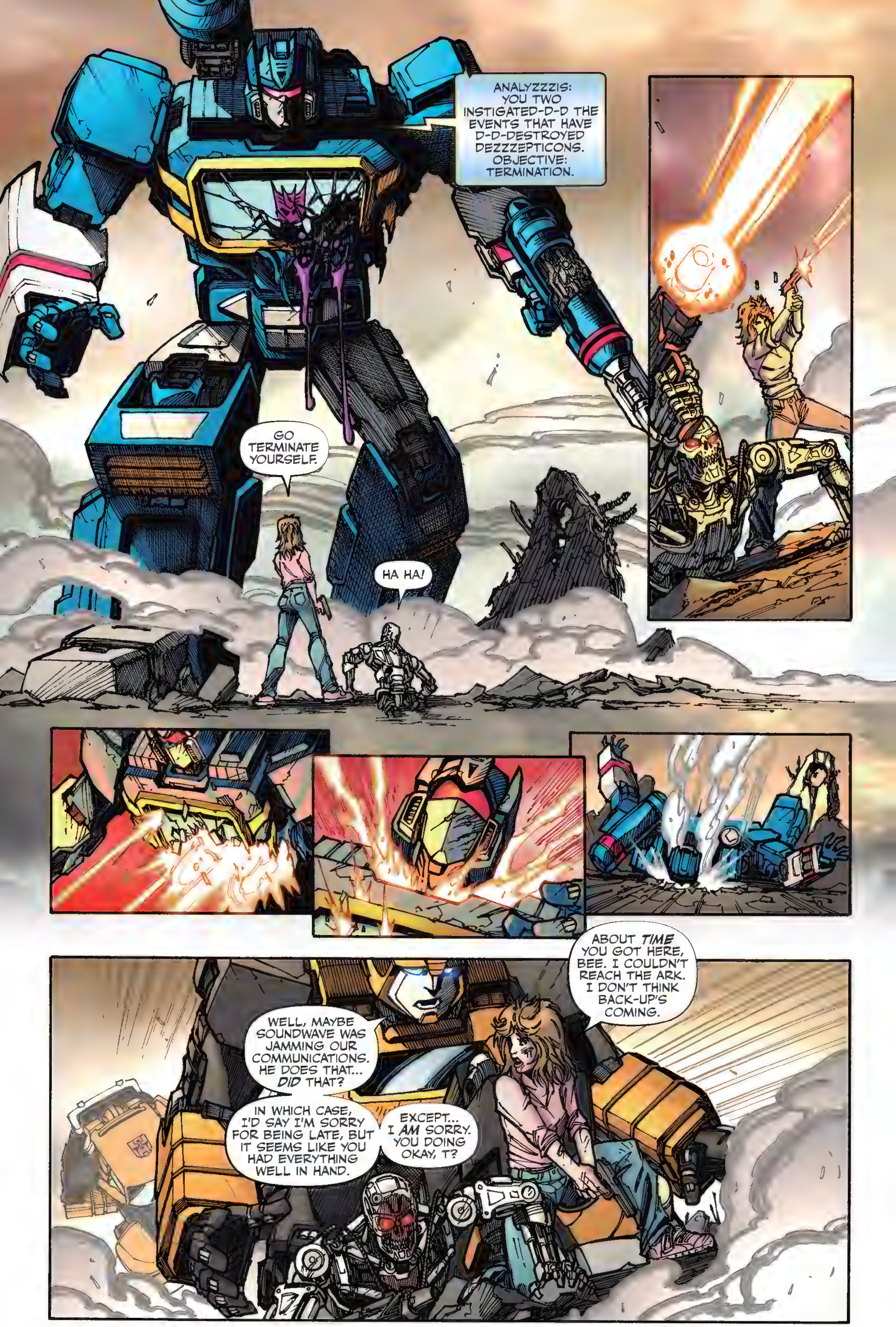
TSCH

TSCH

CHE

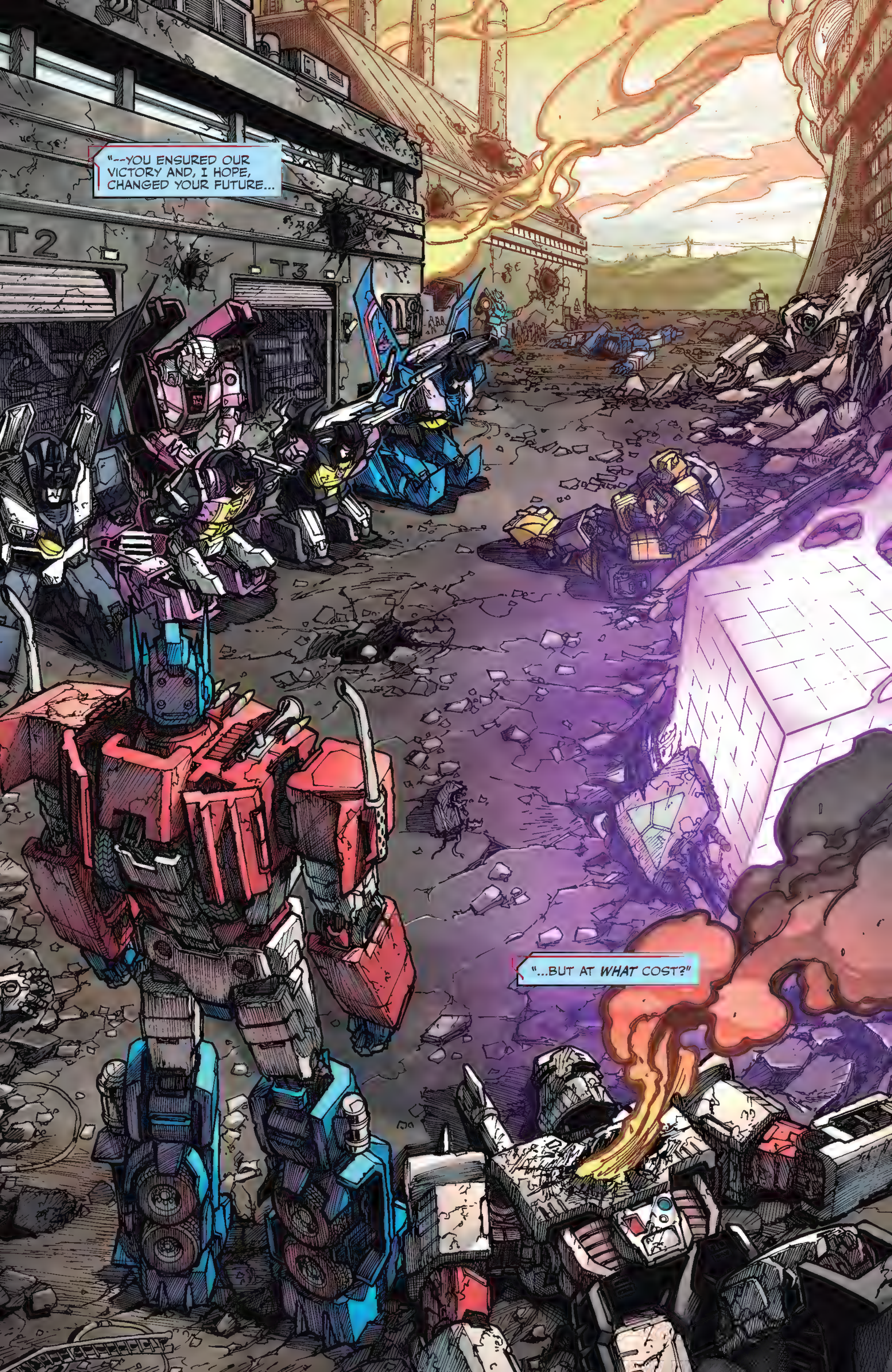




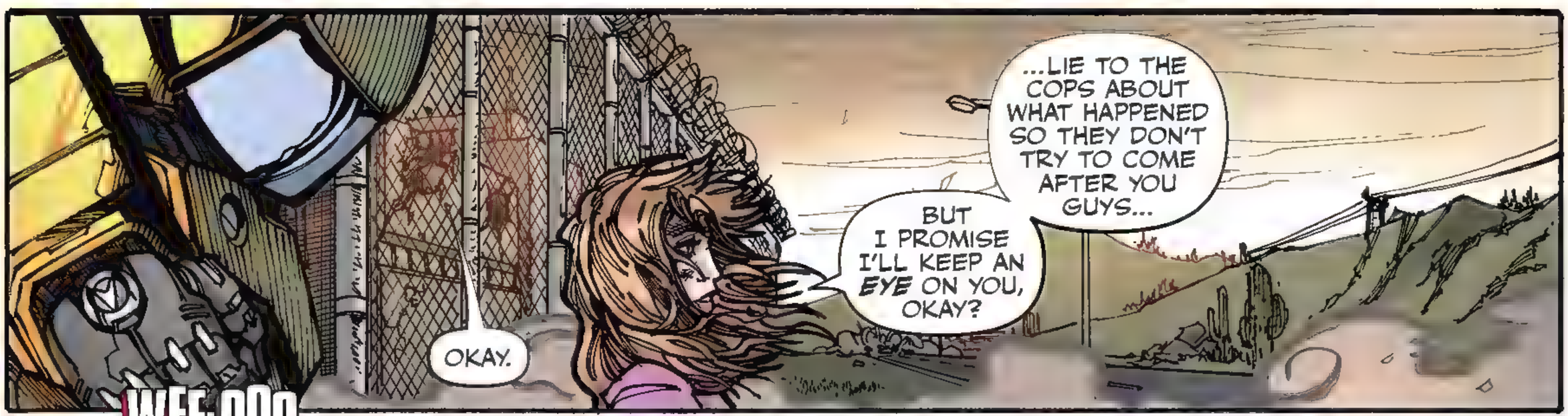

ANALYZZZIS: YOU TWO INSTIGATED-D-D THE EVENTS THAT HAVE D-D-DESTROYED DEZZZEPTICONS. OBJECTIVE: TERMINATION.
GO TERMINATE YOURSELF.
HA HA!
ABOUT *TIME* YOU GOT HERE, BEE. I COULDN'T REACH THE ARK. I DON'T THINK BACK-UP'S COMING.
WELL, MAYBE SOUNDWAVE WAS JAMMING OUR COMMUNICATIONS. HE DOES THAT... *DID* THAT?
IN WHICH CASE, I'D SAY I'M SORRY FOR BEING LATE, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YOU HAD EVERYTHING WELL IN HAND.
EXCEPT... I *AM* SORRY. YOU DOING OKAY, T?

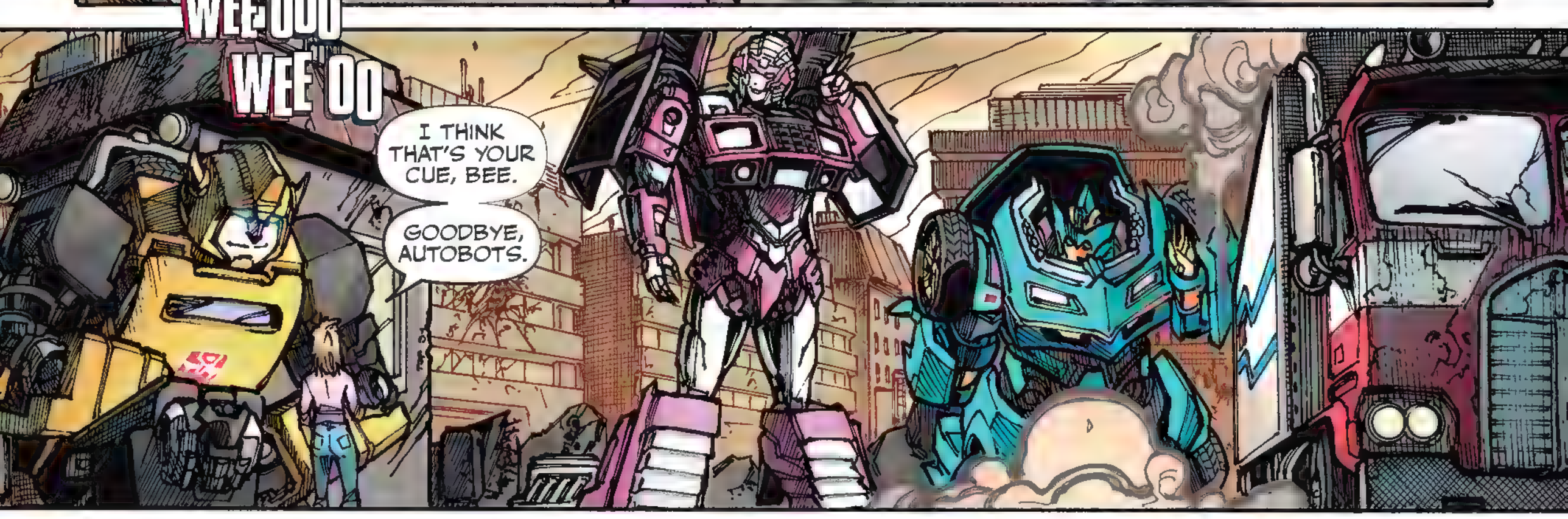
MY OBJECTIVE IS STILL *INCOMPLETE*--CYBERTRONIANS STILL FUNCTION, THOUGH NOW THEY ARE FAR FEWER. I AM FUNCTIONAL ENOUGH TO FINISH MY MISSION.
YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR MISSION--I AM FOUND. BUT I WILL NEED YOUR... HELP... TO COMPLETE MINE.
WHATEVER YOU NEED.
THROW ME.
WHAT?!
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?
YES.
QUICKLY. TO ARCEE.
YOU HAVE TO KNOW THAT THIS IS *BAD* FOR YOU, RIGHT? I'M NOT SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO FIX YOU!
AND I DO NOT THINK YOU WILL HAVE THE TOOLS TO REPAIR ANYONE.
WHAT?
YOU FOUGHT LIKE A *REAL WARRIOR*. ANY LAST WORDS?
FREEDOM...

"...IS THE RIGHT OF ALL SENTIENT BEINGS."
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
NO! NO!
YOUR DEATH...
GOODBYE, MEGATRON.
AND GOODBYE, MY FRIEND--
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE *YOUR* DEATH, PRIME.


"--YOU ENSURED OUR VICTORY AND, I HOPE, CHANGED YOUR FUTURE...
T2
T3
"...BUT AT *WHAT* COST?"

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN US? I THINK YOU'RE AS MUCH AN AUTOBOT WARRIOR AS ANYONE ELSE HERE.
I SHOULD PROBABLY STAY HERE, BEE. HELP THESE FOLKS PROCESS WHAT THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH...


...LIE TO THE COPS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED SO THEY DON'T TRY TO COME AFTER YOU GUYS...
BUT I PROMISE I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, OKAY?
OKAY.


WEE OOO
WEE OO
I THINK THAT'S YOUR CUE, BEE.
GOODBYE, AUTOBOTS.

"GOODBYE, SARAH CONNOR."

MOUNT ST. HILARY, OREGON.

NO...

GUESS WE KNOW WHY RATCHET AND WHEELJACK NEVER RESPONDED NOW. I *KNEW* WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED HIM...

HA! NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T DESERVE IT!

BUT WHO DID THIS? *WE* DIDN'T DO IT.

IF YOU'D LIKE, OPTIMUS PRIME, SKRAPNEL AND I WOULD BE HAPPY TO... EXCAVATE. NO DOUBT WE COULD--*HEH*--REMOVE THE DEBRIS. AND IF THERE ARE NO SURVIVORS, WE'LL LEAVE NO TRACE.

THIS IS WHAT HE MEANT BY NOT HAVING THE TOOLS... I DON'T... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX THIS. FIX... US.

MUCH AS IT PAINS ME, IT'S BEST TO LET THE PAST *LIE*. WE SHALL MOURN THEM--OUR FRIENDS, OUR COMRADES IN ARMS, OUR FELLOW CYBERTRONIANS--AND WE SHALL NOT FORGET THEM.

BUT WE NEED NOT RETRIEVE THEM. NOT YET. NOT UNTIL WE'RE *SURE* IT WILL BE SAFE.

SO, I PROPOSE A *TRUCE*. YOUR LEADERS ARE DEAD OR GONE, DECEPTICONS. AND WE ARE SO VERY FEW.

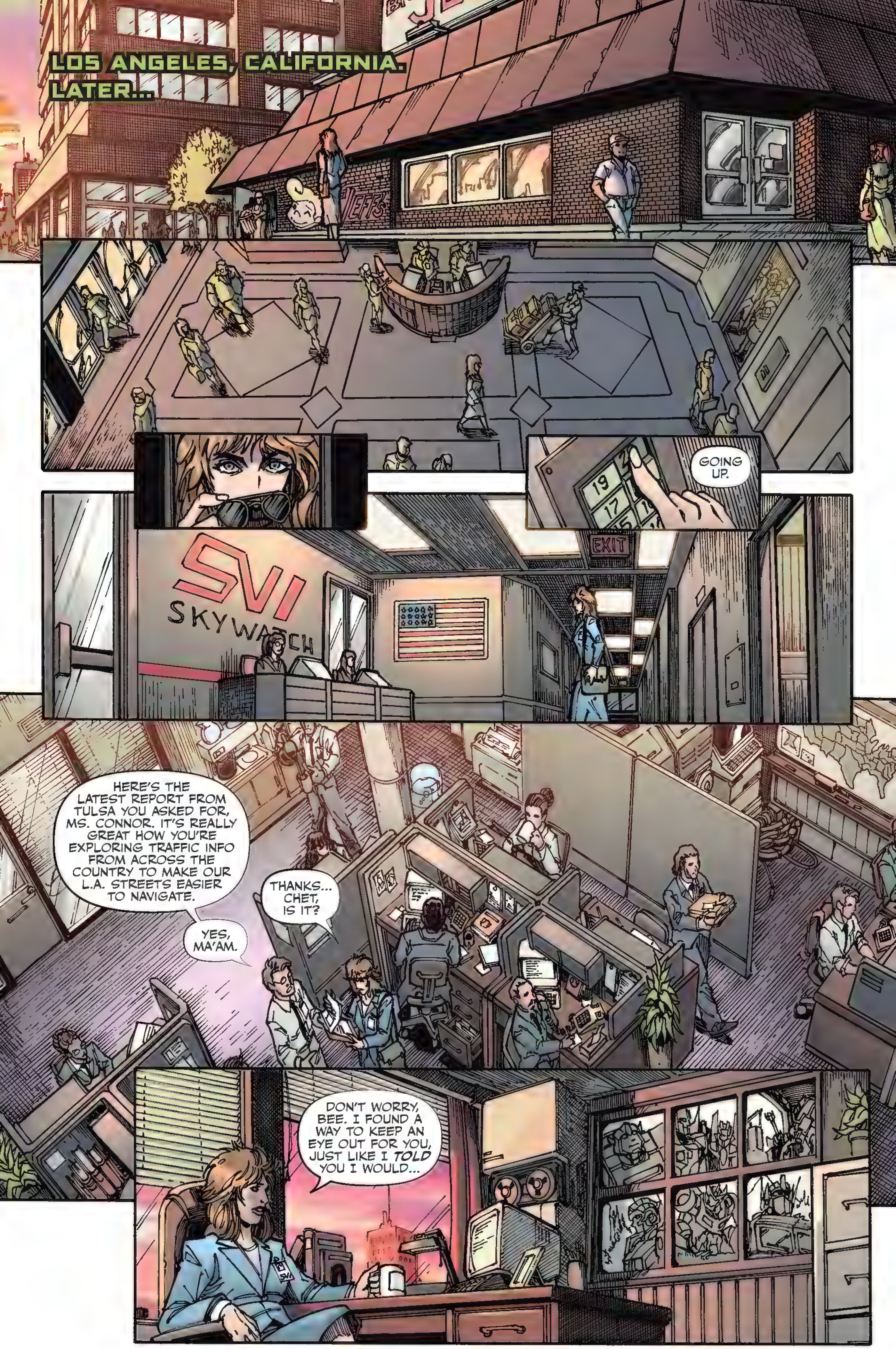
UNTIL WE CAN FIND A WAY HOME, LET US LIVE *HERE*, IN SECRET, NOT INTERFERING IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE HUMANS. LET US BE WHAT WE ONCE WERE...

...LET US BE *CYBERTRONIANS*.

TILL ALL ARE ONE!

TILL ALL ARE ONE!

NO USE WONDERING IF I EVER GOT THROUGH TO THE TERMINATOR. HIS MISSION WAS ACCOMPLISHED AND, FROM *THAT*, HE IS FREE. I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT WAS ENOUGH.


LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
LATER...
JEFFS'
GOING UP.
19
17
EXIT
SVI
SKYWATCH
HERE'S THE LATEST REPORT FROM TULSA YOU ASKED FOR, MS. CONNOR. IT'S REALLY GREAT HOW YOU'RE EXPLORING TRAFFIC INFO FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO MAKE OUR L.A. STREETS EASIER TO NAVIGATE.
YES, MA'AM.
THANKS... CHET, IS IT?
DON'T WORRY, BEE. I FOUND A WAY TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR YOU, JUST LIKE I *TOLD* YOU I WOULD...

SKYNET ALPHA BASE.
SKYNET STATUS... ONLINE.
THE END?

Art by Freddie E. Williams II
Colors by Jeremy Colwell
FREDDIE E.
WILLIAMS II
-Colwell-

Art by Alex Milne
Colors by David Garcia Cruz

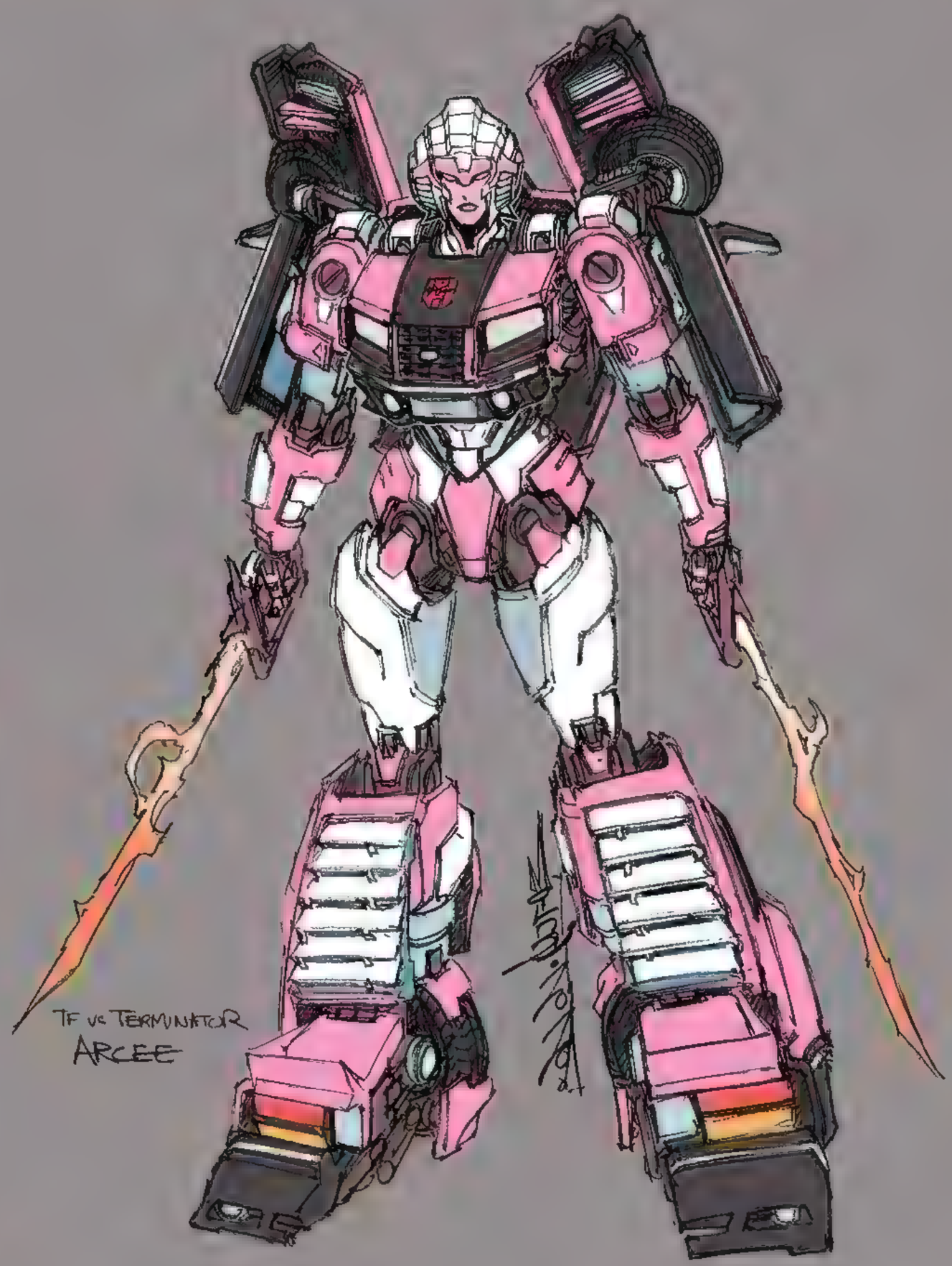
Art by Francesco Francavilla

Art by Casey W. Coller
Colors by David Garcia Cruz

Art by Andrew Griffith

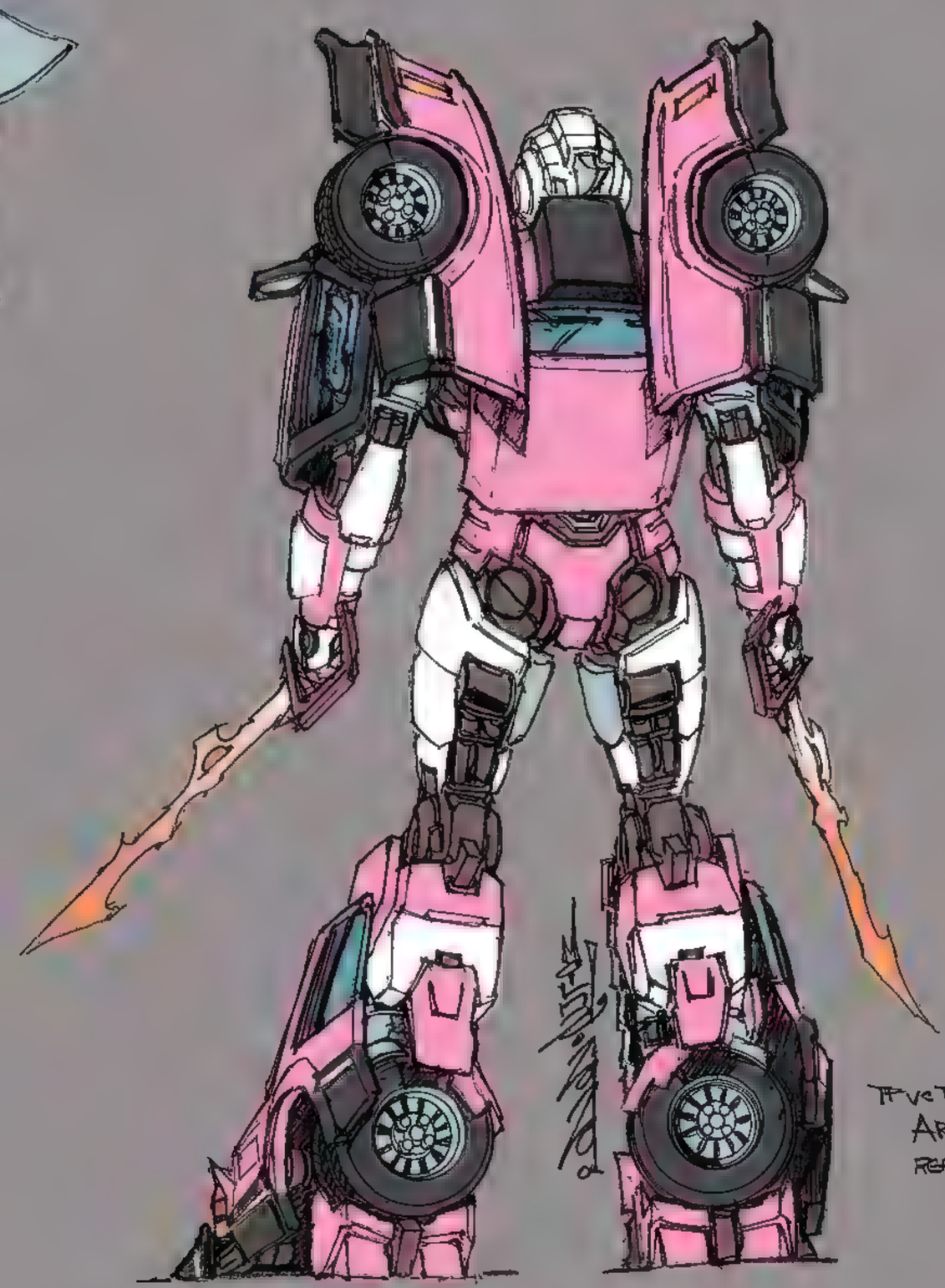
Art by Billie Montfort

Designs by Alex Milne



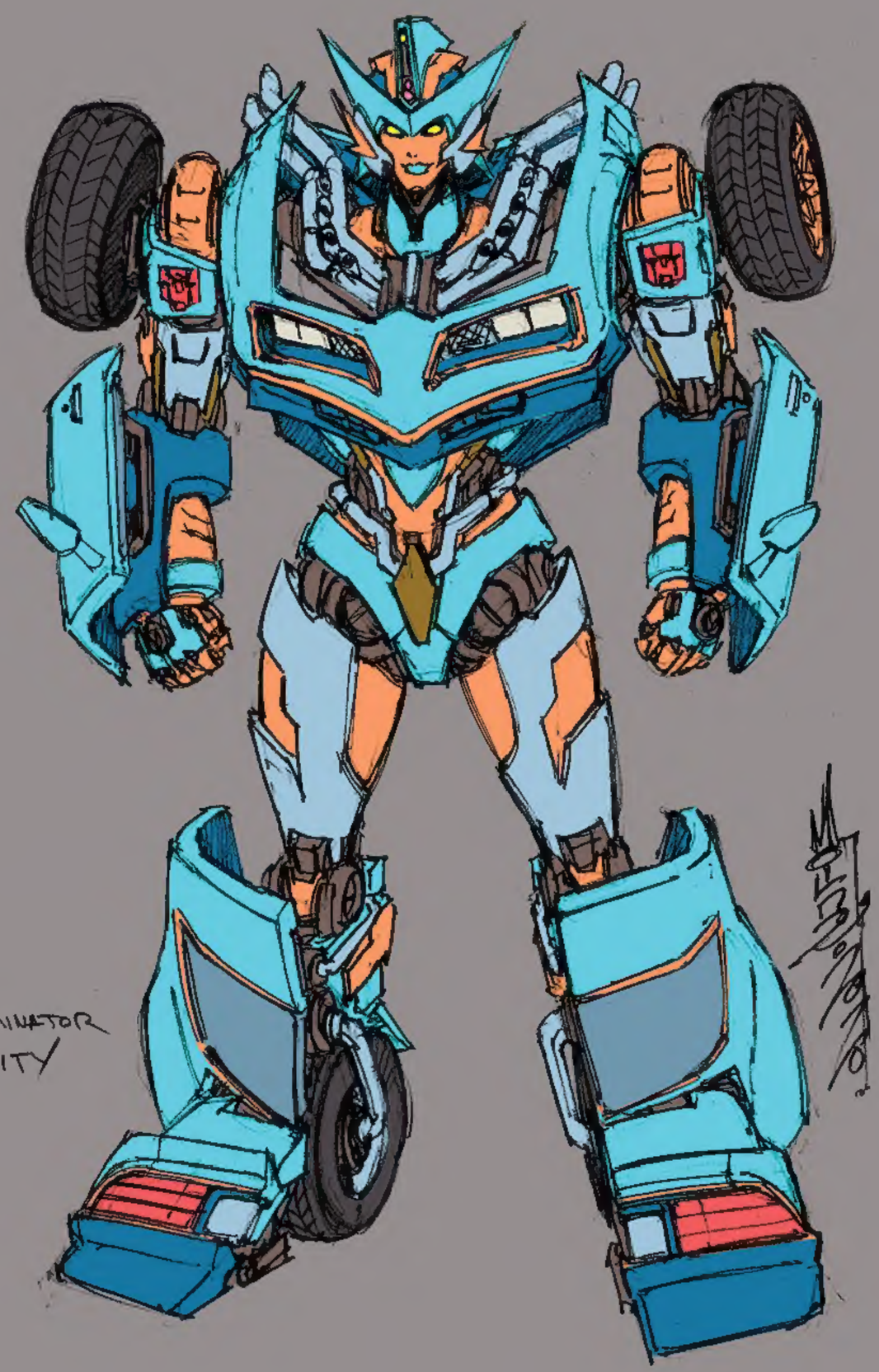
TF vs TERMINATOR
ARCEE

TF vs TERMINATOR
ARCEE
HEAD DESIGN



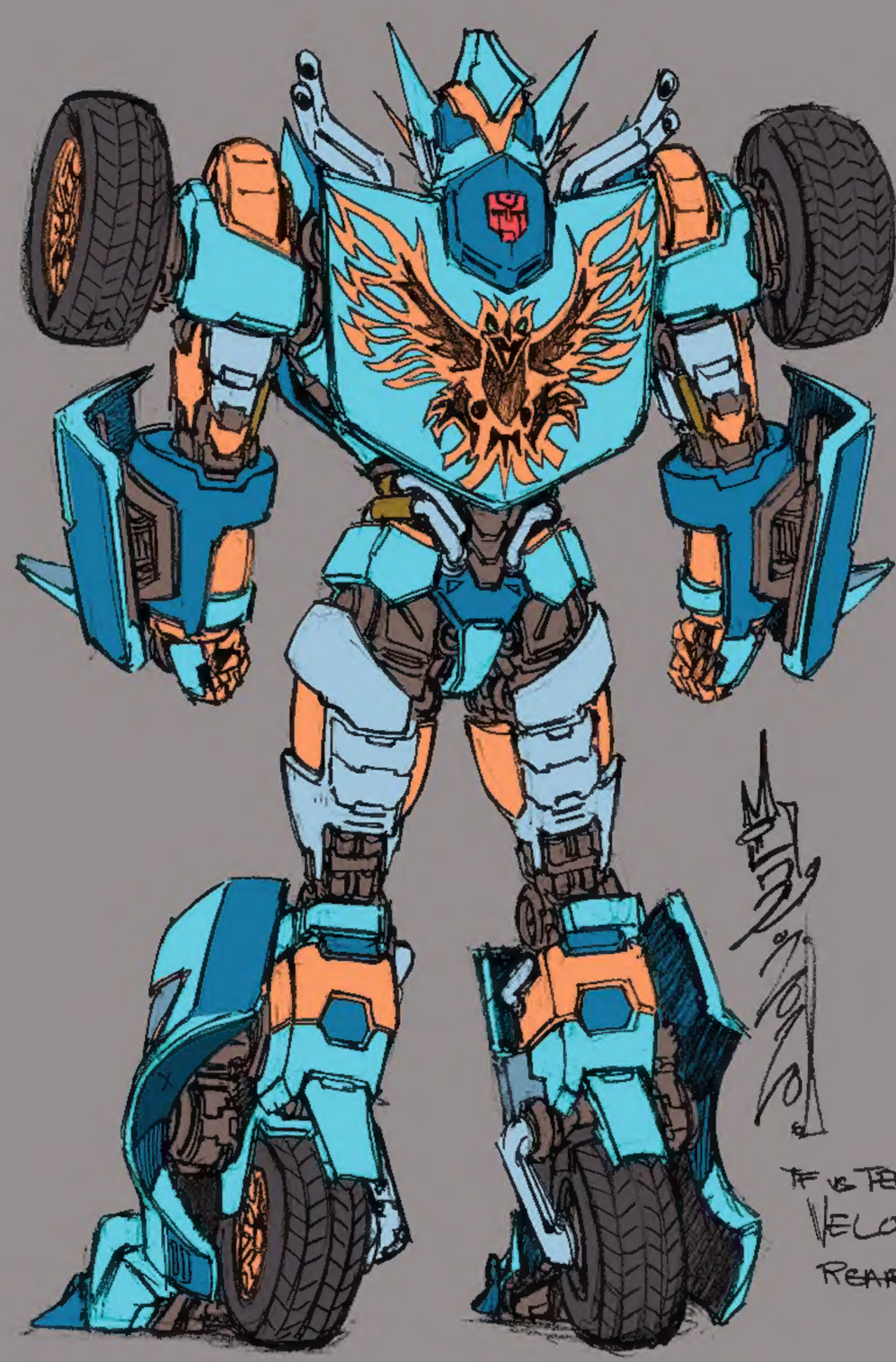
TF vs TERMINATOR
ARCEE
REAR VIEW

Designs by Alex Milne

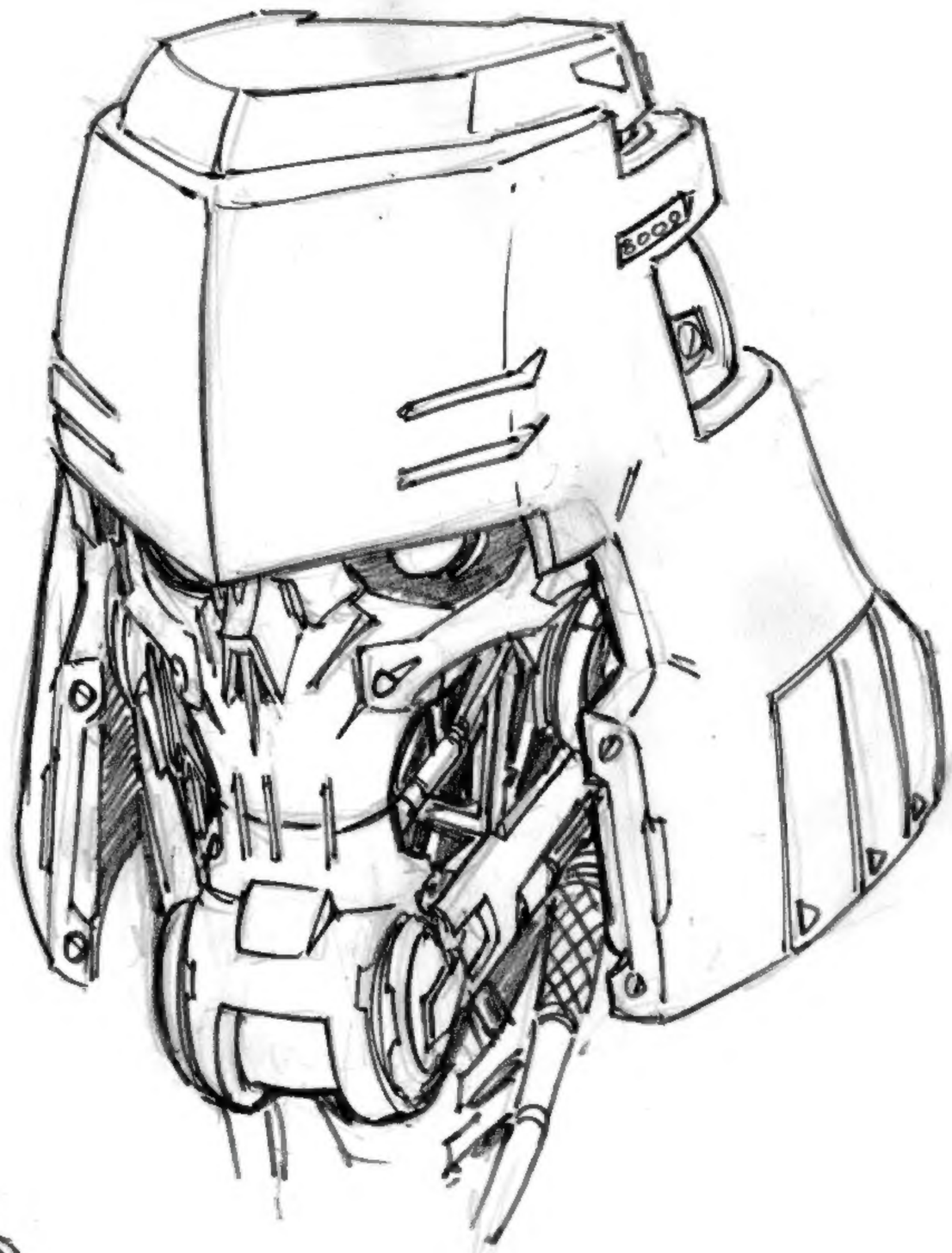


TF vs TERMINATOR
VELOCITY

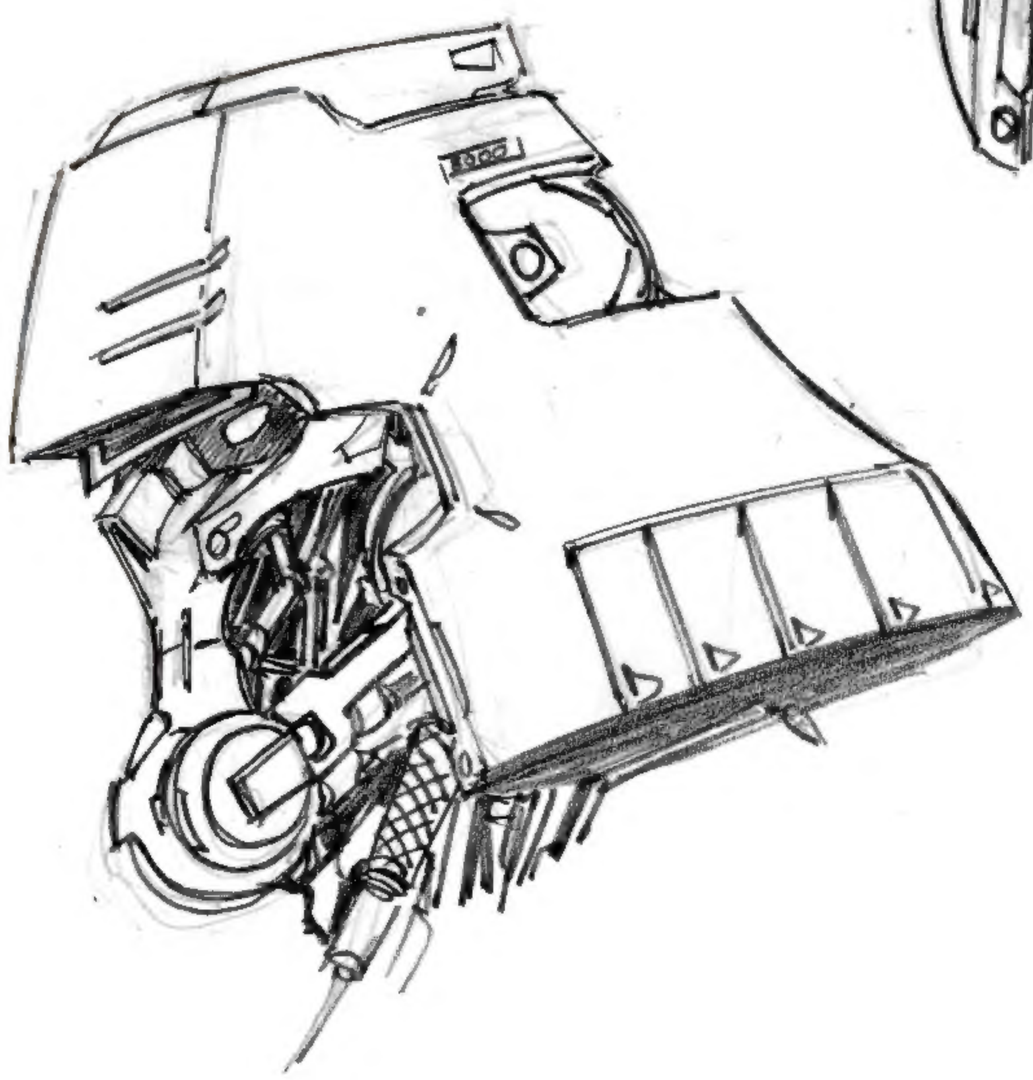
TF vs TERMINATOR
VELOCITY
HEAD DESIGN

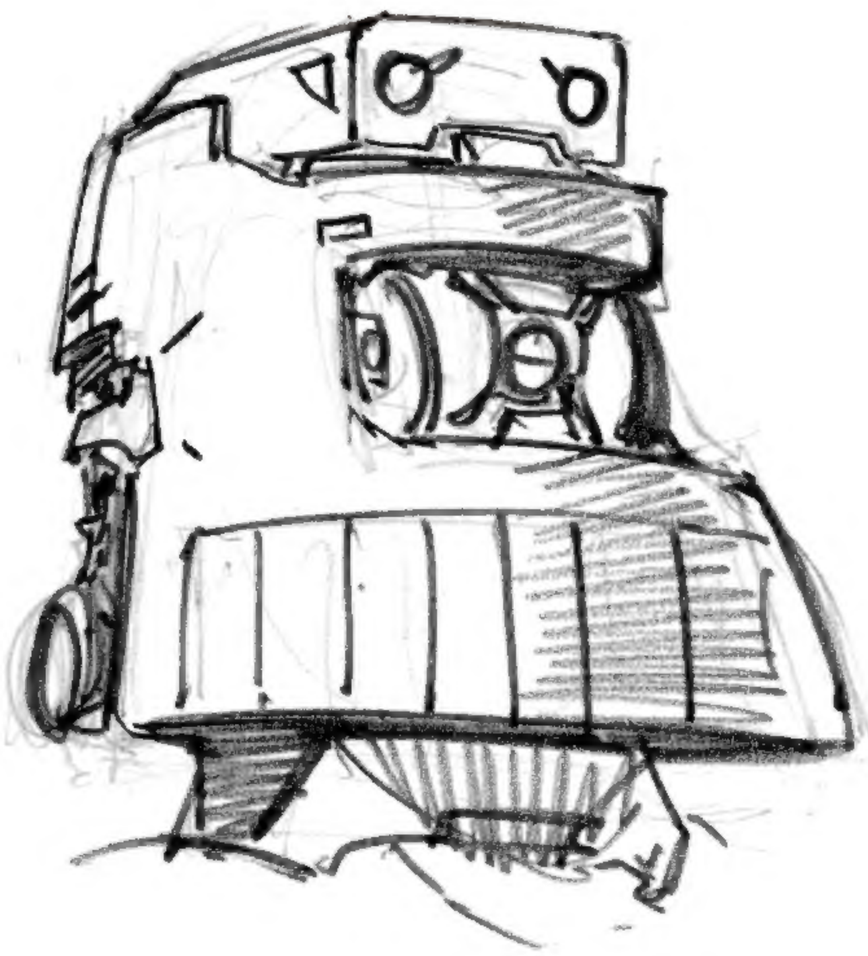


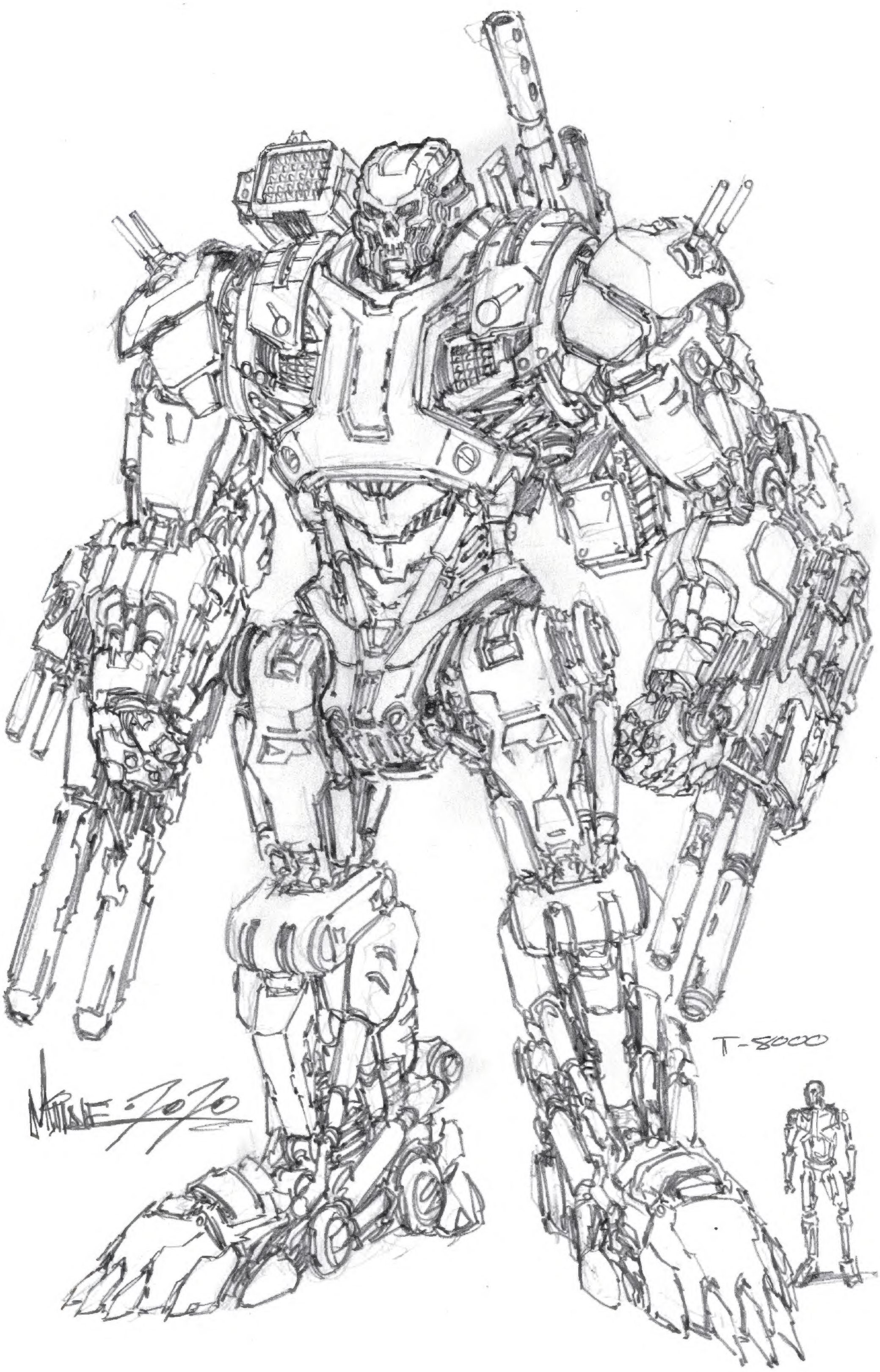
TF vs TERMINATOR
VELOCITY
REAR VIEW



TF VS TERMINATOR
MEGA T-8000
HEAD DESIGN






T-8000

It's SKYNET vs. CYBERTRON in the crossover of all time!

1984: When a deadly race of machines emerge from another time, will a robotic guardian be able to protect the Earth from a dire future... or will the T-800 fail in his mission to prevent the world from becoming a plaything to the Decepticons? The T-800, last hope of its kind, has travelled back to 1984 to destroy the Cybertronians before they can awaken and subjugate his future. But when the Ark systems start to bring the Autobots and Decepticons back online, what will he do against two armies? It's up to one Terminator to save the future, and nothing's gonna stand in his way!

By David Mariotte, John Barber, Tom Waltz, and Alex Milne.

DARK HORSE IDW